AN. 21,
1939

# Liberty

5¢

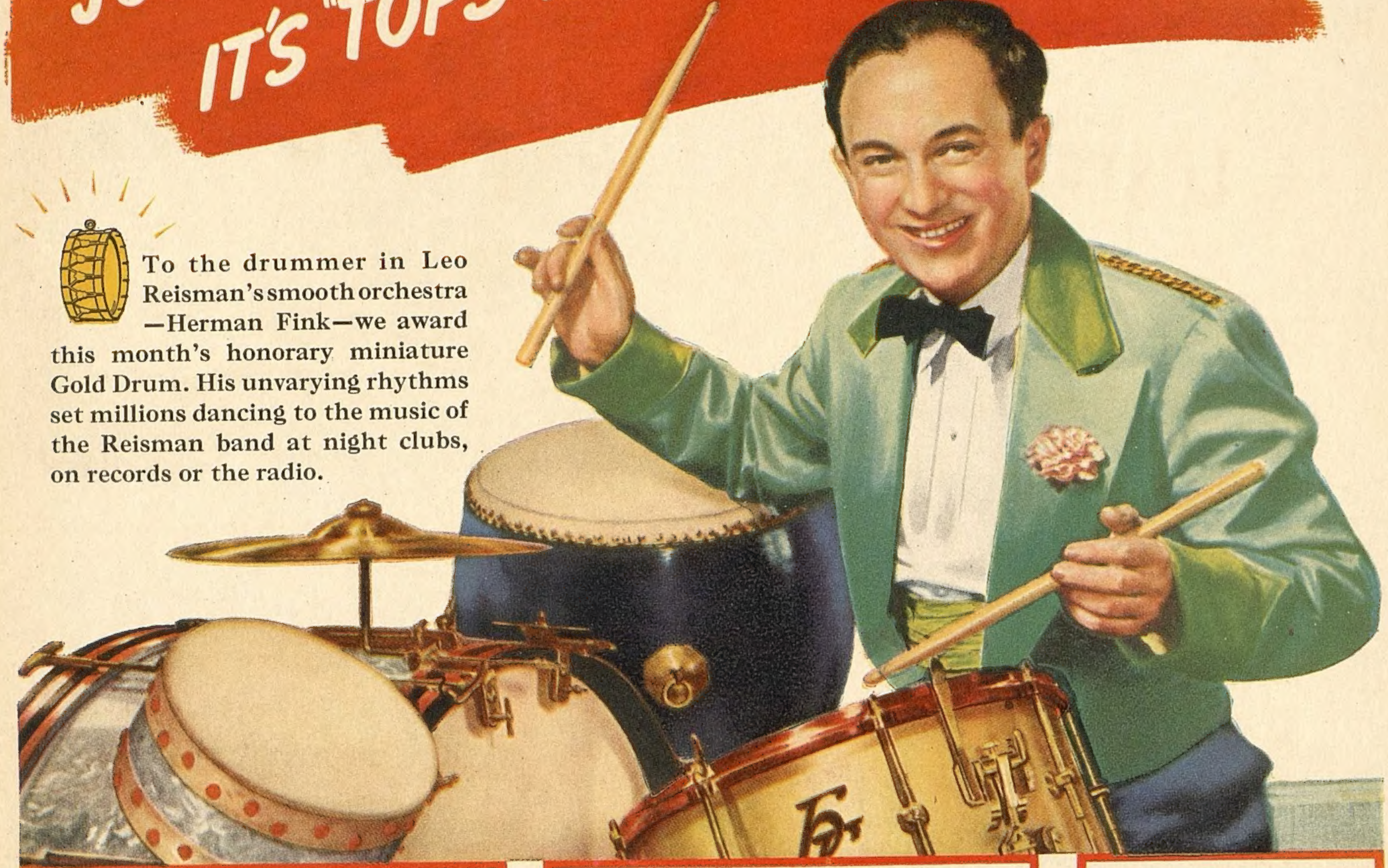
V. Tchetchet

## REHEARSAL FOR LOVE by FAITH BALDWIN

A STORY OF A 1939 BUSINESS GIRL

## UROPE TEN YEARS FROM NOW —A NEW MAP DRAWN by H. G. WELLS

# JUST TRY OLD DRUM TODAY IT'S "TOPS" IN TASTE YOU'LL SAY!



To the drummer in Leo Reisman's smooth orchestra —Herman Fink—we award this month's honorary miniature Gold Drum. His unvarying rhythms set millions dancing to the music of the Reisman band at night clubs, on records or the radio.

## THIS MELLOW BLEND HAS SET THE TREND!

Old Drum is blended from the finest ingredients with master skill. Every drop has the true smoothness and mellowness of *quality* whiskey! One sip—mixed or straight—will tell you why thousands prefer this matchless blend. Try some today!

## YOU WILL SHOUT OUT "HOORAY"—AT THE LOW PRICE YOU PAY!

OLD DRUM
WHISKEY
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

And when you shout "Hooray" that means enthusiasm—you'll be enthusiastic when you taste Old Drum. And you'll be surprised that you can buy whiskey you like so much at a price so low. For flavor, for quality, for price—you can't beat it!

Calvert
OLD DRUM
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO. BALTIMORE, MD.
90 PROOF
A CALVERT PRODUCT
FULL PINT

# OLD DRUM

**BRAND** · *Blended Whiskey*

A CALVERT PRODUCT

90 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. COPR. 1939 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., DISTILLERIES: BALTIMORE, MD., AND LOUISVILLE, KY., EXEC. OFFICES: CHRYSLER BLDG., N.Y.C.

# ALL YOURS
**CLEANLINESS** *that's unbelievable!*
**LUSTER** *you've always desired!*
**MOUTH FRESHNESS** *that lasts!*

# WITH THE *NEW* LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

supercharged with
## LUSTER-FOAM
( $C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$ )

NEW
DOUBLE SIZE
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
MORE THAN 1/4 POUND OF TOOTHPASTE IN THE DOUBLE SIZE TUBE 40¢
REGULAR SIZE TUBE 25¢

***Luster-Foam gets better results because it is more penetrating . . . foams into tiny pits, cracks, and fissures where so much decay begins.***

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam is energized into a stimulating, aromatic "bubble bath" that freshens the mouth delightfully and actually performs a miracle on teeth.

The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its amazing penetrating power.

It swiftly goes to work on the remote and hard-to-reach areas where, some authorities say, more than 75% of decay starts . . . between the teeth . . . on front and back of the teeth . . . on bite surfaces, — with their tiny pits, cracks, and fissures. No wonder that some authorities hail it as one of the most important contributions to dental care.

As that safe, dainty Luster-Foam detergent "bubble bath" freshens the mouth it also performs these benefits:

**1.** Quickly sweeps away food deposits and new surface stains. **2.** Attacks film which dulls the natural luster of the teeth. **3.** Aids in preventing dangerous acid ferments which hasten decay.

Once you try the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam you will agree with the verdict of a nationwide Women's Consumer Survey which voted it a decided favorite over two leading brands, a 2 to 1 choice over the third, and a slight edge over the fourth leading brand. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same except for the fourth paste. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.

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Kiss Him! for Pete's sake Kiss Him!

**GLORIA:** Sure the scene was lifeless! Sure there'll be retakes! But it's not *my* fault. Tell your Juvenile to take care of his terrible breath and maybe I'll be *able* to kiss him with feeling!

**DIRECTOR:** Barry, you've got to do something about your breath! It's got you off to a bad start with Gloria—and others have complained. If you want to get ahead on this lot better use Listerine every day!

**BARRY:** My big opportunity and I nearly muffed it! Wish the director had suggested Listerine sooner!

GLORIA PUTS IT OVER
CTOR

**DIRECTOR:** What a scene! Look at Gloria go to town! And the kid's a wow! Star material if I ever saw it!

**SCRIPT GIRL:** You said it—and he owes most of it to you—and Listerine Antiseptic!

## Does she turn her cheek when you kiss her goodnight?

Don't let halitosis (bad breath) ruin romance, cool friendships, endanger your job! Almost everyone offends at some time or other—usually without knowing it. Don't run this foolish risk. Use Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and quickly overcomes the odors themselves. Use Listerine morning and night. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

**LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS**

JANUARY 21, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 3

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

# YES—THE NEW DEAL IS GOING PLACES, IF—

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The President tells us that the New Deal is going places. And he is right!

It has already gone places. It has brought us a permanent charity list that has mounted to many millions. It has taken the poorhouses of the country and extended them throughout the land. It has an unemployment record which, including dependents and government employees, probably equals more than one fifth of our population.

It has raised prices and wages during a depression period when the history of depressions very clearly indicates . . . proves beyond all possible doubt . . . that lowered prices is one of the main sources of recovery. It has raised taxes until it threatens the life of business generally.

It has attacked industry by encouraging strikes that were associated with lawlessness and violence equal in some instances to the recent merciless attacks on the Jews by Hitler in Germany.

It has dried up the financial stream, the lifeblood of business. It has monopolized the money market, driving all investments into government bonds. No business can get capital at this time. The banks have been so restricted that they cannot make loans to private business. They are overloaded with government bonds.

And what is the true significance behind all this governmental interference with business? Let us hope that it is not in any way similar to the technique used with unemployment insurance and old-age pensions. We all know that the surplus receipts from unemployment insurance and old-age pensions are being used by the government at this time to help defray enormous expenses due to reckless spending. That money is not put aside, as it should be, to meet the emergencies that may come through unemployment.

The administration tells us it is anxious to bring back prosperity, but at the same time many of its revolutionary changes, from the beginning of the NRA fiasco, were of a nature to hold back the upward trend of business.

By assisting the administration, the workers of this country are slowly but surely destroying the democratic system that has given them the highest standard of living and the highest wages recorded in human history. Gradually, slowly, step by step, industry is being destroyed at about the same rate the government is moving toward bankruptcy. High taxes, high wages, throttling expenses of all kinds hamstring expansion . . . not only making growth impossible but gradually absorbing assets, until business closes through bankruptcy or falls into the hands of the government.

And the workers . . . poor victims . . . are rapidly speeding toward government jobs. In every organization higher and higher prices, wages included, are being demanded. Some of our officials seem to think they should take over not only the railroads but the utilities, the automobile business, radio . . . all the great organizations in the hands of capital at the present time.

And how lovely that would be, many of our unthinking workers will maintain. But if they will give a few moments to some hard thinking, they will realize that the control of workers through unions or otherwise will then be ended. What are the wages paid by the government for WPA jobs, in the Post Office or in other governmental departments? Do they in any way compare with what the workers are being paid by the captains of industry?

This government has acquired the impression that there should be a leveling of wages all over the country. And will they level them to the present government's wage rate, or will they pay the rate that industry has maintained in the railroads, in the automobile business, etc.? Even a ten-year-old schoolboy will know the answer to this question—Government jobs will be paid government wages.

Remember, no strike was ever successful against the government. With the state militia and the United States Army behind official orders, workmen can be ordered around here in the same manner they have been in France and other countries, if our workers are such fools as to continue to support the administration in what appears to be its present objective.

Bernarr Macfadden

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# To the Ladies

### BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

**READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 16 SECONDS**

COMPARED to style spies, the political spies seem to be pikers indeed. They seldom win more than a risky living, whereas the Mata Hari of international fashiondom had a steady take that brought in at least $40,000 a year until her recent retirement from dress espionage after marrying a rich society man. She is a handsome American woman with snow-white hair and dark expressive eyes. The great French dressmakers thought it was very nice to be entertained around the sumptuous swimming pool at her château near Paris. They invited her to private showings of their exclusive creations. She was always accompanied by one or two smart women friends. What the great dressmakers did *not* realize was that each of her women friends happened to be a professional copyist with a photographic memory and expert hands. Back at the château, they sketched and counterfeited hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of advance models for the bootleg fashion trade. . . . Now this queen of the style spies has been succeeded by another American woman, but she is less adroit. Twice already she's been arrested for dealing in looted designs, but she still prospers far beyond the financial dreams of any poor secret service agent.

My above information, and that which follows, comes from a talk I had the other day with Bettina Bedwell, popular fashion authority whose unerring reports on Paris clothes have been syndicated to newspapers throughout the United States for the past seventeen years. Home now for a short business visit, Bettina knows, from long association with them on the other side, many personal facts concerning the famous French couturiers.

Here are some inside stories she told:

☆ The elegant Gabrielle *Chanel* loves to disguise herself as a frumpy old dame and explore Paris alone, particularly during nights of riot. She enjoys taking part in loud street arguments with tough people. At her chic town residence she keeps a clothes closet full of bedraggled get-ups collected purposely for such adventures. . . . Song is the tragic passion of *Mainbocher's* life. In youth he planned to be an opera singer; suddenly lost his voice. Now he'll quit work any time, even at the height of the style season, to charter a plane and fly off across Europe whenever some new vocal star gives a concert he wants to hear. . . . One of the leading French dressmakers (Bettina wouldn't identify her by name) is so superstitious she always has voodoo charms hidden in secret pockets of her garments. . . . Señora de Pombo, one of *Paquin's* ace designers, could go right on the stage this minute as a top-notch Spanish dancer. Every evening, no matter how hard her day's work has been, she puts in two full hours of practice with the castanets. Her figure, by the way, is celebrated for its perfection.

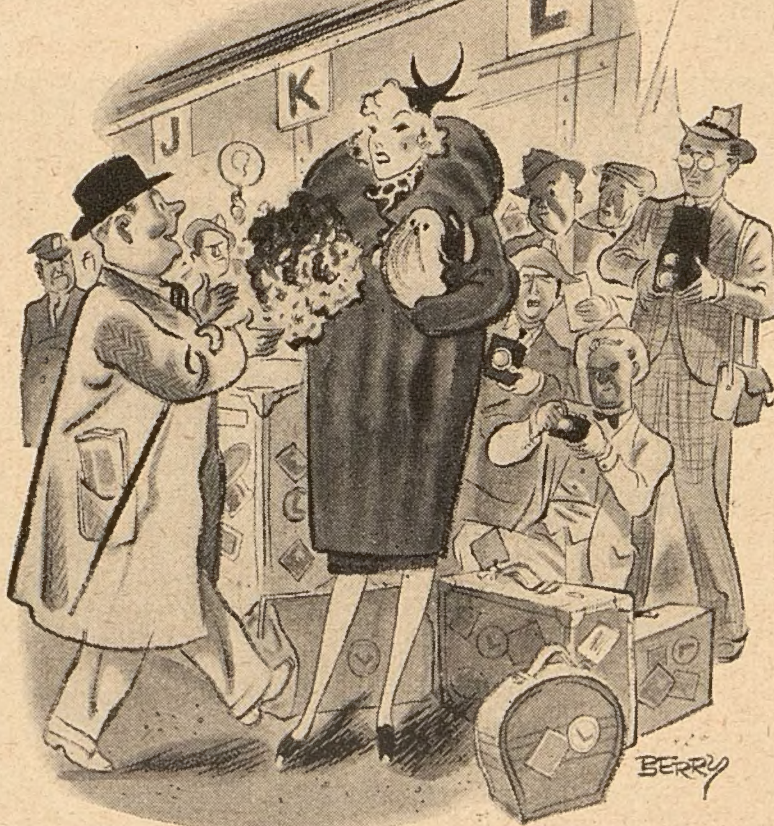
☆ Women and men distinguished in the fashion business generally are folk of wide artistic understanding. *Schiaparelli* delights in modern poetry, *Lanvin* in historical drama, *Vionnet* in sculpture. Bettina Bedwell is the wife of Abraham Rattner, American painter whose picture, Game of Cards, has just been purchased by the French government. . . . Among themselves — not for slapdash publicity—the Paris fashion masters agree on Baroness Eugene de Rothschild (née Katharine Wolfe of Philadelphia) as their choice for the title of world's best dressed woman. *Molyneux* says she can wear anything because she walks and sits so gracefully. It is Captain Molyneux's opinion that every woman should be garbed according to her grace, not according to her face. . . . *Alix* is the only notable couturier who gives the small dumpy lady a break. No Alix mannequin stands taller than five feet three inches. Other mannequins average five feet seven.

☆ "Not for sale." . . . I had inquired about a small china sailor with a girl on his lap. Displayed in the window of a dingy antique shop, the piece was mildly improper in a jolly, robust way. But the elderly lady who ran the shop declared it was not for sale. "My husband liked it. He's dead now. It reminds me of him."

☆ To satisfy family appetites, a *vegetable dinner* needs more contriving in winter than at other times. I suggest *French-fried cabbage:* Shred the cabbage. Soak in ice water. Drain and dry. Dip first in milk, secondly in flour. Fry crisp and brown in deep fat. Serve with hot buttered beets, creamed mushrooms, and parsley potatoes—then a fresh green salad on the side. Wind up with vanilla ice cream in a ginger sauce sprinkled with ground pistachio nuts.

☆ Excellent new dog book: How to Raise a Dog—In the City, in the Suburbs, by James R. Kinney and Ann Honeycutt, with James Thurber illustrations. (Published by Simon and Schuster.)

☆ Perhaps you'll be glad to know that Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman of the University of Chicago has discovered a place where you can be sure to have nights of absolutely quiet, even-temperatured sleep. Dr. Kleitman has been conducting sleep experiments there. His perfect bedroom is situated in the depths of Kentucky's *Mammoth Cave!*

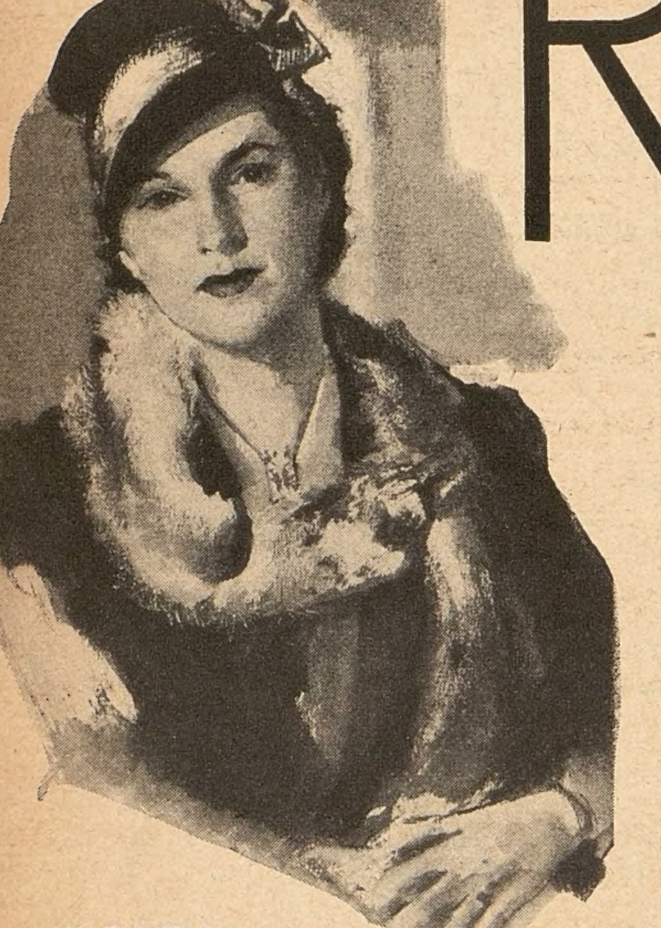


"Why, Miss Lavalle, I hardly recognized you without your smoked glasses!"

# BEGINNING REHEARSAL

## A gifted author, a brilliant new novel! The story of a business girl in 1939

### BY FAITH BALDWIN



KATHLEEN.

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

### PART ONE—TWO MEN . . AND KATHLEEN

THE night that Eloise, Inc., dress shop extraordinary, threw its annual party before the autumn showing, Kathleen Roberts—sitting on a divan beside Mitzi Lamvert, the newest rave in musical-comedy stars—wished that she had not come.

She had come with, and because of, Hannah Arnold, who designed sports clothes for Eloise, and who was Kathleen's closest friend. She had seen very little of Hannah since their arrival, and now, after talking to a dozen people, she was feeling bored.

She listened to Mitzi ticking off the frailties of every one who passed with a deadly and feline accuracy, and wished herself at home and in bed.

The rooms in which the guests were gathered were spectacularly like any one's rooms, provided that any one had a good decorator and a better bank balance. Dove gray, with strange introductions of ivory and black, a splash of purest coral, and three magnificent flower paintings, the particular room in which Kathleen sat was a background for any woman's beauty.

The room was crowded as well as decorated. The fashion show had taken place, and every one was huddled in small or large groups discussing it, and each other, avidly. The air smelled of expensive perfume, good wine, excellent accompaniments, cigarette smoke, roses, and face powder. Kathleen wished heartily that some one would open a window. She wished, further, that Hannah would appear, or that she would have the energy to rise, press through the throng, find her, make her excuse, and go on home. And at that moment of indecision she saw Hannah coming toward her with Paul McClure.

She recognized McClure at once; his pictures popped up now and then in the press; and for a long time one more personal, and in a silver frame, had adorned Hannah's dresser. Paul McClure the playwright. Paul McClure, New York, Groton, Harvard, whose first play had been an astonishing success. He had a reputation as a heartbreaker and a wit, an income from his deceased parents, and, currently, no ties. He was called the handsomest man in town, which didn't mean much.

Kathleen admitted, regarding him with curiosity, that he was very good-looking, not too tall, broad-shouldered, fair, with a thin expressive face and blazing blue eyes. People said he was more sophisticated than a Noel Coward character, and Hannah, two years ago, had been desperately in love with him. But that had been over for some time.

Hannah was a designer. She had been with Eloise, Inc., since its inception, three years before. She was twenty-seven, four years older than Kathleen, and she was a small red-head, with narrow brown eyes and a magnificent figure.

Totally dissimilar, she and Kathleen had known each other for years, but Kathleen had gone to college while Hannah was studying at a school of design and afterward in Paris. Now she was very successful, designing the simple, costly sports things for which Eloise was famous.

"Darling," she cried, above the orchestra, "this is Paul, at long last, and he's perishing to meet you! . . ."

Mitzi had risen a moment since and drifted away, wondering if she dared return and order Tonight Is Ours, a divine Grecian affair in white and silver. . . . Would the show run that long? Would her present—patron stand for it?

So Kathleen was alone on the divan.

Paul said, "A masterpiece of understatement," and sat down beside her. Hannah, very busy, darted off again. She waved her hand and screamed, "Be nice to him, Kate, but not too nice! He broke my heart a century or two ago—don't let him have any truck with yours."

"A splendid recommendation," commented Kathleen, smiling.

McClure offered her a cigarette. She refused it, shaking her head. "I've smoked two and my mouth tastes like a cardboard box," she said.

"May I get you some wine?"

"I rarely use it," she told him.

He looked at her with frank approval, but not because of her abstemiousness, and his pulses quickened in familiar warning. He told himself, "Steady on, old boy. Remember that you've been fancy-free for a long time now and you like the sensation—or lack of it—" But he went on looking.

Kathleen was not pretty as Hannah was pretty, nor smart and veneered as Hannah was. She had something which is very rare in this age of chic and standardized women. And that was authentic beauty . . . in the spacing of her gray eyes, the clean modeling of her face, the shape of her head, the way her chestnut-brown hair grew.

When she smiled at him he saw that she had an absurd dimple at the corner of her mouth.

He said, "I suppose you're a devotee of Eloise, Inc.?"

Kathleen laughed. She laughed as a child laughs, heartily, spontaneously, and McClure liked that in her. Too many women shrilled or giggled or just made silly noises . . . while their eyes remained untouched by humor.

"On the contrary," she said frankly, "I can't run to it. I don't know that I'd want to, if I could. . . . I'm Hannah's despair. I won't, and can't, make a fetish of clothes."

Her frock was simple, gray, the color of her eyes. It had a bright twist of orange velvet at the slim waist. Hannah could have told him thirty-nine fifty, and named the shop. Mitzi Lamvert was wearing an Eloise . . . at three hundred and fifty.

He asked, "If you don't like clothes, what are you doing here?"

"Hannah," she explained; "we've always been great friends. I'm awfully proud of her success."

# FOR Love

"I haven't seen Hannah for a couple of years," he said carelessly. "I've been here and there, a trip around the world, a try at Hollywood. Now I'm back again. . . ."

She said, "I liked your first play so much."

"And my second?"

"Not as well."

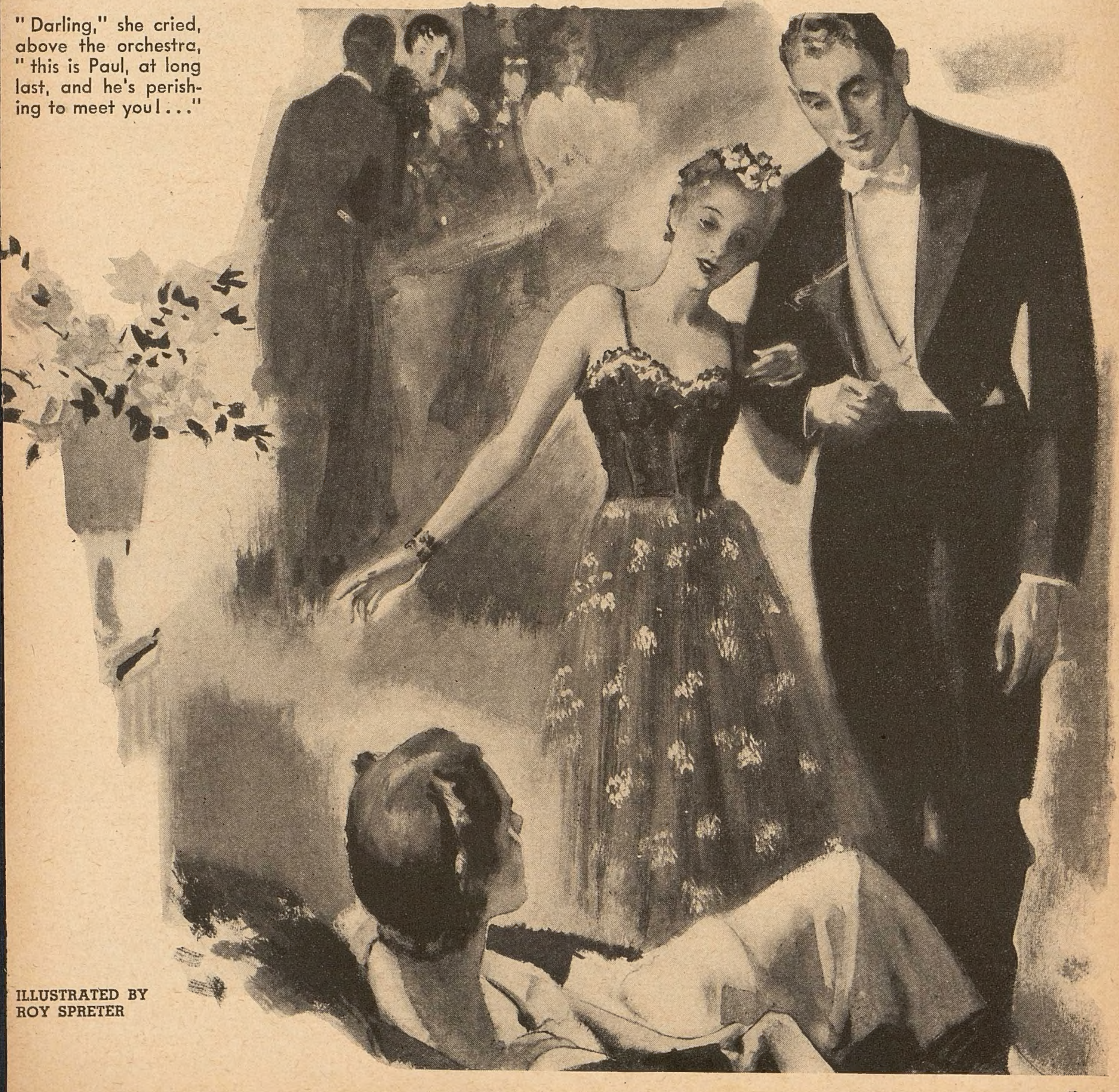
"Neither did I." He made a rueful face. "The critics and the box office gave me the big head. I patterned the second on the first. It didn't come off. I have had two flops since, not to mention Hollywood. But I'm on my way back."

He was sure of himself, she thought, far too sure. He had, she had noticed at once, fine nervous hands. His lean face was continually dissolving into conflicting expressions, and the slant of his crooked eyebrows, darker than his hair, above the queer blazing blue eyes lent him a mildly satanic expression.

"Tell me about yourself," he demanded, leaning closer to her.

She thought, Hannah's right. He's attractive, he has an approach. . . . It was, she judged, second nature with him. He looked at you and you could believe you were the only woman in the world, the one person on earth with whom he wanted to be. . . . But if you realized this about him, she thought comfortably, it couldn't disturb or impress you at all.

"There isn't much," she began obediently. "My father's a lawyer, a very good one. My mother . . ." She hesitated and stopped. She couldn't talk about her parents rationally and she certainly wasn't going to turn irrational in this setting. She could imagine just what Paul McClure



"Darling," she cried, above the orchestra, "this is Paul, at long last, and he's perishing to meet you! . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROY SPRETER

would think about the close relationship between her and her parents. He'd give it some long, dour psychologist's name, he'd tell her she wasn't adult . . . or he wouldn't believe it at all. She went on presently, "I was born in New York some twenty-three years ago. School, private. College, Smith. I graduated at twenty-one. I've had a business course and I've been working in my father's office."

"You," he said, amazed, "in your father's office!"

She asked, somewhat irritated:

"Why not? And don't tell me that I'm taking the bread out of some poor girl's mouth. My father wanted me to be a lawyer. I couldn't see it. So I chose the business training instead. I needed experience and so my father let me have a typist job. . . . Recently, however, he's been rather ill, and as he's had to be at home I've acted as his secretary there when his office secretary has been busy or has had more important things on her mind than his personal letters and telephone calls and cataloguing of his library. He's a collector, in a modest way," she added.

He said, "You don't seriously intend to go on working?"

She didn't like the way he said "working."

"Why not?" she asked again, rather defensively.

He shrugged. "Of course," he said, "it's the fashion. But there are a lot of girls, you know, who have to support themselves."

THEIR glances crossed, sharply, like rapiers. She said, "I suppose you'd approve if I went in for modeling?"

"You've the figure for it," he murmured, "or mustn't I say so?"

"Or the stage or night-club singing or dress designing or autobiographical novels," she went on rapidly, ignoring his comment. . . . "No one seems to mind that. But business! They shudder and grow very socially conscious quite suddenly. Well, look here, Mr. McClure, my father brought me up to be independent. He said if he had a million dollars he wouldn't want a daughter who couldn't take care of herself. Things happen to a million dollars, you know, and then where on earth are you?"

"Generally at the Ritz bar," McClure replied, and she could have slapped him.

She said hotly:

"Don't be absurd. I have a small income from my grandmother's estate. I came into it when I was eighteen. I've dressed on it and used it for my personal needs ever since and therefore learned something of the value of money. If I live at home it's because I like to be with my people. But some day I'll be entirely on my own. I want to be, and my father approves . . ."

He said, laughing, "My dear girl, a job in your father's office or doing his personal telephoning for him at home isn't being on your own."

"Are you being deliberately disagreeable?" she demanded.

"No," he said gently; "merely interested. I won't ask you to forgive me when I tell you that you are very young . . . and quite beautiful. In a year or less you'll be married and living in a nice little apartment on the East Side. So that's that."

"Unfortunately," said Kathleen, "I prefer my freedom. I haven't, as yet, met the man for whom I'd give it up."

"And when you do?" he inquired.

She laughed in spite of herself.

"You're hopeless," she said—"personal and rude and . . . well, you don't deserve an answer. But here it is: When I do, I'll marry him so fast that his head will swim, whether it means a walk-up in Brooklyn or that hypothetical apartment on the East Side."

"Incredible!" said McClure, sighing. "I can't believe it. But I must. Is it possible that you have ideals?"

Kathleen flushed. She asked gravely, "You believe they're outmoded?"

"Among this crew, at all events," he answered. His face settled into adult lines of disillusionment.

Kathleen said energetically:

"It isn't like you to talk like that—"

"Like me? But you don't know me!"

"I am beginning to think I don't," she said, frankly disappointed; "but I used to fancy that I could know the man who wrote Nothing Is Lost."

He was silent, looking at her. He said presently, "Look. Tell me something about the people who run this show. I'd like to know about the brains of this business. It interests me. A good house, a good neighborhood. Even the window dressing is exciting because so expensively simple. A needle-point chair, a chinchilla wrap, a pair of gold slippers. Hannah assures me that this is the most spectacular, lavishly patronized custom dress shop in town; that its two previous parties have made Elsa Maxwellian history—the talk of columnists."

"The place is run by Rosa and Sammy Davenport," said Kathleen. "A legend, a two-headed calf. One dynamic young man, one dark woman in her forties."

"I met them," he said, "a couple of years ago. I liked them. . . . Davenport's not their name, is it?"

"No," she answered. "He changed their name by law. Which made his mother Mrs. Davenport . . . whether or not she liked it. . . . Hannah says it was because Sammy's late unlamented father was born in Sofia!"

They laughed together comfortably. Paul McClure was aware that he had never met a girl with whom he so earnestly wished to talk and laugh the hours through.

"Tell me more about the Davenports," he said.

"You should ask Hannah; my information is merely secondhand and lacks all the color of her embellishments."

"I like statistics," he said gravely.

"Rosa," said Kathleen, "left her husband when Sammy was three, and supported the child and herself by dressmaking. She must always have had a great gift, I think. Later, when Sammy was in school, she went to a Fifth Avenue shop in the custom-made department as a fitter. After that to Paris, taking Sammy with her. She had saved some money, Hannah says, and her husband had drunk himself into a peaceful grave and had to her—and probably to his posthumous—astonishment kept up his insurance. To do him justice," Kathleen added, "he probably loved her and the boy and hoped they would return to him."

"And Sammy?" asked McClure curiously. "Was he always like that?"

HE indicated Sammy fleetingly passing them, making too many gestures, talking in a high-pitched excitable voice. A slim dark young man, sharp-featured, very like his mother, and with definite personality.

"Hannah," Kathleen said, "tells me that he was not appreciated here in school—they made rude noises when he went by. But in Paris it was better. Like Rosa, he's a superb artist."

"He's an interesting human being," said McClure thoughtfully. "When I first met him I didn't like him. The next time, I discovered that he was extremely intelligent. Did Rosa send him to college?"

"Sammy didn't need college," said Kathleen; "he did a good job on himself. Art school he had, of course . . . and practical experience."

"I imagine," said McClure, "that the atmosphere of dressmakers' workrooms must be something stupendous. Exciting, petulant, and frenzied. I have seen that atmosphere around Hannah on occasion."

Kathleen laughed. She said, "Hannah adores her work . . . and she's very fond of Eloise, Inc. There isn't much more to it than the Davenports. I believe there's a very honest bookkeeper and of course a number of young American designers like Hannah. They'll all strike out for themselves one day, but there will be others."

Sammy came back with Mitzi in tow. He was smiling. He passed Kathleen and McClure and waved at them. He loved this party. It surpassed all its predecessors. He wove his way through the crowd, and charming women greeted him with shrieks. As a rule Sammy was visible only by appointment, and his mother rarely appeared except at the parties, as she spent her time in the workrooms and in conference. The saleswomen were handsome and expert. Two bore titles—the English girl had married hers, discarded the incumbent but kept the title. The Russian girl was born that way.

"A swell shindig," commented a famous columnist, giving Sammy the genial elbow. Sammy smiled and was properly gratified. He looked from the columnist to the archway between the two rooms, bulging with people listed in Bradstreet, Debrett, the Almanach de Gotha, the Social Register, and Who's Who. There were so many pretty, or apparently pretty, women that they surfeited the eye. There were tail-coated men, husbands, sons, and lovers of these elegant ladies. Stage and Screen, Colony and Twenty-one. They had all come to drink the wine, listen to the newest swing band, applaud the latest singing wit at the piano, and watch the absurdly beautiful models wearing the fall collection.

Sammy went in search of his mother, satisfied and smiling. He stopped when he saw Hannah in animated discussion with a client. He said, because although he was fond of her he was also malicious:

"You'd better look out for your boy friend, Hannah . . . he's completely engrossed in Kathleen Roberts."

Hannah raised an eyebrow. She said, "He has always had good taste, Sammy," and went on talking. But a little later she went to see for herself, and found that Kathleen and McClure had gone.

Kathleen had said, "I've talked enough. Now I must go. I've a date tomorrow, early."

"Man hunting?"

"Job hunting," she said indignantly.

"Really? If I see you safely to your door, will you promise to tell me about it?"

"You'd laugh," she said.

"I promise not to."

"But you came here to meet Hannah, didn't you?"

"Yes, and we met. We've buried the poor little hatchet," he assured her, "and are having dinner together tomorrow night. She can spare me now—this is business with her and not pleasure. . . ."

A little later, as they were taxiing uptown, McClure reminded her, "Now, about the job . . ."

"It's this way," she said. "My father has been ordered a long vacation. He and mother are shutting up the apartment and taking a leisurely cruise, after which they plan to stay in England for a time. My father's sister is married to an Englishman."

"Roberts," he said reflectively. "Oh, of course, your father is Lawson Roberts."

He looked at her with increased interest. Lawson Roberts was quite a figure in his profession. Owing to his passion for the underdog, he did not make a great deal of money. His love for the law, and for justice—a different matter—was a byword in legal circles. His sister, McClure remembered having read, was the Duchess of Ainslee.

"I heard your father once in court," said McClure. "It was a magnificent thing to hear and witness."

Kathleen smiled at him.

"Thank you," she said. "I like to hear that better than almost anything else you could have said."

"I believe you're telling the truth!" He went on after a moment, "Now, about the job?"

"Oh, father knows some people," she said carelessly, "and I'm to see them. And Hannah told me yesterday that if I don't want to live alone I can share her apartment. She has an extra bedroom."

McClure whistled. He said, "I can't quite see you and Hannah—you're so different."

"We're friends," said Kathleen.

He digested that for a moment. Then he said, "Well, brace yourself, Miss Roberts. They'll probably call you Bobbie in the office."

"Over my dead body!" she said indignantly.

FAITH BALDWIN

*daughter of the late Stephen C. Baldwin, a noted trial lawyer, was born in New Rochelle, New York. She was in Germany when the World War broke out—ostensibly, she says, being educated. She came home in 1916 and did war work and, somehow, found time as well to write her first novel. Since then she has written innumerable novels, short stories, novelettes, serials, and a book of poems.*

*She lives in Connecticut and has four children and a remarkable cat. She has been, briefly, to Hollywood and likes it, but her favorite section of the country is northern New York. She is an ardent movie fan, adores oysters, mystery novels, Christmas, flowers, going to bed early, reading, and writing; hates arithmetic, crowds, subways, clams, and bridge, but does jigsaw puzzles. She despises exercise, but enjoys sports as a spectator, likes fishing and spends one month each year on the St. Lawrence River. She answers her own mail, and likes parties.*

"Hannah always calls you Kate," he said reflectively.

"My father does," said Kathleen; "she picked that up from him."

"It suits me," he agreed. "Quote, 'For you are call'd plain Kate, and bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst,' unquote!"

She asked, "You think me a shrew?"

"You forget," he told her, "that it goes on, 'But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom!' Yes, I like your little name. As to the shrew, I'll tell you after we know each other better."

She was amused and exasperated. The cab slid to a stop before her door, and McClure got out. When she followed, she asked carelessly, "What makes you think you're going to know me better?"

"The working girl," he answered, "is the prey of all horrible young men about town. Besides, I've made up with Hannah, and something tells me that I'm going to see a lot of Hannah—or at least her apartment—in the near future. . . . Good night, sweet Kate."

THE Roberts apartment did not possess a fashionable address. It was on the top floor of an old well kept house, and all the rooms were big, with many windows and much sun and air. They were comfortable, they had a muted, unobtrusive elegance and charm, due entirely to Marion Roberts' excellent taste and love of homemaking. She was a pretty woman, with dark hair going gray, shorter than her daughter and a little on the plump side. She had Kathleen's gray eyes, wide and merry.

They had had their servants, a couple, for eighteen years, and one of Lawson Roberts' chief objections to his doctor's orders was that he couldn't throw Mary and John out into a cold world. But John, practical and firm, took a high hand with his master. It was all right, he said; he and Mary had long wished to return to England and see their friends and relatives. They would do so, if Mr. Roberts was closing the apartment. They would take a long vacation and would return to the States with the Robertses.

Mr. Roberts was discoursing on John's intelligence when, after the butler had left the dining room, he was alone with his wife and daughter at breakfast the next day. "I must say," he remarked, "his decision took a weight off my mind."

"You worry more about him and Mary than you do about me," said Kathleen without rancor.

Her father smiled at her affectionately. "I can't afford to worry about you. I'd stay home in that case," he said.

Marion Roberts shook her head. "Kathleen has common sense, and we've brought her up to think for herself . . . and if—well, she knows enough to go to Dr. Hamilton."

But she paled a little as she said it.

"Darling," said her daughter, "don't look like that. Nothing's going to happen. I'm as strong as a horse. You did your best—you offered to take me along. But I was stubborn and ungrateful. I preferred to stay here and work. You are *not* to fret."

"I won't," promised her mother meekly. She looked at her husband with concealed anxiety. Surely his color was better this morning? He must be her first concern, she must take him away, hoard his strength, see that he had relaxation and entertainment and sleep. He'd slept so badly these last months.

Kathleen thought, My dears, how much I'll miss you! I don't know how I'll stand it. . . . But she couldn't let them know it; a long trip, leisurely, unhampered, together. She thought, I'd wreck it. They'd want to keep up with me, and they couldn't; besides, it would bore me eventually and they'd know it. . . .

Her father laid down the morning paper. He said, looking from his wife to his daughter, "Kate can take care of herself. She's proven it before, in minor ways."

"I wonder," said Kathleen. "Tell me about Patrick Bell. You haven't said a word, except that you ran into him at some club or other and that he said I was to come see him and maybe he could give me a job."

"I don't know him well," admitted her father. "He's young . . . in his early thirties . . . and the head of a very big firm of general contractors. City work, I believe; I don't know much about it . . . but they do subways and bridges and city buildings and all that sort of thing. The outfit was started by his father, who died last year. Young Pat told me he wouldn't go to college, although his father was anxious to send him. He went right into the business from high school. His name isn't Bell, by the way."

"What in the world is it?" asked Kathleen, interested.

"I've forgotten. A long Italian name. His father changed it when he started the firm. . . . Some one told me once that the old man was a holy terror. He said he had too many relatives, in Italy as well as here, and once they got wind of his success they'd all want to be foremen or office workers. So he cut it short to Bell."

"Where does the Patrick come in?"

"An Irish mother, I imagine," said her father. "He's a very interesting young man, Kate. All the drive in the world; a little too fast for my blood—he left me gasping. Something of the steam roller about him. You'll find him a very rough diamond indeed."

"It will be a relief," she said, "after all the polished ones I've encountered of late. I met one last night not only polished but in a platinum setting. By name Paul McClure; by profession a playwright. New Yorker born and a great friend of Hannah—at least he used to be. Then something went wrong, and she took that Georgian prince, or whatever he is, in tow."

"I'm not sure that I approve of your plan to live with Hannah," said her mother; "she knows the oddest people! . . . But Paul McClure?" Marion's pretty brows were creased in an effort to capture an elusive memory. She said finally:

"Oh, now I know! I knew his mother, years ago. You did too, Lawson; we used to play bridge with her at the Harpers'. A pretty woman. Wasn't her name Paula? She was a widow then. It seems to me that I heard afterward that she died of the flu. . . ."

"Oh, of course," said Lawson. "I remember."

"You should," said Marion reproachfully; "you were quite crazy about her!"

"Nonsense." But he laughed sheepishly, and his wife and Kathleen laughed with him. "Perhaps you've forgotten the Coldstream Guardsman, that friend of Butch, Marion," he countered.

Butch. His Grace the Duke of Ainslee was Butch to his wife, friends, and in-laws.

"That will do!" ordered Kathleen. "I've no time to discuss your loose life." She jumped up, bestowed a kiss upon her mother's cheek, her father's temple. "I must dress," she said, "and hustle to my appointment with Mr. Bell. Hold your thumbs up and pray for me."

She was gone. The sunlight fell on old silver and clear thin crystal, on the bright orange marmalade. Mrs. Roberts said despondently, "It scares me! This man Bell—"

"Clever, young, pushing, completely business," said her husband, "and not Kathleen's type at all. Don't worry. McClure sounds more up her alley."

AT eleven that morning Kathleen sat waiting in the offices of the Bell Construction Company. They occupied a floor of a building which was, so the legend read, the Bell Building. They were big and light, but the reception room was utilitarian in the extreme. No soft carpets, lush draperies, or divans. There was moderate comfort, a lot of telephones and ash trays, and at the desk an elderly woman with a sharp, hard face.

Kathleen was aware of her appraising eyes, which expressed neither approval nor disapproval. She opened her compact and stole a look at herself. She didn't know what she expected to see; she saw merely the face with which she had lived for twenty-three years. It was a nice face, she knew that. She wasn't in the least vain, but she had eyes in her head, nice eyes, a nice head. And McClure had said—

Oh, why think of McClure . . . even if she had been doing so off and on all morning? He was a disappointment to her, she told herself firmly. . . . A man with all the promise and gift of that first play! She had expected some one quite different . . . brilliant but responsible, grave, and utterly honest. Instead he had proven to be a good-looking, wisecracking lightweight, with an eye for every woman he met, and not a serious thought in his mind. It was too bad, she thought, that he had money of his own. Perhaps if he had to work, he would, and do something worth while. Hannah had told her, during a recent luncheon together, of the fabulous amount he had made in Hollywood, adapting two of his plays for the screen—Nothing Is Lost wasn't screen material at all—and adapting other people's plays as well. But when they were ready to take up his option he hadn't seen it their way. He'd thrown it in their startled faces and headed East.

SHE looked up and through half-glass doors into an office filled with girls at typewriters. The clatter came to her faintly. In the distance a door opened and a man came out as if catapulted. He recovered himself and walked unsteadily down between the rows of desks. Kathleen watched him with interest. Was he ill, she thought with a pang of pity—or, with less pity, drunk? The girls typing didn't seem curious; they hardly glanced up. Perhaps they were used to disheveled men staggering through, arranging their ties and brushing at their coats with futile hands.

He came into the reception room and slammed the door after him. Kathleen saw that his right eye was swollen; he had the making of a superb shiner. He went over and spoke to the woman behind the desk. Kathleen heard him say, "P. S. He didn't get the job!" Then he went to the elevators and kept his thumb on the button. Presently the doors slid back and he disappeared from view.

Kathleen thought nervously, Well, if Mr. Bell treats all applicants like that!

A telephone rang on the receptionist's desk. The woman spoke into it, and then looked over at Kathleen.

"Mr. Bell will see you now," she said. "Go through that office and turn left. First door."

Kathleen thanked her and rose. She made her way between the rows of desks and was conscious that here and there a machine ceased momentarily its metallic chatter and that a good many eyes followed her. She was aware that her Oxford-gray suit was simple but very well cut, that her hat was new and a little on the dashing side. She thought, Perhaps I should have left the sables at home! But they were modest, only two skins, if soft and dark, and they had been a Christmas present from her father.

She reached the end of the big square room and turned left. A door was open and a man was shouting into a telephone.

"O. K., Murphy," he was saying. "I've sent him back to you and he can stay there. Next time you'll know better. . . . I won't be blackmailed into giving jobs to your misfit relatives. You can take it and like it. And you're out the price of a good juicy steak. No, you fool, not for his stomach! For his eye!"

He was laughing as he hung up, swung around, and saw her standing there.

"Oh!" he said, and grinned at her. "Sorry. Come in, Miss Roberts, and you might shut the door after you."

She did so, coming forward and sitting on the chair he indicated. The room was big and rather bare. A great untidy desk, a steel safe, and files across one wall. A picture of a man hung in back of the desk . . . a fat dark man with heavy eyebrows. On the other walls were unframed blueprints.

He said, "I thought you were older!"

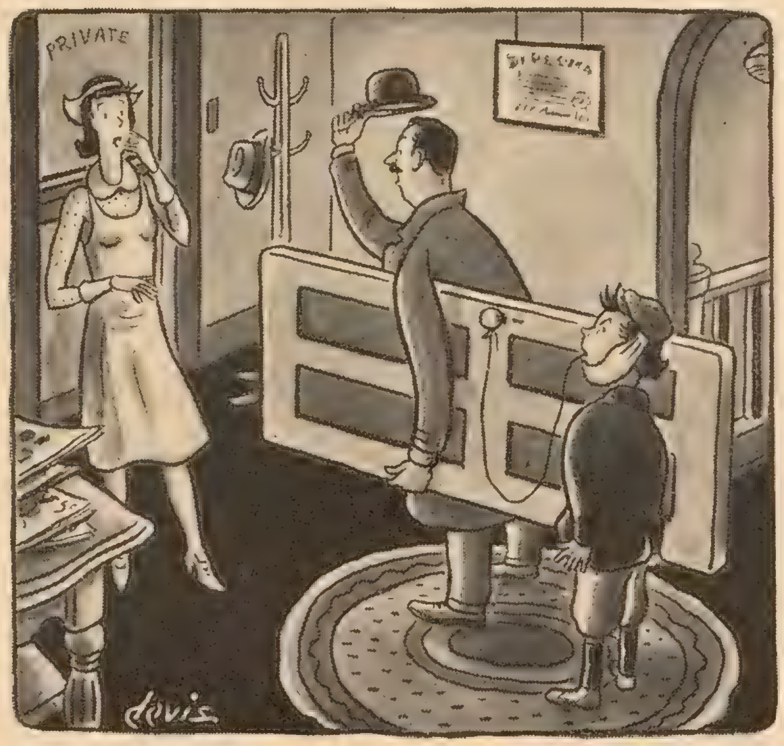
Kathleen leaned forward.

"I'm twenty-three," she told him, "and that isn't, I hope, too young." She tried to smile. "At times it seems almost elderly."

He said, still staring at her, "You must forgive the confusion of this room. I just had a little argument."

Now for the first time she noticed the overturned chair, the metal scrapbasket spilling waste paper, the small table tipped drunkenly, the books it had held sprawled open on the floor. She said impulsively, "I saw the result!"

"No man," said Pat Bell, scowling, "can blackmail me!" He shook his head and smiled at her. "I like your father," he told her abruptly; "he's a swell guy. I knew I would like his daughter. Tell me about yourself."



"Is the dentist in?"

She said, "The usual schooling, and graduation from Smith. Business school after that and almost a year in my father's office. I was just a typist there, but sometimes I filled in when the secretaries were busy or ill or on vacation. I can take dictation, Mr. Bell. I have good speed. I type clearly. I'm perfectly capable of writing letters on my own. . . . That is, when I'd fill in for Mr. Howard's secretary—Mr. Howard is my father's partner—he'd say, 'Tell him to go to the devil. I wouldn't speak at that dinner for a million dollars. I hate the man like poison.' And I'd write the letter and explain how honored Mr. Howard was, and how much he regretted, et cetera, et cetera. . . . You understand. . . ."

"Perfectly," said Patrick Bell, laughing. "Go on."

"That's all. Except that since my father has been at home I've taken care of his personal mail. . . . Of course, during my time at the office I became familiar with legal terms. . . ."

"Good!" said Bell. "Look here. I've a man secretary for the business end of things. He's trained in our particular kind of language. What I need is a personal secretary. One who will keep the wrong people out and let the right people in, look after my personal bills, remind me when to send my mother flowers, and who can argue with the school about my kid sister's bills. You know, all that sort of thing. There will be business letters too, but that's not the main idea. Jim can't handle this sort of stuff, and it's getting a little beyond me. I'm moving across the hall into other offices, with an anteroom . . . that would be yours, if you want it."

She cried, "Of course I want it! I hope you'll give me a trial."

"Can you come Monday?" he asked her.

So she was not to be catapulted out of the office with whatever equivalent of the shiner she might expect to suffer at his hands. She looked at him, and away again. When she had first come in she had met his eyes steadily, but now she couldn't for long. It was as if they laid a burden on her. But she knew what he looked like.

Big. Big shoulders, big frame, big large-knuckled hands. His eyes were blue and his heavy voice had a curious lilt in it . . . that was the Irish mother. His hair was unruly and curly. He was almost too meticulously dressed—his tie matched the handkerchief in his pocket a little too well; his socks matched too. His shoes were highly polished; his short square nails manicured. He had the whitest teeth she had ever seen and the most belligerent square chin. He had the vitality of ten men; it emanated from him, it made itself felt across a room. He didn't have to move or speak to have it reach you and take you by the throat and make you a little breathless.

He said, "We haven't talked money."

She looked at him now, directly. She said:

"It's up to you, Mr. Bell. I've been frank with you; you know just what experience I've had. It isn't much, yet I believe that it is something on which I can build. I'm careful and accurate, I can take orders, and I can learn. My father paid me a purely nominal salary. I didn't think it fair to accept more . . ."

He said, "Good! I like an honest woman, they're rare as hens' teeth. I'll pay you thirty-five to start. If you're any good to me you'll get fifty by the end of the year. How's that?"

"It's more than generous," she said, startled.

He rose. Obviously the interview was over. Kathleen rose too, a little bewildered. He said, "I'll take you to the elevators . . . I'm going that way."

He made it clear that if he hadn't been going that way she could have found her own way out. All right. She liked that in him. She liked him. She was faintly afraid of him, but she liked him. He was as refreshing as a strong wind blowing from the sea. He could be—she already had proof of it—a hurricane, a tornado.

Some one had shown him the fashion magazines for men. His suit was conservatively dark but the cut was not conservative. There were cigarette stains on the fingers of his right hand.

They walked down the aisle together between the rows of desks. Here and there he spoke to a girl in passing, put a hand on her shoulder; said, "Well, Betty, how goes it?" to one; to another, "How's the kid brother?" and to a third, "If I get a minute this week I'll run into the hospital to see your mother, Joan. . . ."

There was adoration in the eyes they raised to his, and Kathleen felt her throat tighten.

He stood with her by the elevators. He said, "You may be taking more on your plate than you know. But we'll talk about that Monday."

The elevator came up, he smiled at her, the doors closed, and she dropped into space. But elevators had never affected her heart before, not even the magic ones which run to the top of the Empire State Building. Still, her heart was pounding. She wanted to run and to sing.

She thought, forcing her steps to be sedate as she turned toward the subway, Well, I've got the job! I've got the job!

She couldn't wait to reach home. She turned into the nearest cigar store, to stand in a close-smelling little booth and dial her number. She wanted her father and her mother to know the news at once. . . .

"I'm hired!" she said triumphantly when her mother answered.

"Come home at once," said Marion, "and tell us all about it."

In the subway Kathleen planned what she would tell them.

Nice man. She liked him. He looked stubborn as a mule but as honest as daylight. She was sure she would like the job.

That sounded a little pale, a little cool. She didn't feel pale or cool. She felt flushed with excitement and warm with anticipation. She'd never seen a man like Pat Bell. And every other man she had known now seemed pallid and tepid by comparison with this one brief glimpse of him.

Beginning Monday she would see him every day for, she assumed, five and a half days.

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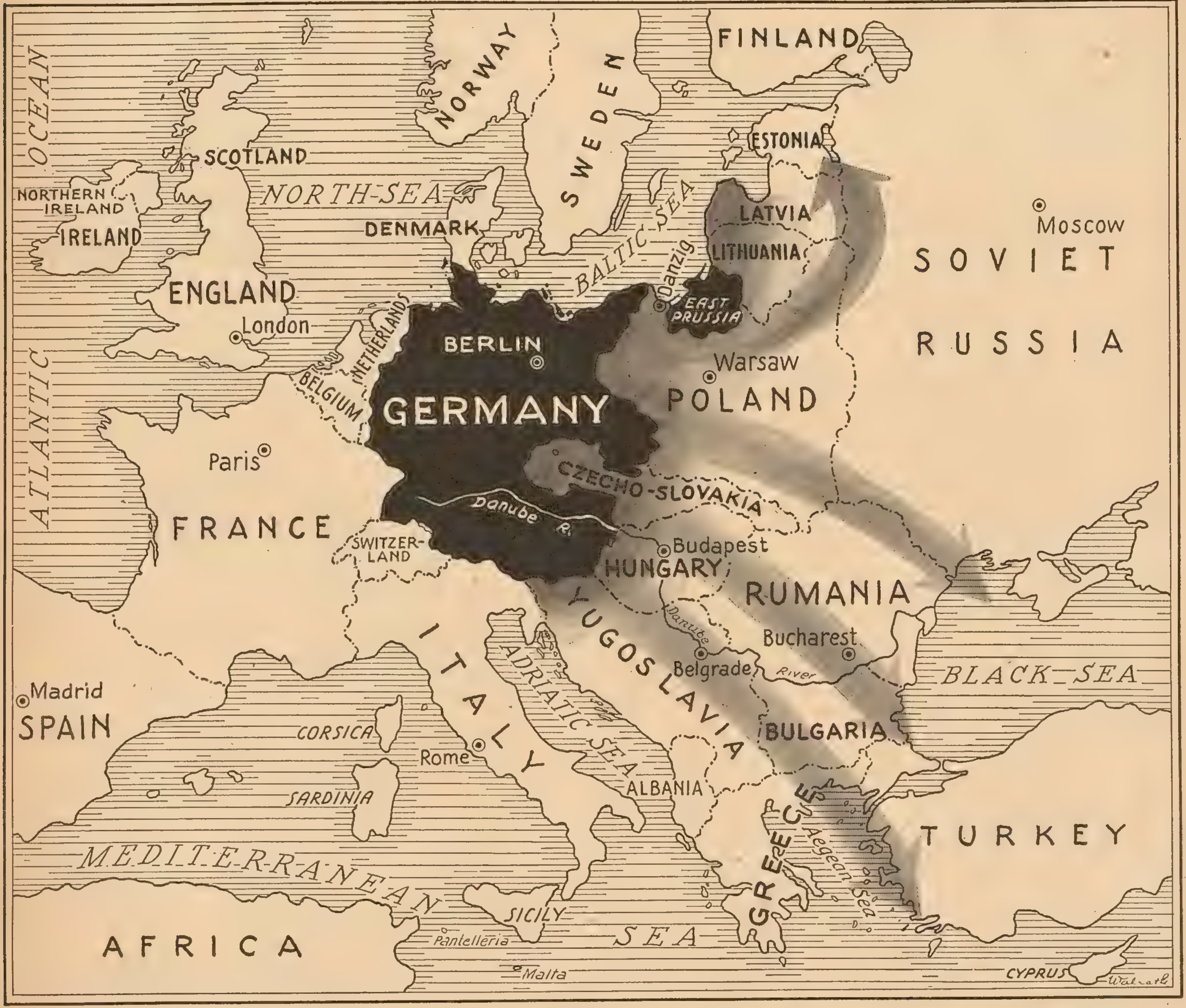
*A new world opens, romance beckons, and youth strikes out on its own. Will Pat Bell live up to his lovely secretary's expectations? Will Paul McClure keep his promise to see more of Kathleen? Continue this vivid novel of a girl's questing heart. In Liberty—next week!*

# EUROPE TEN YEARS FROM


FINLAND
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IRELAND
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Danzig
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BLACK SEA
ADRIATIC SEA
Madrid
SPAIN
CORSICA
Rome
BULGARIA
SARDINIA
ALBANIA
GREECE
Aegean Sea
TURKEY
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
SICILY
Pantelleria
Malta
AFRICA
CYPRUS
Walrath

Will the map of Europe look like this in 1949? Mr. Wells did not with his own hand do this job of map drawing, but it follows his prophetic specifications in this article. The black area is the German Reich of today. The gray areas indicate the "cluster of protected states" that he foresees; the arrows, trends of further German expansion.

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IN the year 1909 Bleriot flew the Channel and England ceased to be an island. Whereupon the prophetic urge came upon me and I wrote in the Daily Mail about the significance of this event. What does this mean? I asked, and answered: "It means, I take it, first and foremost for us, that the world cannot wait for the English.

"It is not the first warning we have had. It has been raining warnings upon us; never was a slacking, dull people so liberally served with warnings of what was in store for them. But this event—this foreigner-invented, foreigner-built, foreigner-steered thing, taking our silver streak as a bird soars across a rivulet—puts the case dramatically. We have fallen behind in the quality of our manhood. In the men of means and leisure in this island there was neither enterprise enough, imagination enough, knowledge nor skill enough to lead in this matter. I do not see how one can go into the history of this development and arrive at any other conclusion. The French and Americans can laugh at our aeroplanes, the Germans are ten years ahead of our poor navigables. Either we are a people essentially and incurably inferior, or there is something wrong in our training, something benumbing in our atmosphere and circumstances. That is the first gravest intimation in M. Bleriot's feat."

That was in 1909. Growing shrill with foreboding, I addressed my fellow countrymen in these words: "These aeroplanes," said I, "are just the first fruits of a steady, enduring lead that the foreigner has won. The foreigner is ahead of us in education, and this is especially true of the middle and upper classes, from which invention and enterprise come—or, in our own case, do not come. He makes a better class of man than we do. His science is better than ours. His training is better than ours. His imagination is livelier. His mind is more active. His requirements in a novel, for example, are not kindly, sedative pap; his uncensored plays deal with reality. His schools are places for vigorous education instead of genteel athleticism, and his home has books in it, and thought and conversation. Our homes and schools are relatively dull and uninspiring; there is no intellectual

# NOW

## Will this prophetic map be a fact in 1949? . . . A distinguished historian's forthright and frightening forecast of things to come

## by H. G. WELLS

guide or stir in them; and to that we owe this new generation of nicely behaved, unenterprising sons, who play golf and dominate the tailoring of the world, while Brazilians, Frenchmen, Americans, and Germans fly.

"That we are hopelessly behindhand in aeronautics is merely an indication that we are behindhand in our mechanical knowledge and invention. . . ."

And so on. It was a vehement appeal against the growing dullness of our state from top to bottom. It was a cry of distress from a man who in those days still wanted acutely to have something worthy of pride in the Empire and his own people, who believed that "God's Englishman" could and should play a leading part in a world civilization.

But enough of that scolding now. Nearly thirty years ago I wrote that, and today I find myself most horribly justified. What is the situation? The silver streak has vanished. The ruling class of my country, by an intensive propaganda of panic, has done its best to teach the English to cower before the mere threat of foreign bombing. They have crawled with terror in the sight of all mankind. First the British governing class disregarded airplanes, and now it fears them insanely, and infects our whole population with its fear. Kipling was mercifully spared this spectacle. There is only one thing that the British fear more than the imaginary gas bogey that has been put over them, and that is the horror of going to war under such leadership as we possess.

The state of our national defenses revealed by the present crisis displays a lack of imagination, of foresight, of any sense of public responsibility or patriotic pride that stuns and astounds even such a skeptic of ruling-class competence as myself. I did not dream they were half so bad. Over and above all that inefficiency, there has been a reckless waste of public money—I suppose upon bearskins, coronation parades, and amateurish experiments in mechanization—that kills any belief in the essential integrity of the British system.

The British governing class has learned nothing and forgotten nothing—except a few treaties and pledges—since I screamed with dismay at it in 1909. Through the hard stresses of the Great War, these people kept power and possessions in their own hands, at the price of national efficiency and scores of thousands of lives. They came near losing a winning war altogether, and but for the American intervention they would, I believe, have done so. When I went to look at the British front in 1916, I saw roads jammed with fodder for the useless cavalry these intolerable duffers had sent out there, and when I wrote about it, the Censor did his best to suppress me. True to breed, he was thinking of the prestige of the cavalry.

The Great War brought no discredit on the common people of England. "The men are splendid," we echoed, but the men were—the phrase is not mine; it was the title of a book by a military expert, Captain P. A. Thompson—Lions Led by Asses, and that, to be frank about it, is what the British peoples still are today. They are in a tangle of misleading education, bad information, agricultural and industrial mismanagement, and economic disorganization, and they are so entirely without expression or leadership that I do not see how they can save themselves from this disastrous nose spin into which their present pilot has got them.

For some years ahead anyhow—and indeed until there are quite revolutionary changes in the social structure of the British system—Great Britain is plainly condemned to a secondary role in European affairs. It is going to be a "peace-in-our-time" Power, even less willing than able to support its allies, ambiguous in its policy, and ultimately yielding and retreating. After 1942 its population, we are told, is bound to decline, and its destiny therefore seems plainly to become one, and not the most important one, of the English-speaking communities scattered throughout the world. Leadership has departed from London. This makes unpleasant reading and it is not pleasant to write; but it is plain that our island state has very little prospect of renascence and recovery before it until it learns to swallow and benefit by the sort of quinine I am writing.

The British submission to the magnificent bluff of Mr. Hitler—for bluff it was—is likely to rank as an event of first-class magnitude in the history of the world. The latest of the "decisive battles of the world" was not even fought. Its consequences are likely to be even greater than those of a long and disastrous war. It is the retreat, in a state of conscious and confessed impotence, of Great Britain from European affairs. It is the complete abandonment of an elaborately built up military position with no hope of recovery. The British Foreign Office can never again be a dominant factor in Europe. No one believes in it now, nobody trusts it; South Africa and Ireland openly discuss new orientations, and Australian eyes, face to face with the Japanese menace, turn to the United States.

If ever the English-speaking peoples readjust themselves for mutual aid and an effective co-operation in the affairs of mankind, everything points to the American continent as the center of gravity for that reconstruction. This has been more and more manifest since the opening of the century, but now suddenly all pretenses are dropped and it stares us in the face.

For a time Germany will remain amazed and incredulous at the immunity and power that Mr. Chamberlain has thrust into her hands. She will feel there must be a catch in it, that the thing is too good to be true. Then slowly she will rise to the greatness of her new opportunities. I am not sure if German affairs are likely to continue indefinitely in the hands of the Hitler triumvirate. Their apotheosis is certain, but it may easily take a severely practical form. But their elimination from Germany on earth, their shelving as national saviors and martyrs, is now much more likely to invigorate and rationalize than to check and enfeeble the Germanization of Europe—and that, I infer, is likely to be rapid and thorough.

Even if the astounding luck of Goering, Goebbels, and Hitler holds, so that they remain in control, they may grow wise with success, experience, and ripening years, and if they are removed from practical intervention in the European scene they will still leave Germany on balance vastly more united, confident, and intelligent than they found her. They have done a lot of scavenging. They have cleared out a vast amount of medieval dynastic rubbish, Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs, and so forth, for ever and ever, and they have imposed a grip upon financial and industrial exploitation that is unlikely to be relaxed. They have taken great and wholesome liberties with money and the speculator. I should imagine that their very suppressions have obliged many Germans to think hard whose minds before were in a state of almost British self-complacency.

It is doubtful whether the loss of their abler Jews is irreparable. Most of them are evidently quite ready to return and serve Germany as honorary Aryans whenever they are invited to do so. The loss of their orthodox Jews is, from the standpoint of state efficiency, no great loss. The Burning of the Books symbolized a repudiation of world intercourse; but there is still time to reverse the policy of intellectual isolation and to take up in good earnest the imposition of the German languages as a cultural medium, first throughout eastern Europe and the Near East, and then throughout the world. That would still be an easy thing to do.

The Germans are now on the crest of a mighty opportunity. What they will make of it depends almost entirely upon personal accidents that no prophet can anticipate, the luck, health, and sanity of three incalculable men. But expand Germany will, either in the form of brutal and exasperating aggression, if they survive, or—at the other end of the scale of possibility—as a subtle and sustained propaganda for mental and material predominance in a unifying world.

It is not only Great Britain that has gone out of Europe. Russia also, through the internecine troubles of the Communist Party, has ceased to be of primary significance upon the Continental stage. The feud of Trotsky and Stalin has been almost as disastrous to the future of Russia as the narrow mentality of the Chamberlain family has been to the future of Great Britain. There was a time when the Russian language bade fair to be the cultural medium for all southeastern Europe from Prague to Sofia. The Soviet government, with an intolerance that makes even a Nazi seem broad-minded, has robbed Russian literature of any catholicity and the Russian language of any world significance: Russian now is simply the language in which Communist reassures Communist. There would be no mental barrier on that side to a rational German expansion.

In view of such cultural currents and countercurrents as these, and in the absence now of the old "balance of power," it is interesting to indulge in a little map drawing. Most of us used to play at redrawing the map of Europe in 1915-18. After that the game went out of fashion, but now it is coming back. It is doubtful whether many German-speaking people outside the boundaries of the Reich want to put themselves under a Nazi regime. They are disposed to keep themselves outside. But it must be very present in their minds, and now more than ever, that a steadily expanding post-Nazi Germany may be quite a different proposition. They may think, and especially the younger ones may think, that it is worth while enduring a temporary servitude to the swastika and loutish violence if they are presently to emerge upon a triumphantly Germanized Europe. Hitler and Goering may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

That line of thought may be increasing in its attractiveness not only among the actual German-speakers beyond the Reich but in all those quasi-"Nordic" countries which balance, so far as their cultural language goes, between English and German. And Switzerland again: is Switzerland so secure and everlasting as it seemed to be a dozen years ago? Switzerland seems very permanent to us, but in fact it has remained intact for little more than a century. All along the Baltic shores, again, stretches a diversity of states that have wavered for centuries between German and Russian as the speech of their educated classes. What is now to prevent the tide of Germanization carrying its boundaries eastward?

In one respect Nazi Germany is almost certain to imitate the British *raj* in India, and that is in the creation of protected states. The first of these will obviously be what is left of Czechoslovakia. She will be deprived of her political and economic independence; there will probably be, under some title or other, a German "Resident" in Prague, and for the rest of her internal affairs she will be quasi-independent. She will become a highway for German trade eastward to Rumania. This protectorate system is bound to be so attractive a process to a dominant unchallenged Germany that it is likely to be extended very rapidly. The map of Europe in 1949 may show us not only a much larger Reich painted Prussian blue, but also quite a cluster of protected states painted light blue. And this greater Reich may even extend into Asia Minor.

I doubt if the boundaries of France will have changed by 1949. France, under the Chamberlain panic, seems heading for a Fascist monarchism; and Spain, after its tremendous, splendid, heroic, confused, patriotic struggle, may quite conceivably sink for a time to a Phalangist dictatorship. Both Powers will play the part toward Germany that the "allies" of the later Roman Republic played to Rome. There is no Great Britain to turn to now. Their common people will pay tribute more or less openly, but their governing classes will share the loot. There will be a German veto and censorship on their ministers, publications, newspapers, historians, caricaturists, and so forth. And Italy, with a headache after its Caesarism, will be clutching the Balearic Isles. Probably she will have already ceded the Trentino to the ascendant Power.

I cannot guess whether there will still be dabs of British red at Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus in the map of 1949. Gibraltar can be knocked to pieces from the Spanish mainland at any time—as everybody has known since the Great War—and I do not see what good Malta and Cyprus can be to a retractile Empire. But also I do not see any reason why the new world air Powers should trouble to deprive us of these insignificant relics of greatness.

So with bitter reluctance I sketch the possible map of Europe ten years ahead. But I see no reason to suppose that, to a casual passer-by, Westminster, Whitehall, and the West End in 1949 will be very different from what they are today. There will be the same social going to and fro, the same air of doing something important, the same bright interest in individual careers and in the small beer of politics.

I anticipate a statue of Mr. Chamberlain in fishing rig in the place of the Cenotaph, and I doubt if London will still observe Armistice Day.

THE END

## 20 QUESTIONS

1—This week's early photo (at right) is of Cornelia's father, a well remembered actor and manager. Born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in '58, he was associated with Charles Frohman, and starred in Mister Antonio, Blood and Sand, and many other plays. Who?

2—What color is freshly distilled rum?

3—Which bird uses its wings in swimming, and sometimes when walking, but never to fly?

4—What is the full name of the English author, Wells?

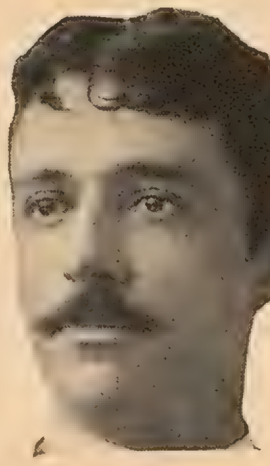
5—Mohair is the fleece of what animal?

6—The automobile license tags of which state are black on yellow as well as yellow on black?

7—When is Ground Hog Day?

8—According to the Bible, how many proverbs did Solomon speak?

9—Did Sir Walter Raleigh first smoke cigarettes, cigars, or a pipe?



10—A student at Annapolis is called what?

11—Which California winter resort is named for less than thirty trees?

12—Who made popular: "That's all there is; there isn't any more"?

13—In which country do the Scheldt and Zoom rivers meet?

14—What was the title of the official publication of the A. E. F.?

15—Who composed Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning?

16—Who made the first automobile in 1884?

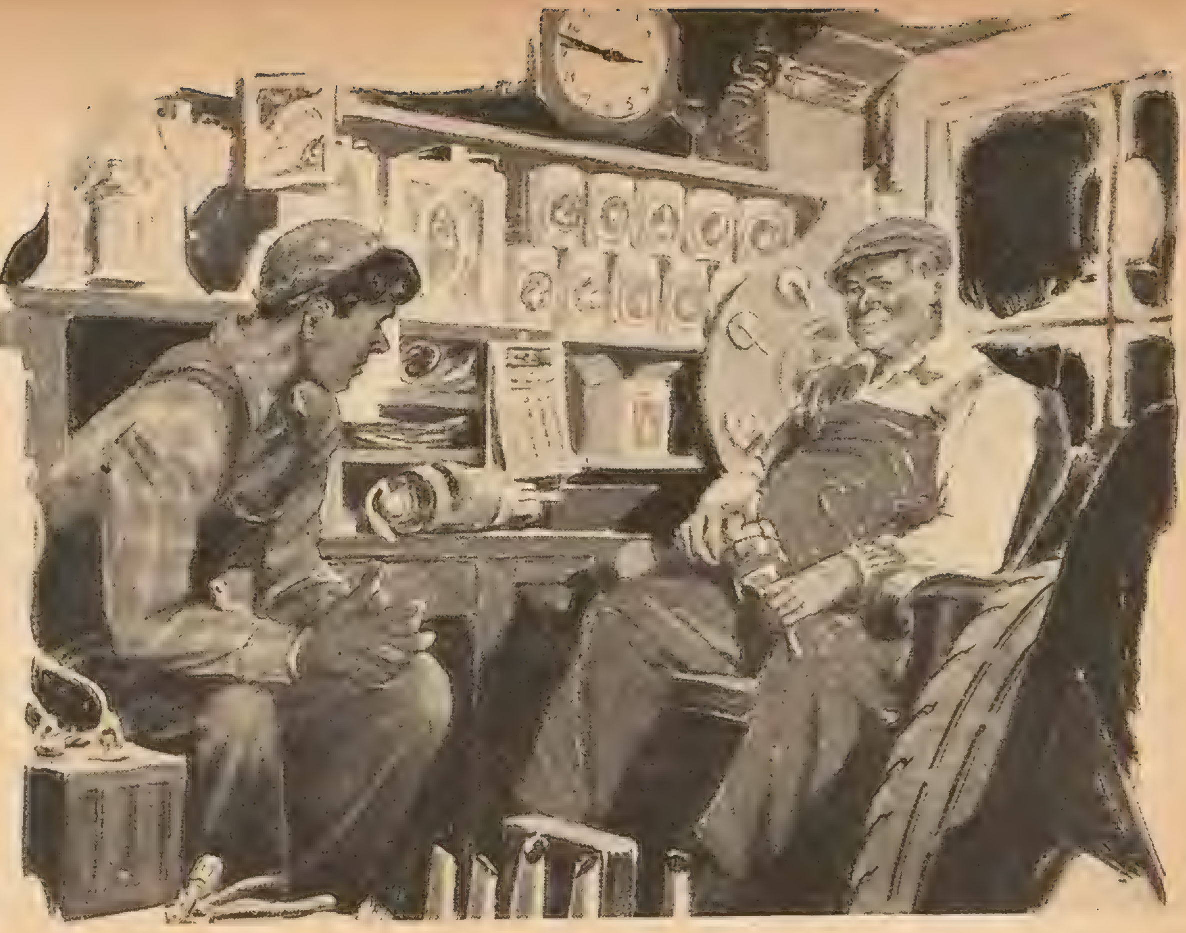
17—Which French ruler said, "I am the State"?

18—Do hummingbirds make honey?

19—At sea, which watches are but two hours long?

20—Who married Anne Boleyn and five other women?

*(Answers will be found on page 44)*



# RABBIT PIE

## *Liberty's Short Short*

### BY KIMBALL HERRICK

**READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS**

BARNEY shot a shrewd glance at the one occupied chair in the office of Barney's garage. "Say, Chuck," he said. "Don't suppose you'd want to buy a beauty of a .30-.35, since you already got you a swell .30-.30."

The kid flushed. "I haven't got it. Sold it."

Barney rattled the pliers in his jumper pocket. "Maybe I could sell you a three-tone horn for that gun money. Just got in a dandy chromium—"

The kid jumped up. "I'm flat broke. He got it all."

"That card game out at Sunset Tavern?"

"Yes; I learned my lesson. But now he's got Shep and Whitey and they can lose real money. Half the fellows in town are taking a crack at that game."

The smeared face of the clock said, vaguely, ten minutes to nine. Barney looked at it and slumped into a chair, facing the frost-edged window. A half block toward the center of Westwood an arc light bathed four corners. Barney fixed his gaze on the bright patch.

"Is that game crooked?"

Chuck frowned. "I don't know, Barney. The guy, this Schlink, is a creeping worm, but it doesn't have to be crooked. It started out a nickel game. Now it's getting up—"

Barney reached for a shiny electric drill, set it far out on his knees. A figure stepped into the light at the four corners.

Barney lifted his hulk. "Look," he said. "I want you to take a look at that gun of mine anyway. It's a daisy. Slip back to the stockroom and give it the once-over. I got to work on old man Jossey's car."

The lean kid disappeared. The whine of a drill cutting metal sounded briefly. A moment after it stopped a man walked out on the garage floor from the office.

"Evenin', Mr. Schlink," said Barney. "She's ready."

The man picked his way to the flashy car, careful of a narrow-waisted immaculate overcoat. "How much?" he snapped.

"Eleven fifty. How's business?"

The man shrugged. "Some gravy, some bones."

Barney pressed a button and the driveway door squeaked open. "Don't tell me," he said. "I run a backroom game myself once, when I was younger and faster. Prospects favorable out there at Sunset with the hicks?"

Mr. Schlink laughed. "Shapin' up," he conceded.

Barney took a twenty-dollar bill. "Eleven fifty out of twenty," he said and leaned forward. His voice dropped. "Know what took me out of your line? Rifle slugs. They got too close to me one night. I see a sorehead has been after you too, eh?"

Mr. Schlink moved back a sudden step. "What d'ya mean?" he demanded belligerently. "What d'ya mean?"

Barney looked surprised. "Why, this." He pointed. Across the rounded body corner between the windshield and the driver's door, head-high, was a round groove. "Comin' from the right, I judge. Figured you were goin' just a touch faster than you were, maybe. A little faster and it'd come through about here." Barney stabbed the windshield at an angle just above the steering wheel and just behind it. "Part of the game, eh? Where you been drivin' the last few days? That's fresh."

Mr. Schlink's face turned chalky. He licked his lips. "I—look, I didn't hear no—"

"No hearin' to it." Barney grinned. "No seein' either. Good hunters in these small towns, mister. But I got a kid back here'll putty and touch up that in a coupla minutes if you say so. A good kid, but funny. He's been actin' awful queer lately." Barney's voice boomed. "Hey, Chuck. Come here, and bring that job with you."

A lean figure with a rifle in his hands, Chuck stood for a moment in the dim splash from a greasy ceiling light. He took a step forward.

The dapper man's eyes were suddenly wild. In one leap he was behind the wheel of the flashy gray car, the motor roared. Wheels jumped on the concrete floor. Rubber screamed in the street and the roar faded.

"Left turn," Barney muttered. "Out of town."

The kid walked up. "What is it, Barney? Who was that cowboy driver in such a hurry?"

Barney chuckled. "That was a rabbit, Chuck. And look. I just made myself an extra eight fifty. I'm gonna give you that gun. It's a daisy, ain't it? You get Shep and Whitey and see if you can rustle me up the makin's of a good rabbit pie. I could eat one tomorrow lunch."

Barney picked up the shiny drill and ran his fingers along the bit, picking off flecks of gray paint and slivers of fresh metal. "I'm a destructive old liar," he grinned, "cuttin' up people's cars, but you know my conscience don't scarcely work at all when there's rabbit pie in me."

THE END

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## ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WBBM, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WBT, Charlotte; KNX, Los Angeles. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

## TUNE IN!

▲

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

# ONE-WALLOP WILLIE

READING TIME

24 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

AFTER the coupé headed for the ditch the third time I gave up trying to put my arm around Sally.

"For a whole year," she reminded me between sobs, "you've been saving twenty a week out of a sports editor's salary"—sob—"so we could buy a little country weekly somewhere and" —gulp—"get married and settle down. And now that the Bulletin has folded"—sniffle—"and we've both lost our jobs"—gulp—"and you've got a thousand dollars"—business of drying eyes—"what are we waiting for?"

"Sugarplum," I said, "you don't understand."

"I shop around," said Sally, with her chin in the air. "I shop around and find the sort of country weekly a newspaperman dreams about. I bring you out to see it, thinking you'll be tickled to death." Sally dabbed at her eyes with the hanky again. She was such a cute trick—tiny, with copper curly hair and a tiptilted nose—that she could afford to cry. "I talk the man into letting us have it for a down payment of eight hundred. And what do you do?"

"Sugarplum," I said, "I never—"

"What do you do?" asked Sally. "You act as if somebody is trying to sell you a ninety-nine-year lease on Brooklyn Bridge." She sobbed again. "I don't believe you want to get married at all. I don't believe you've got a thousand dollars, either."

She was right about there being no thousand bucks. It is possible to save twenty a week some weeks. But every week, no. And if you get behind and try to catch up by slapping a few fins on the nose of a hot one that goes cold at Belmont or busts a leg at Latonia, naturally the situation will get worse. Then if you quietly invest the remaining five hundred in a prizefighter named Willie Hornbostel—oh, well—

Would you have the nerve to confess, "Sugarplum, I only saved six hundred bucks, and I spent five hundred buying a prizefighter. I got him at a bargain because his manager got in a jam with the law and had to leave town in a hurry. But it's a gilt-edged investment, because Baldy McGonigal offered a thousand bucks for this boy's contract just a month ago, and as soon as Baldy gets back from a fishing trip I'll double my money."

I knew better myself. That sort of thing is held against a man for life.

"Listen, sugarplum," I said. "I didn't say I wouldn't buy that country weekly. It's in a fine little town and the proposition looks very sweet. But I want to check up on it for a few days."

However, Sally insisted that I must have lost all my money on the dobbins or I would have bought the weekly on the spot. The atmosphere was very arctic when we reached her gate.

"Isn't Tod coming in? I thought he was staying for dinner," called out Sally's ma from the porch.

"No," said Sally, her chin high. "And what's more, Tod Carpenter," she told me, "you needn't bother coming around tonight, either. I'm going to call up Dan Fleet and ask him to take me to the movies."

"Now listen, sugarplum," I yelped. "If you go out with that big flatfoot—"

But the door slammed. Ma Hudson gave me her "what's-the-world-coming-to?" look and went inside.

I felt very low as I drove away. Yes indeedy, I felt low. I hoped Baldy McGonigal would hurry back from his fishing trip so I could sell him Willie Hornbostel's contract and buy that country weekly.

When I came into my apartment and saw Willie Hornbostel sprawled in the easy chair reading the funnies, I felt better.

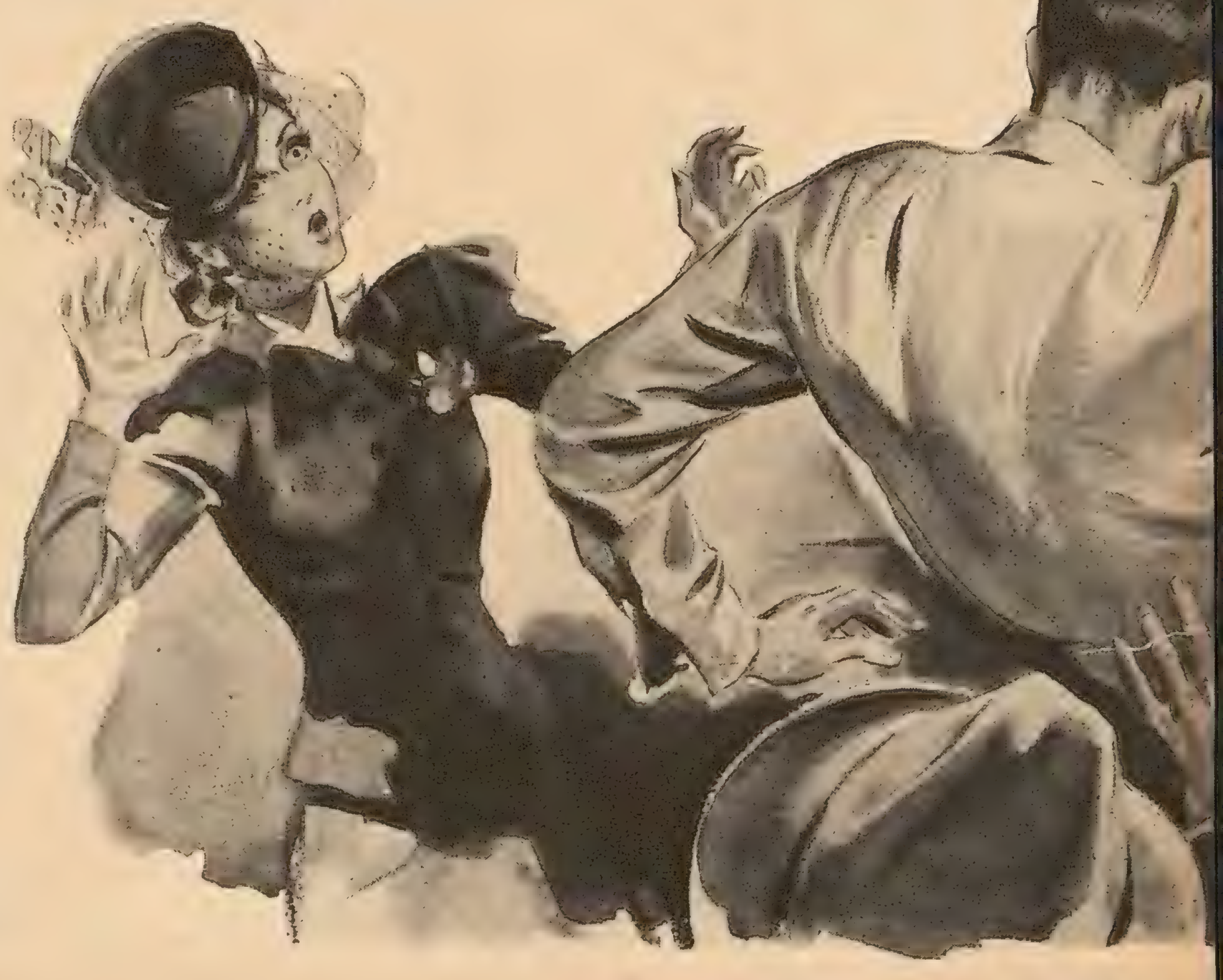
In many ways he looked like a dope, having a very dumb pan and china-blue eyes and large red ears, besides a mop of straw-colored hair that came down over his forehead in a cowlick. But if you knew fighters, he looked like a million in the bank.

"H'ya, Mr. Carpenter?" beamed Willie, with his goofy grin.

"H'ya, kid?" I said. "How did you spend the day?"

Willie reported. Down to Mahaffey's Gym in the morning for his workout. Around the corner at noon for a steak—a big one with onions. Back to Mahaffey's for more work.

ILLUSTRATED BY FELIX SCHMIDT



Then a shower and out to a movie—a Western, very swell. Back to the apartment. He had spent eighty cents, which included a chew of gum. Willie handed me twenty cents change and said: " You and your girl have a nice time, Mr. Carpenter? "

" No," I grunted.

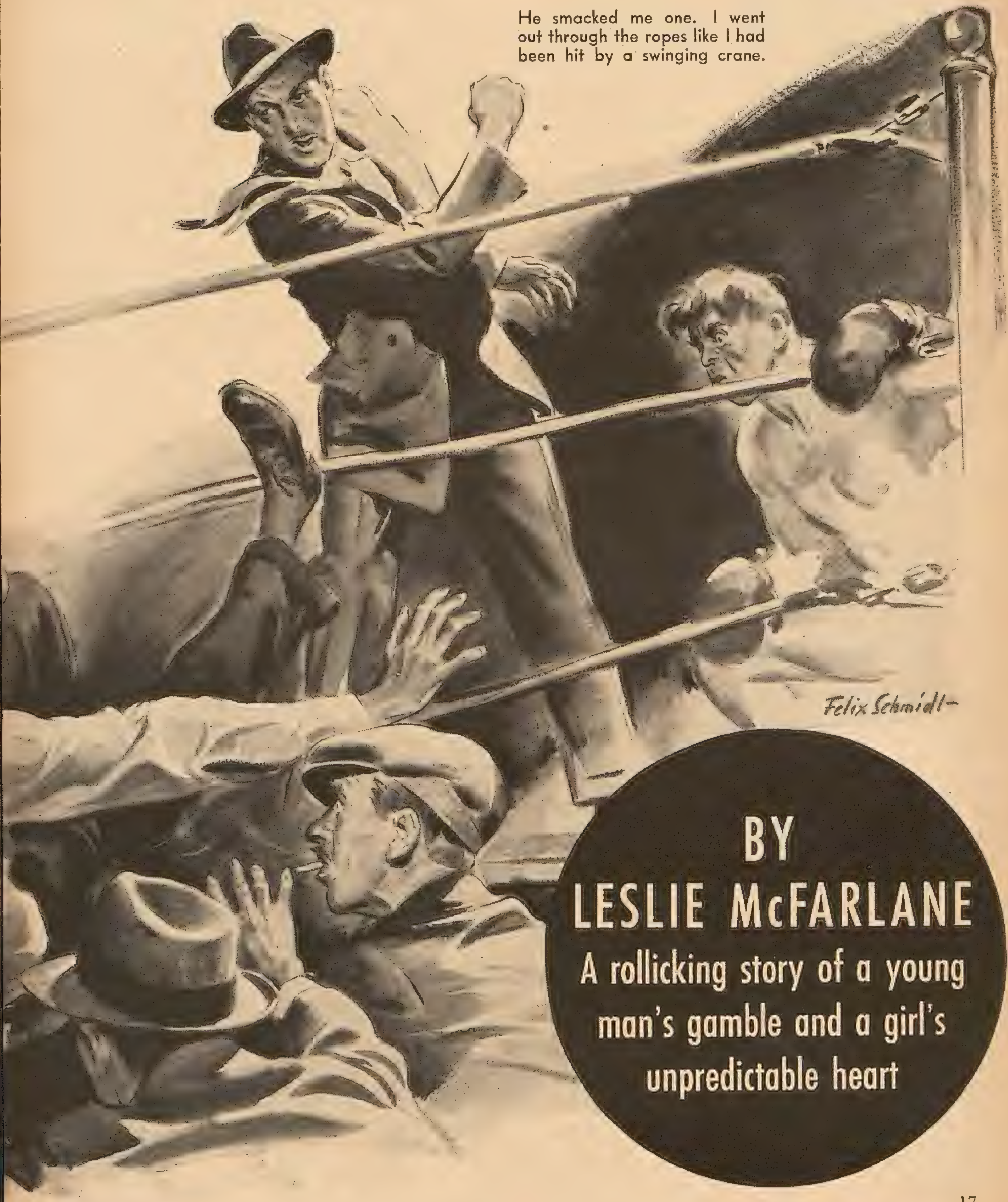
I sat down at the phone and dialed. I had been calling McGonigal's office twice a day for a week and didn't have much hope. Then—glory hallelujah!—there was a click and Baldy McGonigal himself growled, " Yeah? "

" H'ya, Baldy? " I cheered. " Tod Carpenter speaking."

I let Baldy McGonigal tell me about the big bass he didn't catch at Lake Wapahoosie, and then I said: " Baldy, I got good news for you. Remember you tried to buy this heavyweight Willie Hornbostel for your stable last month, only Sammy Stein wouldn't sell? "

" I tried to buy *who?* " shouted McGonigal.

" Willie Hornbostel. You offered Stein a grand for him and got turned down. Well, Baldy, while you were away Stein got into trouble. Knowing you wanted the



He smacked me one. I went out through the ropes like I had been hit by a swinging crane.

## BY
## LESLIE McFARLANE

A rollicking story of a young man's gamble and a girl's unpredictable heart big fella, I picked up his contract for a grand—no more, no less—and I've been holding him for you."

"You mean One-Wallop Willie? Why, Tod, it was Stein got turned down when he tried to sell the big lug to me. For a hundred bucks."

"You're sure we're talking about the same guy, Baldy?" I gulped.

"One-Wallop Willie—sure! I looked him over when Stein brought him in from the sticks. He's got one wallop—a left swing from the floor that always misses." Then McGonigal began to snicker. "You don't mean to tell me Stein stung you for a grand for that!"

He was roaring and bellowing with glee when I put down the phone. Fight managers have a very low sense of humor.

In our town, if you can't sell a prizefighter to Baldy McGonigal, you are stuck with him, unless you can find another sucker like me.

I knew this already, but I spent a couple of days proving it.

So I went up to the house and told all.

"You see, sugarplum," I explained, "when I bought this fighter I didn't think Stein was lying. And I didn't know the Bulletin was going to fold. Then, when you broke kinda fast from the barrier on this country-weekly proposition—"

"Let me get this straight," said Sally, looking even prettier as her color got higher. "In the first place, you didn't save twenty a week as you said you did. And then you bought a prizefighter with the money you did save. A prizefighter who isn't any good!"

"It seems a very foolish thing to buy," remarked Ma Hudson doubtfully. "I remember, once, a friend of your poor father's got intoxicated and bought two giant bullfrogs because his wife complained about houseflies in the kitchen— But a prizefighter! I didn't even know you could buy them."

"You see, Mrs. Hudson," I said, "I buy this boy's contract—"

"We see," Sally cut in. "You buy this man mountain's contract, and you feed him half a dozen times a day and let him sleep on your studio couch, and if he makes any money fighting, you share in it. But you can't get him any fights because you haven't a manager's license, and nobody will pay to see him fight anyway. And you haven't got a job, and you've lost all your money"—out came the hanky, but this time Sally was too mad to cry—"and if you'd rather support a big stupid gorilla than a wife, you're welcome—so there!"

The ring landed right in the middle of my hat.

WILLIE felt very badly when I told him about Sally giving back my ring. He said he was to blame for all my troubles and offered to go up to Sally's house and put in a word for me. I said no.

"So far as I'm concerned," I said, "I am through with women," I said. "Let her go around with Dan Fleet again if she likes. What do I care?"

"If he is that much bigger than you, I would be very glad to paste him for you, Mr. Carpenter," offered Willie. It touched me, showing how loyal he was, but I told him that as long as I managed him he would do his pasting for cold cash, and none free.

"I'll show her I can make money out of managing a prizefighter," I said. "Honest John Bannon will be glad to give us a spot on his next card. I did him many a favor when I was on the Bulletin."

So next morning we went to see Honest John, who promotes fights for the Coliseum. I told him what I wanted.

"Boy!" said Honest John, rubbing his hands and smacking his lips on his cigar. "I have waited years for this. I have not forgotten the time you ruined my build-up for the White Hope Tournament and practically called me a crook in your sports column, Carpenter. Now I wouldn't give you a spot if you were handling the Bomber himself, so scram!"

And that was how I stood with Honest John Bannon, now that I was not a sports editor any more. Willie offered to paste him one for me, but I told him not to worry.

"My old pal Bob Moss is chairman of the Boxing Commission," I explained, "and he will soon tell Bannon where to head in. Why, the Bulletin practically appointed Bob, and he isn't the kind to forget a favor like this."

"Ain't he?" said Willie, looking happy again.

Commissioner Moss leaned back in his swivel chair and tapped his spectacles against his white waistcoat. "Carpenter," he said, "this is a sweet moment for me. Ever since you came out in that lousy column of yours and said our referees looked like they were picked from the Blind Men's Home by a committee of half-wits I've been waiting and praying for you to ask me a favor."

"Why, Commissioner," I said, "that was all in fun."

"Well, this is all in fun too, you snake, and see if you can get a laugh out of it. I picked those referees myself. And now, as one half-wit to another, I am not going to ask Bannon to give you a break. And what's more, if you apply for a manager's license, this office will turn you down—and just try getting fights around here without a license. Now who's laughing, you wisecracker?"

So I went out of there talking to myself.

"They wouldn't dare do this to me if I was still sports editor of the Bulletin," I told Willie. "I've got a good mind to go over to the Star and snag Eddie Endelman's job. Then you'd see 'em eating out of my hand."

Willie offered to go back and sock the Commissioner on the nose if I thought it would help. But I parked him at Mahaffey's Gym and told him to take it out on a punching bag and be home at six. As I was walking down State Avenue, I saw Sally driving gaily by with that big redheaded lug, Detective Sergeant Dan Fleet.

AT seven, when I got back to the apartment, my five-hundred-dollar investment had vanished. At nine I was in a panic, and went hunting.

No luck at the corner restaurant. The ticket girl at Willie's favorite movie hadn't seen him. I headed for Mahaffey's Gym.

No Willie. But Mahaffey buttonholed me and said: "I'm sure glad to hear the big news, Tod. You deserve it, old kid, and I wanna congratulate you."

"Is Willie so terrible that it's a break for me to lose him?" I said, burning up.

"Playin' dumb, huh?" said Mahaffey. "Ain't supposed to talk yet? That's O. K. by me, Tod. But you know how news gets around."

He ambled off, winking. And the next thing I knew, Honest John Bannon plowed through the door, gave a yelp when he saw me, and steamed over.

"I been lookin' for you, Tod!" he gurgled. "Tried to get you on the phone but there wasn't any answer. Thought maybe I'd find you here." Then he was grabbing my hand and pawing me and spluttering: "Tod, old boy, old kid, whaddaya say we let bygones be bygones? Forget about this morning, hey, Tod?"

"Maybe you want me to kiss you," I said bitterly, wondering what it was all about.

"Now just forget it, Tod," he gabbled, waving some papers under my nose. "Be a good guy. Just because I got stomach trouble is no reason to hold grudges. Right after you left me I was so sorry that I fixed up a spot for your boy against Grosso in the semifinal on Thursday's card. Two hundred and fifty bucks, and a main bout guaranteed next week if he wins, Tod. And Commissioner Moss, he's lookin' for you too. Says he ribbed you a little this morning and he hopes you didn't take it serious. He's got your license all made out, Tod, old pal."

I was too smart to ask Honest John Bannon any questions, but I knew that something more than a shot of bicarbonate was behind this beautiful friendship.

Whatever it was, my problem now was to find Willie.

The apartment was dark. And the phone was ringing.

"With my luck," I said to myself, "this will probably be the hospital saying Willie got run over by a peanut wagon and broke his leg."

My heart turned over like a flapjack when I heard Sally's voice.

"Sugarplum!" I yelled. "Listen to the news. I got Willie a fight."

"Who cares?" snapped Sally. "If you're so small that you're jealous of Dan Fleet, why don't you face him like a man instead of sending that big hoodlum out here to beat him up for you? I never heard of anything so cowardly, so dastardly—hit a man when he isn't looking. If I tell Dan Fleet who did it, he'll chase that plug-ugly of yours to the end of the earth!"

"But, sugarplum!" I gasped. "Do you mean to tell me somebody beat up Dan Fleet and you think it was my Willie?"

"I *know* it was your Willie! And don't try to act innocent," concluded Sally, and slapped down the receiver so hard I nearly blew an eardrum.

Ordinarily I'm bottle-shy, but this seemed to call for a stiff one.

I was just pouring my second nerve-soothing slug when the door opened and Willie eased himself inside. It was like finding your pay envelope on the rug after thinking you'd lost it in a streetcar.

"H'ya, Mr. Carpenter?" Willie said cheerfully. "You think I was lost?"

"Willie," I said, "you have given me a very bad evening. I sign you up for a fight, and then I can't find you. I—"

LESLIE McFARLANE

*once a newspaperman in the United States and his native Canada, now works full time on fiction. In the past twelve years he has written several hundred novelettes, serials, and short stories, and two mystery novels. He lives in Whitby, near Toronto.*

"You got a fight for me, chief?" whooped Willie. "Boy, is that swell! That Bannon fellow kinda changed his mind, huh? I guess"—Willie beamed happily—"it's on account of him hearing that you was offered Eddie Endelman's job as sporting editor of the Star and he wants to get in good with you again."

"How could Bannon hear that I have been offered the sports editorship of the Star when it is not true?"

Willie grinned and scratched his left ear. "Well, Mr. Carpenter," he mumbled, "you said yourself that they would all be eating out of your hand if you decided to go over to the Star and be sporting editor, so I just told a few of the fellows around Mahaffey's Gym, in secret like, that you was considering it. Maybe that's what Bannon heard."

I thought of the contract for those two fights, and my manager's license in the mail. I felt weak.

"Willie, tell me more," I said. "Is it true that you socked Dan Fleet tonight? And if so, why?"

"Well, now, Mr. Carpenter," said Willie, looking embarrassed, "I never meant to sock him. You see, I knew you was worrying a lot about your girl busting your engagement, so I figured it might help if I went to see her and put in a word for you."

"You figured that, Willie?" I moaned.

"Sure. So I went out to her house on the streetcar. But she wasn't home. I sat down under a tree across the road for a while, and then I see this car stop and her and this fellow got out. They was just going up the walk when I steps up and says, "Miss Hudson, I have got to talk to you about something very important." Then the big fellow tells me to scram and asks Miss Hudson if she knew me. She said no, so the big guy told me to scram again, and I said I wouldn't. Then he gave me a push, so I gave him a little clip on the chin to cool him off a bit. He must have a glass jaw. Down he went, Mr. Carpenter, and your girl began to holler, so I got scared and ran home."

"Sweet Suzy!" I groaned. "But why did you have to pick on a cop?"

Willie's jaw flapped down like a trap door. His eyes bugged out. His face turned green.

"You never told me!" he wailed. "Oh, my—gosh, Mr. Carpenter, if there's anything in the world I'm scared of, it's cops. I wouldn't hit a cop on purpose, not for all the money in the world."

"Well, you did it free," I told him. "What's more, you picked the meanest cop in town, and my girl blames me for putting you up to it."

When he learned that Sally knew him, he let out a yip as if he had been kicked, headed for the bedroom, yanked his straw suitcases out of the cupboard, and began to pack. The last thing he had promised his ma before he left home, he blubbered, was that he would never disgrace the name of Hornbostel. No Hornbostel, he moaned, had ever been in jail.

"Listen, Willie," I said. "Be sensible. If you walk out of here you'll probably be picked up on sight. If Fleet got a good look at you, every cop in town will have your description."

"But he'll come here!" bleated Willie.

"Not unless Sally told him your name. And maybe she'll be a good scout about it. Fleet can't get in here without a warrant, anyhow."

I backed up these arguments by locking the door and putting the key in my pocket.

THEY tell me Galento trains on beer, and I've heard that Harry Greb had some very odd notions about conditioning, but I never did hear of a fighter getting himself in shape for his first big bout by cooping himself up in a two-room apartment for three days reading the funny papers. That is, until Willie did it. I fed him on sandwiches and pop from the corner drugstore. For exercise, he did a scramble halfway down the fire escape every time an ambulance went by. Willie always thought it was Fleet coming for him with the wagon. I thought I would have to put him in a strait jacket and draw a gun on him to get him over to Mahaffey's for the weighing in.

Honest John Bannon was there. So was Commissioner Moss. Both burning up.

"I see Eddie Endelman still has his job, you false-rumor-spreader!" grunted Honest John.

"Was there talk of him losing it?" I said innocently.

"All right, smart apple," said Commissioner Moss. "You got away with it this time. But if that lug of yours turns in a poor fight tonight, just see how fast I'll suspend both of you!"

"After this you get no more fights from me, not even if there's gossip about you bein' made governor," said Honest John kindly.

"Don't forget we're signed for a main bout next week if Willie wins," I reminded him.

When Willie weighed in I was afraid to look at the scales. But he came in at his old tonnage. What he had put on by loafing he had lost by worrying. I hustled him out, but not before I had a few words with Eddie Endelman, who spoke of popping me on the nose and said his lawyer assured him he had a good case for libel.

WITH all this, and the crowd giving us a shower of raspberries the moment we came in view, when Willie and I climbed into the ring for the semifinal that night we felt as popular as a pair of polecats at a Sunday-school picnic. I had hired Mahaffey as trainer and one of his boys as second, and both of them looked as if they wished they had stayed home with a good book.

"Mr. Carpenter," quavered Willie, shivering like a colored kid in a cemetery, "do you think there's any chance of Dan Fleet being out there tonight?"

"Forget about Dan Fleet," I begged him. "I've looked the crowd over and he isn't here. Think what this means to me, Willie! I've lost my job. I've lost my girl. I've lost my dough. I'm down to twenty bucks after paying for my license. If you don't win, we're both washed up. Get in close and use that short left—"

"I see cops out there," groaned Willie. "If one of 'em reckanizes me I'm a gonner."

When the announcer did his stuff, Willie shoved both mitts over his map and bobbed up and down so fast that nobody got a good look at him. When the referee called them out for instructions, Willie hung his head and stared at the floor.

In a way, this was a break, because he didn't really look at Salvatore Grosso at all. The Roman Roughneck was a tough old boy. He seemed to be all hair and muscle and peevishness, like a baboon with the toothache.

When the bell rang, Grosso came out gnashing his teeth and pawing the canvas. It was his standard act, and it usually made the other guy decide to be very careful—which was right down Grosso's alley, him being a long-range fighter. But this time the act didn't work. Willie didn't want to expose himself to the gaze of the multitude any longer than necessary, so he simply took a flying gallop out of his corner and crashed into Grosso like a runaway handcar.

It was the first time any one had ever beaten Grosso to the middle of the ring. The Roman Roughneck was so astonished that he cut loose with a grunt and a hasty roundhouse left. But Willie was inside it before Grosso could say sapristi! And then he clipped Grosso with a short left to the jaw.

I let out a yell that loosened my tonsils. Sammy Stein always did say that Willie had the sweetest short left he had ever seen, but I hadn't expected anything like this. And Grosso's knees were buckling. He made a wild grab for Willie, but Willie skipped nimbly to one side and Grosso hit the floor like a ton of coal.

I never heard such a roar as the Coliseum crowd let out then.

Grosso began to heave at the count of four. At six he was on his elbows. At seven he was on his knees. At nine he was on his feet again. But he was gone—any one could see that.

"Go in and finish him!" I whooped.

Willie sailed across the ring again. Grosso crouched, pulled in his neck, went into his shell. Willie bounced a couple off the Roughneck's elbows and tried to open him up. Grosso clinched. They banged into the ropes and out again. The referee wedged them apart. Willie tore in again, sidestepped when Grosso tried to drag him into another clinch, banged over the short left again.

Grosso hit the floor in a cloud of rosin dust.

Back went Willie to his corner, and stood there with his mitts up over his face. The referee tolled off the count:

"—two—three—four—"

Grosso was trying to get up. If he made it, one more short left on the whiskers would finish him.

I looked at Willie. He was staring out over his gloves, away beyond Grosso, beyond the ring, out at the aisle behind Grosso's corner.

And Sally was coming down that aisle with Dan Fleet!

I thought Willie was going to jump clean out of the ring. But he didn't. There was Dan Fleet in person, big and husky and broad-shouldered in a double-breasted blue suit, with his square jaw and his red face and his curly red hair and those eyes that looked like they could see through a bale of hay. And Sally, looking twice as cute and twice as tiny as ever beside the big lug.

GROSSO came up, wobbling, at the nine count. All Willie had to do was saunter over and whack him. But did he? He did not!

He shuffled out of his corner with his gloves up over his face like he was sneaking up on a hive of bees. Trying to hide his pan from Dan Fleet!

He circled around, trying to get his back to Dan Fleet before going into action. Grosso edged away from him. And so they went moseying around, with Willie keeping his face in his mitts and Grosso wondering what to make of it, and the crowd stunned. When the gong rang out, Willie hadn't so much as given the Roughneck a push.

When Willie came back to his corner I was fit to be tied. "You had the fight won!" I howled. "One more sock and he was off to the laundry."

"Yeah. But Detective Fleet is out there," babbled Willie. "I saw him. If he gets one good look at me, I'm as good as in jail. Lemme outa here!"

Mahaffey and I held him down until the buzzer sounded.

Grosso was still wobbly when he came up for the second, but he made the mistake of circling out toward Willie's corner. This brought Willie around with his back to Dan Fleet. Grosso pawed out with a long left. Willie stepped in quick. Bang! The short left again.

It nearly knocked Grosso's head off. He stumbled out into mid-ring, guard down, eyes goggling. The crowd came up screaming. Grosso staggered back toward his own corner.

Did Willie wade in and finish him? He did not!

Now that he was facing Dan Fleet again, up came his gloves and back he went into his peekaboo act. The crowd got sore. There was Grosso set up for execution, and all Willie did was amble coyly around the ring with his nose in his mitts.

It was the silliest sight I ever saw. The Coliseum was in an uproar. Willie stayed in ambush until the end of the round. The referee followed him to his corner.

"Listen," the ref says to me. "Either this guy fights or I throw him outa the ring, see?"

Willie huddled in the corner with his head down.

"Willie," I pleaded with tears in my eyes, "forget about that big sap Fleet!"

"Who's a sap?" grunted a voice in my ear. I looked up. And there was Dan Fleet.

Willie took one glance and gave a heartrending moan.

"I want a word with this palooka!" growled Fleet.

I grabbed him just as he was getting into the ring. "Nobody pinches my Willie until this fight is over," I said.

"What fight?" roared Fleet. He tried to shove me aside. I pushed. He pushed back. We got all tangled up in the ropes. "Leggo!" said Fleet, and then he hauled off and smacked me one.

I went out through the middle and bottom ropes like I had been hit by a swinging crane. I bounced off the edge of the ring and landed on the floor wrong side up. The Coliseum was in a panic. And then, the next thing I knew, Sally was on the floor beside me, trying to turn me over and sobbing: "Tod! Speak to me, darling. Did he hurt you?"

I sat up, rubbing my jaw. Sally's arms were around me and she kissed me on the ear. I saw Dan Fleet up in the ring, wagging his finger under Willie's nose.

"Now look here, you lug!" Fleet was bellowing. "You stop clowning and get in there and fight. If you don't I'll have you thrown in the can for assaultin' me the other night. I got a hundred bucks ridin' on that short left of yours, and I don't figure on losing it!"

THE buzzer was sounding; Mahaffey was trying to get Fleet out of the ring; the crowd was going nuts; Sally was kissing me again. And then Willie clapped his heels together, jumped into the air, and hollered, "Oh, boy! Wow!"

The gong sounded, and he lit out across the ring like there was a bee in his trunks. He simply climbed all over Grosso, opened him up with a right hook to the pantry, rocked him dizzy with a right to the face, slammed him back against the ropes, set him up for the short left, stepped in, and . . . *bop!*

Grosso hit the floor so hard he bounced. The referee didn't even bother to count. Grosso's seconds climbed in to drag out the remains. Willie turned a handspring. The crowd tore up the seats and went crazy. Sally nearly strangled me and kissed me again.

"Oh, I'm so glad you weren't hurt! The big bully! The brute!" she said.

"Who—Willie?" I said.

"Dan Fleet! The idea!" declared Sally. "Hitting a man smaller than himself. Oh, Tod darling—" And then she began telling me how lonesome she had been, and how sorry she was for the way she had treated me, and how she never did like Dan Fleet anyhow. . . .

We were still in a clinch when Fleet came up, burbling happily: "See what he did? One word from me and he stops clowning and knocks Grosso for a row of pop bottles. I had a taste of that short left myself the other night, and I tell you there ain't a fighter in the business— Hey, what's this?"

"You didn't have to hit Tod, you bully!" Sally said. "Big coward!"

And, while Dan Fleet was opening and shutting his mouth like a stranded sturgeon, our victorious Willie came shambling up, and behind him trailed Baldy McGonigal.

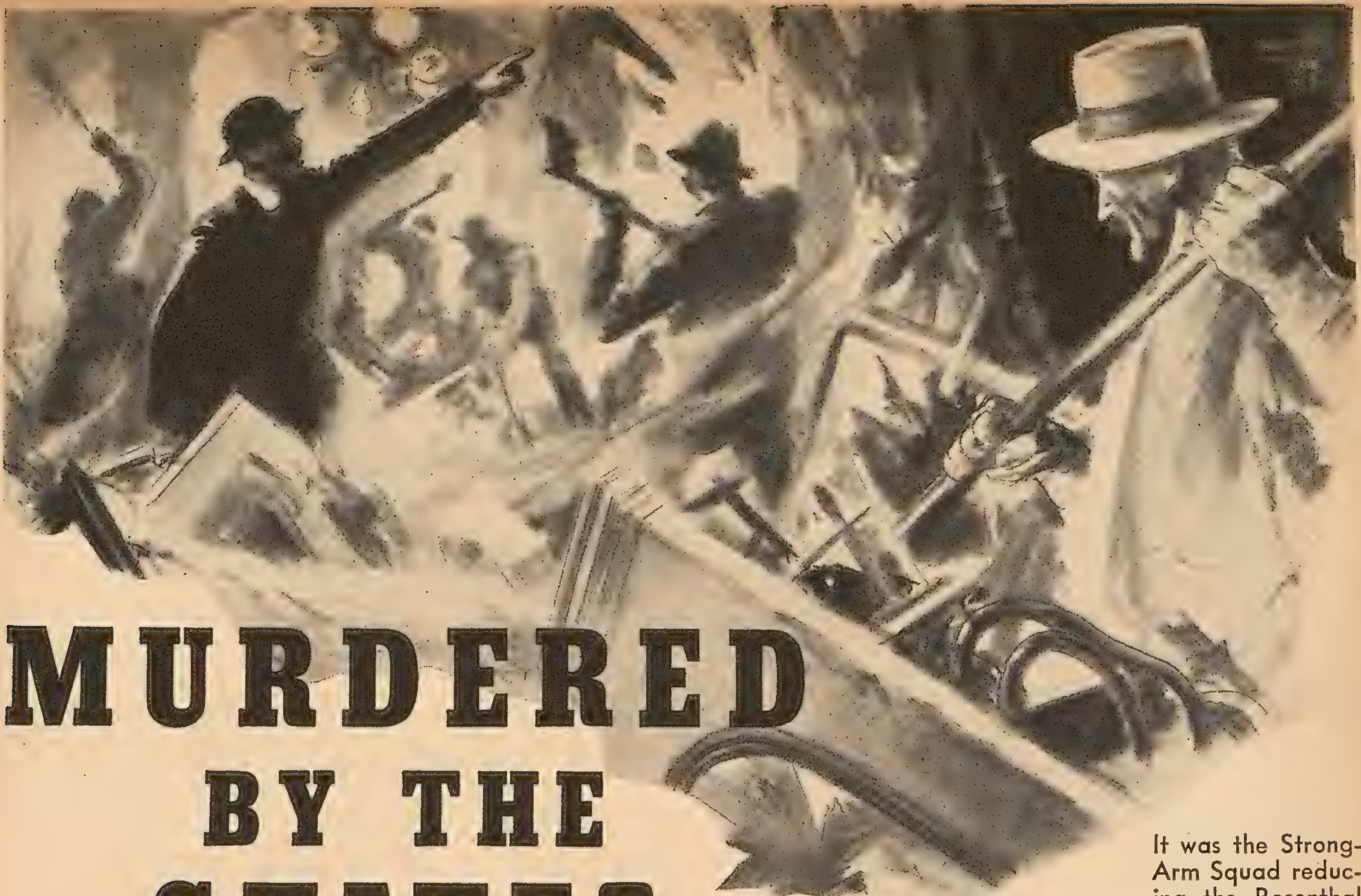
"H'ya, Mr. Carpenter!" beamed Willie. "Ain't it great? Mr. Fleet ain't mad at me any more."

"Listen, Tod," spoke up Baldy McGonigal. "If you're still interested in selling the kid's contract—"

"He says I've got a future ahead of me!" declared Willie.

"So have I. We'll talk about your future in the morning," I said—and showed Sally exactly where Fleet had socked me, so she could make it feel better.

THE END



It was the Strong-Arm Squad reducing the Rosenthal furniture to debris.

# MURDERED BY THE STATE?

## Who killed Herman Rosenthal?—The story of a famous crime . . . and, soon to be revealed, a startling confession

### BY ALAN HYND

**READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 25 SECONDS**

The Becker case was New York City's biggest sensation of the last prewar years. On July 13, 1912, a "squeal" out of Herman Rosenthal, a gambler, appeared in the morning World. He said a police lieutenant had been his partner; had raided and closed the joint after a row between them; was now oppressing him further. He let it be known that on the 16th he was going to squeal, naming names, to the ambitious District Attorney Charles S. Whitman.

But about 2 A. M. on the 16th, as Rosenthal came out of the Hotel Metropole, men from a parked gray car blazed away at him, and he fell dead. Whitman got on the job immediately. Eventual results were that he became Governor and that four gunmen went to the chair as the actual killers—and Police Lieutenant Charles Becker as the man who had prompted them to kill.

Becker's widow has always insisted that he was innocent. Liberty now has in its possession a recent deathbed affidavit which looks very much indeed as if he had been, and which states that the fatal shot was fired by a man who is still alive and at large!

The affidavit this series will, in due course, disclose. Meanwhile Mr. Hynd is refreshing your memory of the case. Last week he brought the story to the point where Whitman was told by Rosenthal's widow that her husband had said, the day before, that his worst enemies were Becker and "Bald Jack" Rose, a gambler and stool pigeon; also that Rose had phoned her husband that the latter was *not* going to squeal to the D. A. Thereupon Becker, who was in the next room, said to Deputy Police Commissioner Dougherty:

"It looks pretty bad for me, doesn't it?"

### PART TWO—A MESSENGER WITH RED HAIR

FEW except the victim's kin regarded the passing of Herman Rosenthal as anything but a civic improvement. The man had been both a human vulture, preying on the weaknesses of his fellow beings, and himself a pouting, triple-crossing, greed-ridden weakling with a yellow streak up his back a yard wide. In fact, some of the smart boys who had slits for eyes were of the opinion that if Lieutenant Becker had ordered the erasure of Sorehead Rosey, Becker should start wearing his hero's medal again.

But law and justice were law and justice; and whoever had dropped Public Squealer Number One in his tracks, and all and sundry associated in the plot, would have to make a round trip up the Hudson to Sing Sing, going alive, coming back dead. District Attorney Whitman was going to see to that.

There was little doubt that things did look pretty bad for Lieutenant Becker. Fate was frowning on him during the early morning hours of Tuesday, July 16, and spinning about him a web from which he was never to extricate himself.

He was perhaps the last to realize that he was on his way, right then, to the electric chair, despite powerful connections that reached all the way to Washington. It is only today—a quarter of a century later, when Liberty is in possession of a deathbed affidavit in which a perjurer admits that Becker was framed, and a man who was not even brought to trial is named as the actual killer—that we are in a position to regard those events in a new light. Before divulging the identity of the man who has confessed, or that of the man named as the slayer—a man who is living in Brooklyn today—we are examining the evidence as it piled up against Becker and the four others who were to go to the chair.

The district attorney called Deputy Police Commissioner Dougherty aside and handed him a long notarized paper. “ Read this, George,” he said. “ It’s an affidavit I got from Rosenthal late last week.”

“ So,” said Dougherty, “ this appointment that Rosenthal had with you for this morning wouldn’t have been your first meeting with him? ”

“ No,” said the D. A. “ He was coming this morning to supplement the information in this affidavit.”

Dougherty absorbed the document. Here was the picture: Rosenthal had first met Lieutenant Becker late in 1911, and had attended a gay party with him at the dawn of the new year that was to be so fateful for them both. Under the stimulus of considerable champagne, Becker had become very friendly, winding up by putting an arm around Rosenthal and announcing to one and all that he would be glad to get out of bed at three o’clock any morning to do a favor for his new pal.

Rosenthal was tipsy, but not tipsy enough to fail to be greatly impressed, and not long afterward he put the bee on Becker for a $1,500 loan with which to open up a gambling joint in his home. Becker agreed to supply the money in return for twenty per cent of the profits. He sent Rosenthal down to a lawyer with offices in the St. Paul Building, where Rosenthal signed papers mortgaging his furnishings, and in return he received $1,500 to buy gambling paraphernalia.

ALL went smoothly for a while. Then one night Becker appeared and said: “ That guy at Headquarters is squawking about you. He got word that I’m often seen with you, and he wanted an explanation. So I had to tell him I was cultivating you to get information about your place and then raid it. It was the only way out, so we’ve got to think of something.”

The “ guy at Headquarters ” was Rhinelander Waldo, a political appointee to the police commissionership, a most honest gentleman with a singular lack of equipment for his job.

Rosenthal didn’t think much of the way Becker had handled the commissioner.

“ It’s easy, Rosey,” Becker assured him. “ You get all the evidence out of the place and let me know and I’ll stage a fake raid. I’ll smash some windows and take you down to Headquarters, to make it look real; then it’ll develop that there’s no evidence and you can open right up again and everybody will be satisfied.”

Rosenthal still didn’t like the odor of things, and the proposed fake raid hung fire until the night of April 15, when Becker phoned Rosenthal to go to a certain point in mid-town Manhattan and there meet a man who had important information for him. The gambler went, and saw no sight of the man. Returning home, he saw considerable activity on West Forty-fifth Street. It was the Strong-Arm Squad, led by Lieutenant Becker, reducing the Rosenthal furniture to debris.

The gambler stood across the street, watching proceedings and biting his lip. Later that night, when all was quiet, Becker phoned him: “ I had to do it, Rosey, but we didn’t get any evidence and you have nothing to worry about. I’ll arrange for you to go back to the St. Paul Building and pick up the fifteen hundred to pay for what we had to smash. That will make things even.”

But things weren’t even, so far as Rosenthal was concerned. Becker canceled the mortgage, but the gambler couldn’t get over the suspicion that his friend had sold him down the river. In the ensuing weeks Rosenthal and the policeman quarreled violently, and pretty soon each hated the other’s shadow.

And so Rosenthal had voluntarily gone to the crusading Mr. Whitman with his information. Not only that, but he had promised the D. A. to dig up other facts showing an unholy alliance between certain quarters of officialdom and the halfway world. But his tongue had been stilled before it could rattle on that subject.

“ Becker may have been a grafter,” said Dougherty to the D. A., after he had read the affidavit; “ but I don’t see how that makes him a murderer, as you are hinting. I was talking to him just a few minutes ago, and he pulled a lot of stuff out of his pocket which convinced me that he was very busy digging up evidence to discredit Rosenthal. It doesn’t strike me that if a man were out to beat some enemy by legal means, he would suddenly turn around and order him murdered. However, we’ll see what happens when we get a line on that gray car.”

When Dougherty’s dicks checked on New York license number 41313, they learned that it had been assigned to a gray Packard touring car owned by one Louis Libby of 35 Stuyvesant Place, Manhattan. Libby was yanked out of bed as soon as some of Dougherty’s men could get there. It was now only 4 A. M.

Libby, a belligerent fellow, wanted to know what was the big idea of bulls barging in on him at such an hour. He said he knew nothing about the Rosenthal murder, and he had been in bed at one thirty—half an hour before the crime. That last seemed to be true, for while he was getting dressed, other dicks were questioning neighbors, and more than one had happened to hear Libby getting home shortly after one o’clock.

He said he owned the gray Packard in partnership with another man, William Shapiro; said they rented it out to all comers, and stored it in a garage on Washington Place. Libby worked during the day, renting or driving it, while Shapiro had the night trick.

The investigators went to the garage, and there was the car. They asked Shapiro who had had it that night, and he wriggled and said some strangers had rented it.

“ When did they rent it and when did it come in? ”

“ They took it out about seven and came back a little before midnight.”

“ And the car’s been here ever since midnight? ”

Shapiro nodded.

“ Come on with us,” said the dick. “ It’s been here only a little while. I just burned my hand on the hood.”

Libby and Shapiro were kept apart when brought in to Dougherty at the West Forty-seventh Street Station. Many people who had been in the vicinity of the murder scene had meanwhile been rounded up. One of these was Charles Gallagher, a member of the Metropolitan opera chorus. He had informed police that while passing along West Forty-third Street a few minutes before the fatal hour of two, he had noticed the car and its suspicious-looking occupants. Curious, he had taken pains to get a good look at the man lounging behind the wheel.

After a glance at a line-up comprising several detectives, Libby, and Shapiro, Gallagher singled out Libby as the driver of the car. But how could Libby have been home in bed and sitting across from the Metropole at the same time? Dougherty figured Gallagher had made an honest mistake in identity.

THE deputy commissioner next turned the official steam on employees of the Washington Place garage. One of them soon admitted that Shapiro had coached them to say, if and when the cops called, that the car had been in at midnight. Shapiro, not Libby, he asserted, had left with the car about midnight and returned with it not long before the police had arrived.

Meanwhile, detectives had rounded up Arnold Rothstein, Honest John Kelly, and other sharp-eared gentlemen who could reasonably have been supposed to bear nothing but ill will toward Rosenthal, whose loose tongue had so jeopardized their takings. But Rothstein had as little to say then as he did years later when detectives sought to get him to tell them who had fatally plugged him when he welshed on some I O Us. Honest John and the other boys also put on a great display of ignorance.

The identity of the three men who had been chatting and drinking with Rosenthal for two hours before the murder, and of the man who had beckoned him to his doom, constituted a major puzzle. Dougherty knew that any four men who knew Rosenthal that well were certainly pretty well acquainted around town. But this was to be no night of talk. Even the bellboys of the Metropole shook in their shiny boots when quizzed, terrified by some frightful unseen thing that seemed to hover over the bright-light district like a pall.

Dougherty kept dingdonging away at the separated Libby and Shapiro. Shortly after dawn he tried the old police trick, telling Shapiro that his partner had said such and such, then tattling to Libby on Shapiro. Whereupon he left the boys to stew in their own juice and gave them time to get good and sore at each other.

The district attorney, after a personal inspection of the X that marked the spot, retired to his rooms in the Madison Square Hotel, but not before commenting that it was strange that there were supposed to be seven policemen on duty within thirty seconds of the Metropole, yet not one of them had managed to fire a shot at the getaway car. The cops' answer to that was that they had been afraid to fire for fear of hitting innocent bystanders. But there hadn't been any bystanders near the Metropole at the murder time, or during the two hours Rosenthal had spent over his last drinks.

Rosenthal's affidavit to Whitman mentioned that he and Becker had often met in the Lafayette Baths, an elaborate establishment where the Broadway boys used to go. So Dougherty had dispatched men to the baths. In fact, the tentacles of justice were, before dawn, reaching into various strata of the social rock. Dougherty knew New York as few men have known it, and could tell his detectives where to look for certain things. He himself, meanwhile, returned to his cluttered office at Headquarters, there to sit before a telephone and a pot of steaming coffee and, by remote control, make his moves on a giant chessboard of life and death.

The ambitious Charles S. Whitman, Rosenthal's raided joint and home on West Forty-fifth Street, and (below) Becker, "the Undertaker."

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS
PHILIP ROMAN
ARTIFICIAL PLANTS
Glantz's Restaurant

Dougherty received shock number one when he was informed that Bald Jack Rose, the gambler, had been seen at the Lafayette Baths with Lieutenant Becker six hours before the murder. Moreover, according to the telephone operator at the baths, Bald Jack had appeared fifteen minutes after the murder and made a telephone call to Lieutenant Becker's home. That certainly looked pretty bad for the Undertaker, because Bald Jack was known to have threatened Rosenthal the afternoon before.

One thing seemed certain. Bald Jack knew plenty. And if he did, so did two of his intimates.

Meet Bridgey Webber, sartorially elegant proprietor of a gambling joint on West Forty-second Street—a block from the Metropole—and his partner, Harry Vallon. Mr. Vallon's skin looks like parchment, and altogether he's the last person you'd want to encounter in a dark alley.

Dougherty knew Bald Jack Rose, Webber, and Vallon as the Three Musketeers of Larceny Lane. He wasn't ready to put the screws on them yet; but he was going to keep his eye on them.

During the morning, Libby and Shapiro finally decided to talk. They said that a fellow they knew only as Whitey, who was the starter at the Café Boulevard on Second Avenue, near Fourteenth Street, and who, for an occasional dollar, threw jobs their way, had ordered Shapiro to deliver the car to him in front of Tom Sharkey's saloon, Third Avenue and Fourteenth Street, at eleven o'clock the previous night.

Whitey, a mild-appearing fellow, was quickly collared. He stated very simply that the man who had hired the car was Bald Jack Rose. Bald Jack had driven off with it shortly after eleven, and had returned it to a spot in front of Sharkey's place about two hours after the murder, then phoned Whitey to tell him it was back. Whitey had thereupon phoned Shapiro, who had picked up the car and taken it back to where the police had found it. Shapiro had meanwhile heard about the murder and the car, and decided to keep out of the mess if possible.

Early in the afternoon a reputable lawyer named Robert J. Hibbard, with offices in the St. Paul Building, came to Dougherty in response to a phone call.

" Mr. Hibbard," began Dougherty, " the records at the county registrar's office disclose that you handled a fifteen-hundred-dollar mortgage transaction on the furnishings of Herman Rosenthal's home on March 7 last. The money was supposed to be paid back by Rosenthal on June 7, but the mortgage was discharged a month early by the mortgagee, John J. Donahue. Is that correct? "

" It is," replied the lawyer.

" Now, Mr. Hibbard, Rosenthal charged in an affidavit that Lieutenant Becker of our department had loaned him that money; yet the name of Becker does not appear as the mortgagee. I sent for you to find out who this man Donahue, the mortgagee, is."

" I really know nothing about Donahue," said Hibbard. " I saw him only twice—the day he loaned Rosenthal the money, and the day he came in and said to cancel the mortgage, as repayment had been made."

" What did he look like? "

" Oh, I can help you there. Donahue was an odd-looking man. He was bald, and then some. Had no eyebrows or eyelashes."

Dougherty showed Hibbard a stack of pictures, and Hibbard picked out—you're right—Bald Jack Rose's.

Dougherty's eyes narrowed in meditation as the lawyer left. He knew that Becker, like most efficient policemen, frequently consorted with underworld characters. These men were stool pigeons, and it was common practice—as it still is—for the police to agree to close their eyes to past happenings that could result in the stools going to jail, in return for which the pigeons would give the cops information about other crimes. Becker's claim would be that he had been using Rose for pigeoning. It was obvious, however, in view of the mortgage transaction, that the lieutenant was allied with gambling activity, as Rosenthal had charged. The question was: Did Becker's tie-up with Rose go all the way through to murder?

In midafternoon a man dropped into the tonsorial parlor of John Reisler, " John the Barber," a talkative, ruddy-faced man whose place of business was at 169 West Forty-fifth Street, not far from Rosenthal's. The customer ordered a shave, and remarked:

" Quite a murder you had here in town this morning. I just got in from San Francisco. We don't have so much excitement out that way."

John the Barber said he had known Rosenthal well.

" I was just reading in an extra that they've arrested a man named Webber for the murder."

John the Barber laid down his razor at this news, which, of course, was untrue. "Bridgey Webber?" he asked.

"His first name was something like that."

John regarded the ceiling. "Funny thing," he said. "I seen that fellow Webber running away from the Metropole right after the shots was fired. I always seem to be around when things like that happen."

The customer produced a badge and told John to wipe the lather from his face and accompany him to Headquarters. "I heard you were telling that story," he said, "but I wanted to make sure."

Dougherty was convinced that John the Barber was telling the truth about having seen Bridgey Webber, and he figured that he was getting somewhere.

Within twelve hours after the murder, Mrs. Rosenthal had been the object of two underworld moves that were now reported to Dougherty. First, she had received a phone call from, she insisted, a man who was apparently disguising his voice but who she felt sure was Bald Jack Rose. He had told her she had been observed going to the West Forty-seventh Street Station, and, coldly, that she would be next if she had no better control over her tongue than her husband had had over his.

Then a messenger had appeared at the Rosenthal home with an envelope containing $100 and a touching little note that read:

> Maybe this will help you in your hour of need. Hermie was like a brother to me.
>
> BRIDGEY.

THAT move on the part of the man who had been seen running from the crime scene wasn't fooling Dougherty for a minute. If Rosenthal and Webber had been like brothers, they had been like Cain and Abel. For several years they had alternately been palsy-walsy and cast aspersions on each other's parentages. Three years before, Dougherty recalled, one Tough Tony Feracci had, out of a clear sky, pinned Webber's ears back with a blackjack. When Tough Tony had been arrested, Herman Rosenthal had rushed to furnish bail, and Webber was the first of many to believe that Rosenthal had underwritten the attack.

During the hours preceding the murder, there had been prize fights at the old Madison Square Garden. Dougherty's men learned that Becker had attended the fights in company with the well known Jack Rich, better known as Jack Sullivan, but better still as King of the Newsboys. Sullivan—thirty-five, short, squat, with protruding jaws—was a prosperous distributor of newspapers and magazines, and his wide acquaintance ranged from high-ranking police officials to the very dregs of the underworld. In other words, the King of the Newsboys was a well informed individual.

Dougherty summoned him. "Jack," he said, "I'm anxious to know what you and Lieutenant Becker did after leaving Madison Square Garden last night."

And this was Sullivan's story:

Upon leaving the Garden, he and Becker, with Deacon Terry, a writer for the New York American, piled into a chauffeured car that Becker had at his disposal—it belonged to a Colonel Sternberger, a Wall Street broker and a good friend of Becker—and went to the bar of the Prince George Hotel. Then they drove to the Thirty-third Street tube, where the reporter, who lived in Jersey City, took a train home.

Thereupon the King of the Newsboys and the Undertaker went to the World offices on Park Row, where Becker returned to Ike White, a reporter, some clippings about Rosenthal which he had borrowed after Rosenthal's blast had come out in the World. Becker explained to Sullivan that he wanted all the information he could get about Rosenthal for the purpose of checking thoroughly on the man and discrediting him with the authorities to whom he was squealing.

The next stop was at Bridgey Webber's gambling joint. Sullivan went in in search of one Sam Paul, a widely known gambler, to whom he owed $150. Becker remained in the car and told the chauffeur, Otto Aversi, to take him to his home at the Belleclaire Court Apartments, 105th Street and Edgecombe Avenue, a twenty- to twenty-five-minute drive from Webber's, even at that hour when the streets were largely clear of traffic.

Sullivan said he didn't find Sam Paul at Webber's, whereupon he dropped into the Cohan Theater soda fountain on Broadway, near Forty-third Street, for a banana split. He was at the fountain when he heard the firing in front of the Metropole.

He fixed the time of his call at Bridgey Webber's at 1.30, half an hour before the killing. He said the Three Musketeers of Larceny Lane—Webber, Jack Rose, and Harry Vallon—were in the joint at the time.

Of great interest to Dougherty was an outing which had been held up the Hudson the Sunday before, and which Sullivan had attended. It had been held by the Sam Paul Association, an organization whose object and aim seemed to be to get all the gamblers together occasionally for baked clams and beer. Rose, Webber, and Vallon had been present. Rosenthal's blast had been freely discussed, and Sullivan had heard more than one merrymaker remark that Rosenthal should be bumped off—although now he couldn't for the life of him recall just who had said it.

Aversi, the chauffeur, corroborated Sullivan as to Becker's movements during the fateful night. He said he had dropped Becker off at the Belleclaire Court Apartments about five minutes before two. Thus Becker was at least removed from the crime scene in a physical sense.

Dougherty remained deeply puzzled about the identity of Rosenthal's companions in the Metropole. If he could find out who those men were, he felt, he would advance appreciably toward the core of the riddle. He arranged for the word to go out to stool pigeons that a handsome reward awaited the man who could inform him.

Meanwhile, disconcerting things were happening. A bomb was tossed on the lawn of Dougherty's home out at Sheepshead Bay, damaging the front of his house. District Attorney Whitman opened a breach between himself and the Police Department by conferring with that noted sleuth, William J. Burns, with a view to having Burns make an independent investigation. But that sort of thing was all in the day's work to hard-hitting, thick-skinned George Dougherty. He didn't have that last name of his for nothing.

Before proceeding further, it might be well to point out that the reader has now met the two principals concerned in the deathbed affidavit in Liberty's possession—the man who admits in it that he was a participant in the plot that preceded Rosenthal's death, and the man named as the actual killer. Can you yet identify those two men, on the basis of the information that had come to light at this stage of the investigation?

It was after nine thirty on the night of Tuesday, July 16—little more than twenty hours since the murder—when Dougherty received a telephone call that prompted him to leave his office and hurry to Trinity Church, that historic edifice on lower Broadway.

OLD Trinity was all but deserted when, making sure that he was not being observed, he walked in. There, in a rear pew, going through the motions of prayer, was a man with strawberry-colored hair. Dougherty dropped into a pew behind him and a little to one side.

He cleared his throat, and the man with the peculiar hair moved his head slightly and caught sight of the man from Headquarters out of the corner of his eye. Then he got up and left. Now Dougherty went to where the man had been kneeling. There, on the cardinal-red carpet, was a tightly rolled ball of paper.

By the dim light Dougherty read what was on that paper. A grim smile appeared on his rugged features when he walked out into the hot night just as the bells of old Trinity were pealing the hour of ten.

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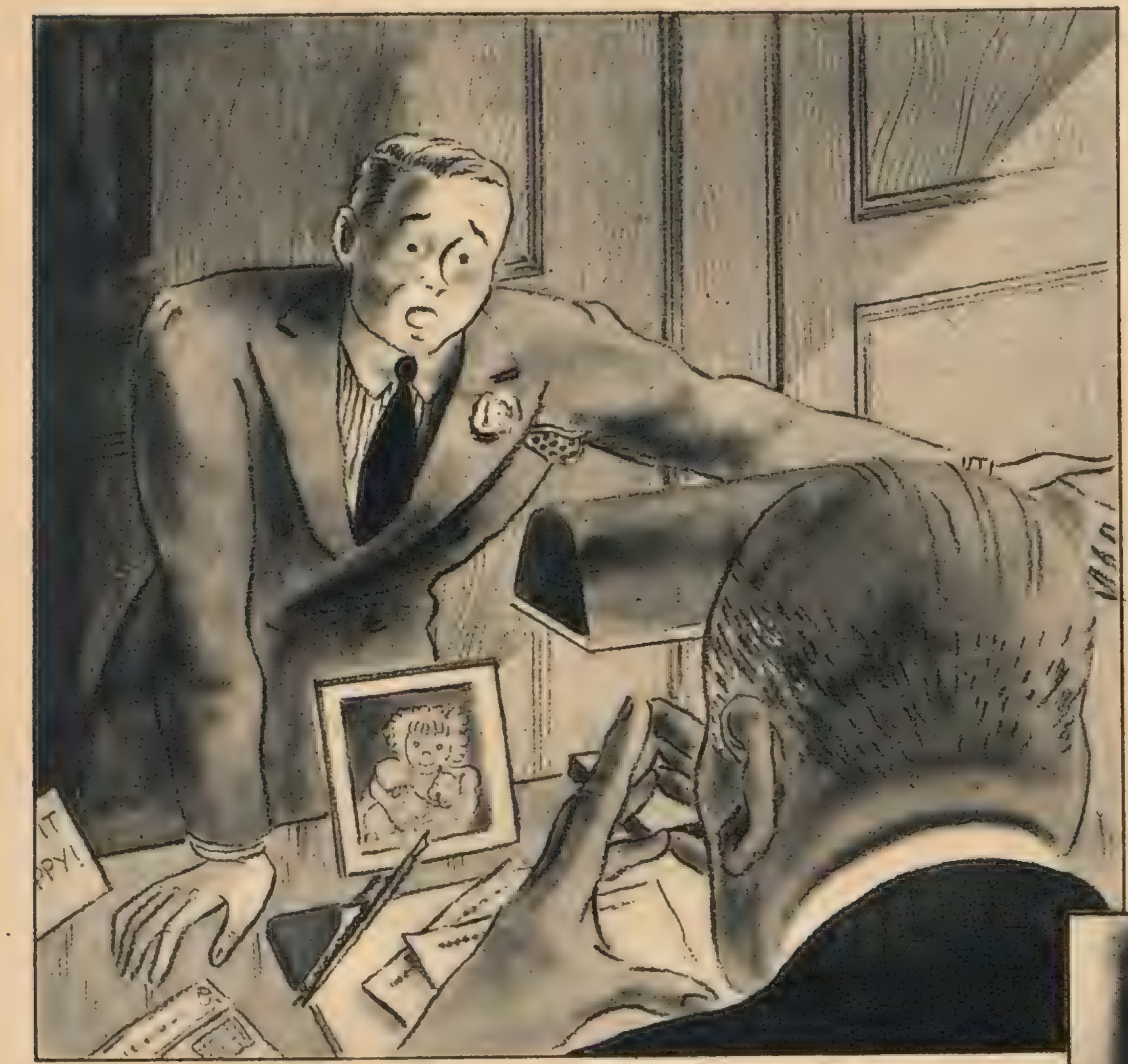
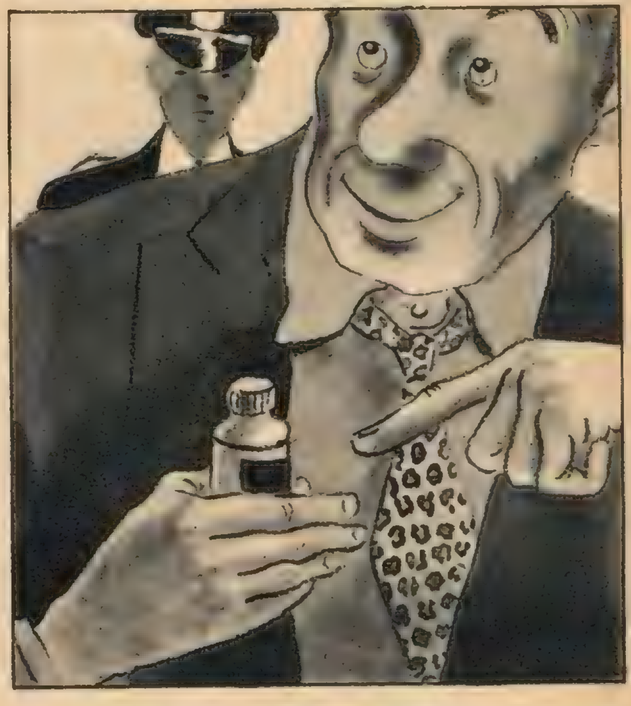
*Who were the men in the Metropole drinking with Rosenthal just before he was riddled? What had now become of the double-dealing Bald Jack Rose? Of Harry Vallon, Bridgey Webber's other side-kick? What was to prompt Rose to come to Dougherty at Police Headquarters and pretend frankness? Watch the grim inside story unfold toward its sensational and history-jarring climax in Liberty next week!*

# OUR VERY CANDID CAMERA

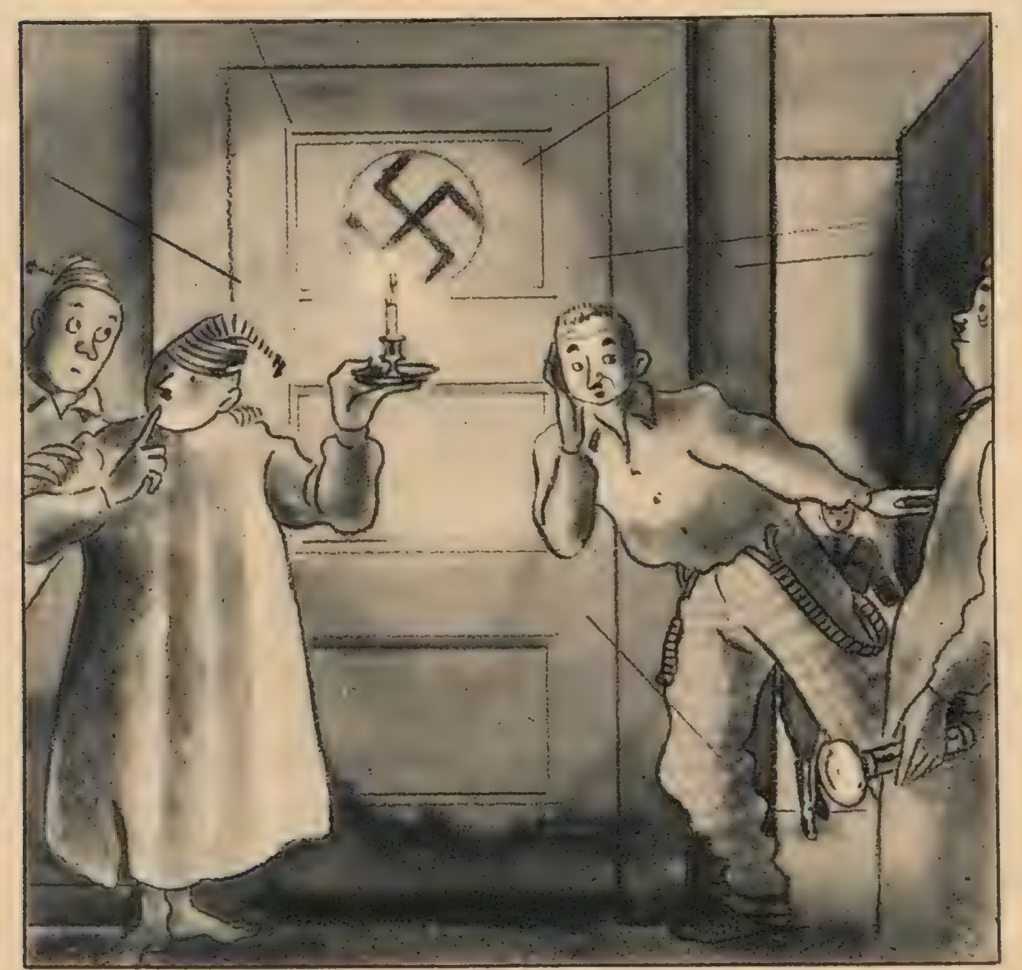
BY JACK SHUTTLEWORTH and F. E. SMITH



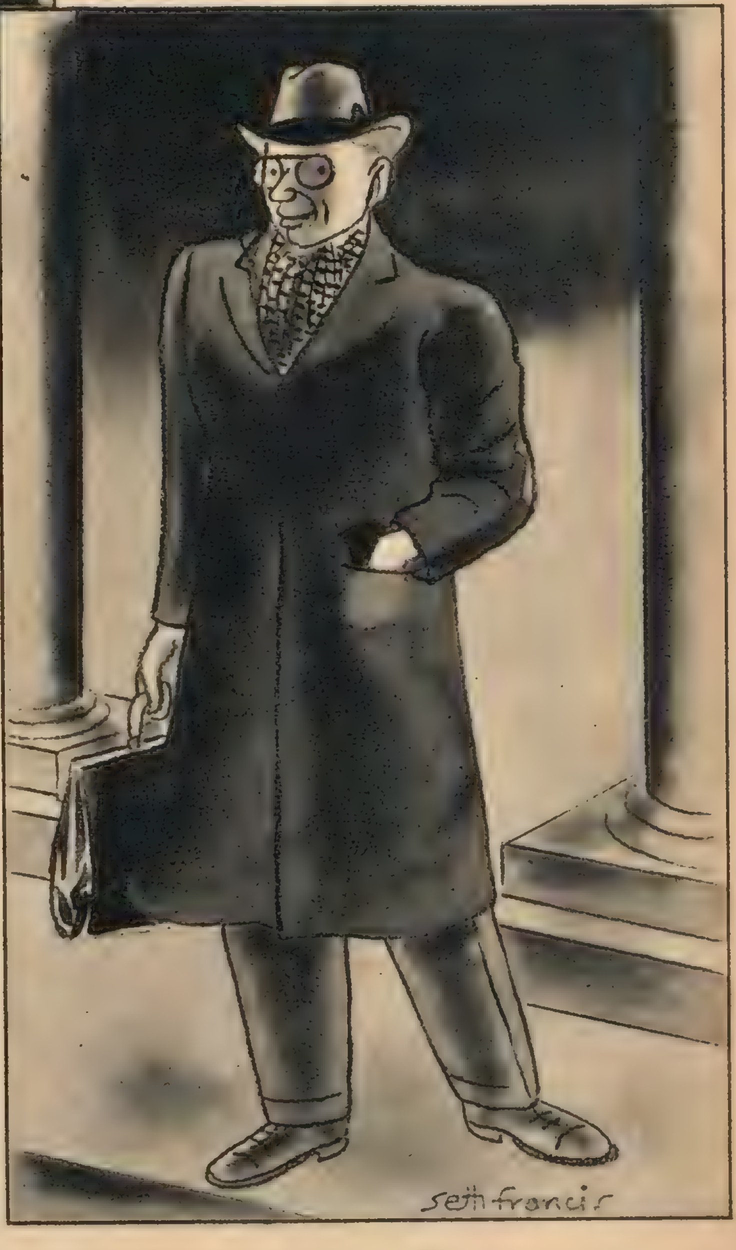
This unusual shot, taken by an alert office boy, shows the president of an advertising agency turning down the suggestion of a junior executive that they buy space on the under side of night-club tables for their aspirin ads.



Arrested for peddling without a license, this candid portrait shows Hyman Hamburger, whose explanation that he was selling a spot remover to remove the spots left by spot removers, got him off with just a suspended sentence.



Smuggled out of Germany, this amazing flashlight photo shows the excitement that prevails in Hitler's home when anguished yells announce the recurrent nightmare in which Der Fuehrer dreams that he has gone broke and has to try and hock something.



Snapped on the steps of the United States Patent Office, this photo shows Oliver Overshoe with his design for a dialless telephone, an amazing device with which, according to the inventor, one has only to pick up the receiver and ask for the desired number.

# TO THE SKY ON SKIS

## BY LOWELL THOMAS

### The chronicle of a daring exploit: A vivid true tale of adventure and hazard and death

Erling Strom, a master of skiing.

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

ON the parade ground at Oslo a smart, tall, blue-eyed young Norwegian officer was drilling his company. The soldiers who marched and countermarched were the pick of Norway's army, the King's Guard. The young officer commanding, although one of the most intelligent in the regiment, had from childhood suffered from an affliction: he stammered. In moments of excitement he all but lost the power of speech. And that's why he became an explorer. That's why he performed one of the mightiest feats in the history of mountaineering.

But to return to Norway. On that particular morning the drill went off much as usual. Then suddenly, at one end of the parade ground, behind a wall, the young officer saw a group of visitors—the King, accompanied by members of the royal court.

In front of his King Erling Strom had a right to be nervous. And he was. The Guard was marching toward the royal spectators, toward that wall. Nearer and nearer they marched. No command to "Right turn!" Closer they marched, but not a syllable emerged from the officer's lips. Finally they ran right into the wall and stopped, helplessly marking time and looking excessively foolish—the King's Guard, the King, and particularly the young officer, who had become involved in a fit of stammering at the worst possible moment.

Naturally, that ended our hero's career in the Norwegian army! That's why young Erling Strom, like his viking forebears, sailed for America, and turned to the thing he most loved to do—skiing—and, with the Marquis Degli de Albizzi, set about making the United States and Canada ski-conscious.

One day, on the deck of a little boat dancing over the waves of Cook Inlet, Alaska, the storm clouds lifted, and he beheld a sight that filled him with wonder. Also a great ambition. From the low Alaskan plain the majestic snow-clad mass of Mount McKinley towered 20,300 feet into the sky. Erling Strom's first thought was: What a ski run! Twenty thousand feet high—and downhill in every direction! Then he heard that McKinley was not only the highest peak in North America but that climbing it was one of the world's major feats of alpineering. One well-known mountain climber alone had made three unsuccessful attempts to reach the top. On snowshoes.

"Snowshoes, eh?" said Strom. "Suppose one could show the world how much more easily and quickly it can be done on skis?"

Such a feat cannot be achieved alone. In addition to equipment, knowledgeable organization, and careful preparation, it calls for money. Of which Erling Strom had almost none. So he must find somebody who could finance it. He finally aroused the enthusiasm of Alfred Lindley, a well-to-do sportsman of Minneapolis who was a crack skier and had a definite talent for organization.

It was a small party of four men that started from the McKinley Park Station in April, 1932. With Lindley and Strom were Harry Liek, superintendent of McKinley National Park, and Grant Pearson, a ranger. Horace Albright, then Director of National Parks, gave them the use of the dog teams belonging to McKinley Park to pull their duffel and supplies to their main base camp.

They had 1,200 pounds of supplies, a fair indication of the magnitude of the undertaking. These consisted mostly of food. In addition, there were sleeping bags, stoves, gasoline for the stoves, ropes, ice axes, eight pairs of skis, two pairs of snowshoes, windbreakers, parkas, Lapland shoes, and crampons—irons to be attached to their shoes for climbing over ice. Also they carried two small special tents designed for a previous Alaskan expedition.

Besides all this, the Lindley-Strom expedition started out with 800 pounds of equipment that they were carrying for somebody else. Allen Carpé was leading a party to investigate cosmic rays from Mount McKinley. In order to save a hundred-mile trek to the mountain, followed by ten days of tortuous climbing, the scientists planned to fly from Fairbanks. And Strom and Lindley generously agreed to carry their 800 pounds of scientific instruments to the head of the great glacier.

Strom soon proved his point that skis were vastly better for such an adventure. Conditions were almost ideal, and he with his companions made those first hundred miles pleasantly, easily, and speedily. Through sparsely timbered valleys and low foothill passes they skied and sledded until they reached an elevation of 2,000 feet, above timber line. There they found themselves in a world of white frozen silence.

Everything hitherto had merely been strenuous fun. But at their base camp at Cache Creek they had to gird their loins for the real, hard work. First of all, supplies had to be toted up McGonnigan Pass to the Muldrow Glacier. The grade was so steep that sled-loads had to be lightened, as well as the packs carried by the men. They had to make several trips of it. Already they began to feel the cold at night, for under the top layer of snow was ice hundreds of feet thick.

After leaving this camp, difficulties grew progressively. The glacier was pitted with crevasses. A plunge into any one of them would be fatal. So the path to be followed had to be carefully scouted in advance. Every morning Strom, Lindley, and Pearson set forth on their skis, lashed together with a 120-foot rope. Whenever one of them set foot on a deceptive snow bridge across a crevasse and fell in, the others could haul him out. The crevasses grew narrow at the edge of the glacier, but this forced the climbers close to towering mountain walls from which other overhanging glaciers constantly hurled down huge masses of ice.

For ten days the Lindley-Strom expedition had this job to do—ten days to mush to the head of Muldrow Glacier. But after those ten days they were 11,000 feet up. This was as far as the dog teams could go.

As they waved good-by to the dog drivers and their teams it seemed to the four explorers that now they were losing all connection with the world. On three sides white walls of ice hemmed them in. Their way was up.

There were no neighbors' radios to disturb them the night they slept at the head of the Muldrow, but every hour came a rumble as of thunder, then a roar and a crash, as ice avalanches rolled down the mountain, falling close to the place where the climbers were camping.

And cold? Judge for yourself. At night Strom wore a fur parka. Under it he had on three sweaters, woolen shirt and pants over three suits of underwear, plus three pairs of socks. So enswathed, he tucked himself into his fur-lined sleeping bag, buttoned tight all around.

The next objective was Karsten's Ridge, so named after Harry Karsten, who had been with the late Archdeacon Stuck, of the Yukon, on the only previous successful ascent of Mount McKinley. The ridge is 500 feet above the place where Lindley and Strom camped at the head of Muldrow Glacier. This again required many trips up and down, toting supplies and equipment. And here again the advantage of skis became obvious. The atmosphere at that height became rarefied, breathing difficult. Whether on skis or snowshoes, it takes half an hour to climb those 500 feet. But going down a man needs but two minutes on skis, on snowshoes fifteen minutes. Pearson and Liek tried it once on snowshoes as an experiment. Once was enough. And says Strom, "We were thankful that we did not have to carry Carpé's instruments any further."

A THOUSAND feet above the head of the Muldrow Glacier they made their fifth camp site. Here Karsten's Ridge flattens out, affording a level space. But they found it so wind-blown and hard-packed that even skis did not avail them and they had to cut steps as they went. Three more days for that part of the climb. And then a stinging blizzard that held them tent-bound for twenty-four hours.

The next stage was a 3,000-foot climb to Harper's Glacier. Midway they came upon an interesting record. Archdeacon Stuck claimed that the lowest winter temperatures on earth were to be found on Mount McKinley. So in 1913 he had cached a minimum thermometer near a large boulder on a rocky slope called Parker's Pass. It was an exciting moment for the Lindley-Strom expedition when its four men recognized that boulder. Still more when they found a wooden box, cannily cached, between a couple of rocks but exposed to the prevailing winds so that it might not be covered by drifting snows.

Solemnly, almost ceremoniously, Strom and Lindley opened that box. Under the lid lay a minimum registering thermometer. It was calibrated down to 95° below zero. But the float had not stopped at 95°. The cold had driven it clean down to the bottom of the bulb!

At 16,000 feet the climbers had to abandon their skis and fix the crampons to their shoes. Hard-packed snow made any other kind of going impossible. And now the altitude began to get them in earnest. It was difficult not only to go ahead but even to rest. Just turning over in his sleeping bag made a man pant and gasp.

Their seventh and final camp they pitched on the saddle between the twin peaks of McKinley, altitude 17,000. Here the exertion of preparing and eating breakfast was so great that they could not start climbing until nine o'clock. They got off under a sky of the deepest blue, with not a breath of wind stirring, temperature 26° below. There remained only a distance of some 3,000 feet to go, not much more than half a mile. But what a half mile! No technical difficulties to be overcome, no overhanging precipices. But without oxygen the going was terrific.

First they tried climbing forty steps and stopping for a rest. That was too much, since they had to cut every step for footholds. Eventually they had to slow down to twenty-five steps; then, on the last thousand feet, two steps and then rest. Only by sheer will power could they drag one foot after the other. The final hundred yards took them a whole hour.

But by five o'clock they had made it. There they stood, literally on the top of North America, 20,000 feet above sea level! Breathless and exhausted as they were, they had strength enough left to revel in the thrill that only mountaineers can know. To the west the sun was sinking behind Mount Foraker. Below them was a wilderness of blinding white frozen peaks.

But they couldn't afford to stay and enjoy it long. After abortive efforts to take photographs—during which Strom froze five fingers—down they started. Three hundred feet below the peak, Lindley, Strom, and Liek stopped to cache a metal tube containing the record of their exploit. Pearson went on ahead.

As his three companions proceeded they could see nothing of Pearson. They began to fear for him. Had he slipped and fallen over a precipice? Suddenly Strom espied a tiny speck some 1,200 feet below. It moved, then stood up and made motions. The three climbed down and read the story of what had happened in Pearson's tracks. Below the rocks he had slipped on glare ice and slid down that mountainside. When Lindley, Strom, and Liek caught up with him, he was a wreck—one eye shut, one ear torn, blood all over his face, every bone aching.

They climbed the North Peak on the following day. Although not as high as the South Peak by 300 feet, it is a feather in their caps, for nobody else had ever set foot on the top of it. There they succeeded in making not only good still pictures but also movies.

The descent began uneventfully and swiftly. But they found themselves out of luck when they reached Karsten's Ridge. They had counted upon using the five thousand steps they had cut there in the ice. To their dismay, the wind had blown them solid with snow. Every single step had to be dug out on that knife-edge.

Twenty-one hours after they started down they came to Allen Carpé's camp, which had been pitched since they had passed that way going up. They shouted. No answer. They looked around. Nobody in sight. Snow covered everything. All around was deep silence, broken only by a ticking sound. It came from a little instrument that was counting cosmic rays.

THEN they found Carpé's diary, which told an ominous tale. He and his companion, Theodore Koven, had been waiting for three other members of his party. They were long overdue. The abandoned camp, all the circumstances, indicated a tragedy. Tracks on the glacier bore more sinister evidence. Snow had fallen since the Lindley-Strom party had climbed up. Carpé and Koven had tried to follow the Lindley-Strom trail, but had missed it. A mile and a half farther down was a dark object 200 yards off the trail. It was Koven's body, dead of exposure.

For nine hours Strom, Lindley, Liek, and Pearson struggled down the glacier, picking up the almost obliterated trail they had made on their way up, the only way to avoid falling into any one of a hundred crevasses. Reaching McGonnigan Pass, they came upon a tent with two of the other members of Carpé's party. One of them was writhing with appendicitis. A fifth man had gone to get help, but failed to find a telephone. When Lindley and Strom got to Fairbanks, they sent a plane, and the sick man was rescued and recovered.

By the time Lindley, Strom, Liek, and Pearson regained base camp, the Norwegian had amply proved his claim for the superiority of skis over snowshoes for mountain climbing. Previous descents had taken seven days—seven camps. The Lindley-Strom party made it in forty-one hours elapsed time. And they had formed the only expedition to climb both peaks of Mount McKinley.

Erling Strom now divides his years into four parts. Every winter he is the pluperfect maestro of skiing. With spring he goes to his own guest camp high up on Mount Assiniboine. In summer he goes home to Norway. And in the fall he tells the story of his explorations on the lecture platform. The last time I saw him there was a restless, ambitious look in his eyes. He is thinking of new worlds to conquer on skis.

THE END

# Casanova's STRANGEST LOVE

A sparkling story! . . Has the waywa

## BY JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HIDDEN behind a hedge, Casanova, the irrepressible lover and infamous gambler, overhears a pair of young sweethearts quarreling. Toni and Jacomine hotly argue a recurrent theme—whether the boy will ever screw up enough courage to face the girl's Aunt Sara and ask for her hand. Jacomine scorns his cowardice, taunts him. And Toni insists his worldly prospects are the barrier.

Casanova steps out of concealment, introduces himself, and is at once struck by the marvelous beauty of the girl. To Toni's rage and agony, he offers Jacomine his arm, begs to escort her home, and she accepts. On the way to the château Casanova makes delightful love to his new charmer, and she responds to his enchanting art. Parting, he tells her he will call at her home tomorrow, present himself to the formidable Aunt Sara, and request permission to court the lovely niece.

The following day, Louis, a privileged and suspicious old servant of the family, admits Casanova. Plainly, he doesn't like the caller. But Aunt Sara receives him cordially. However, this extremely clever woman of the world lets him know that she is fully aware of his wicked reputation. Her keen wit and conversation, together with her ripened beauty, make a great impression on the handsome rake.

Aunt Sara promises to send him word at the inn of the Two Angels if she will sanction his suit. This she does, to his amazement, but first stipulates a half hour with herself in private. Again she is gaily merciless in her analysis of his character, tells him she knows his intentions are not honorable toward Jacomine, and that she has set herself to thwart him. It is to be a duel between them for the foolish young girl's heart!

The challenge understood, Jacomine is admitted to the salon, and Casanova finds that she is not nearly so fascinating to him as she was the day before.

### PART TWO—TONI'S CHALLENGE

THE innkeeper at the Two Angels brought Casanova's breakfast to his room. The innkeeper in person. Obviously he had something on his mind.

"Monsieur," he said, "I speak with the kindest will in the world, but a man told the tap boy yesterday that Paris police escorted you to the city gates, one on each side of you."

"That's how stories will spread!" exclaimed Casanova. "The Paris police have no such custom."

The innkeeper was ready to escape. "Doubtless monsieur prefers to eat his breakfast while it is warm," he said, backing out the door.

Casanova, putting two and two together, let his breakfast cool; but he climbed the hill that afternoon with a happy twist to the ends of his mouth, as though he hadn't a care in the world.

When Louis ushered him again into the salon, he was not surprised to find Aunt Sara there. She stood gazing at one of the portraits on the wall.

"Signor Casanova," she said, without looking around, "this picture is less satisfactory than I hoped. You are a connoisseur, are you not? Would you say the trouble is with the light?"

Casanova prepared to qualify as a connoisseur. The portrait was of a florid gentleman who wore an immense wig neatly parted in the middle and falling in curls to his shoulders. He was sitting sideways with his right elbow resting on a sort of railing, and his head was turned so that he could look straight at you. Over elbow and right shoulder was draped a handsome robe, much crinkled, reflecting from its folds a pleasant radiance on the gentleman's chin and right cheek.

"It's a handsome portrait, wouldn't you say?" asked Aunt Sara.

"Who painted it?" asked Casanova, following the first principle of criticism.

"Nicolas Largillière," said Aunt Sara. "He has done a number of the leading citizens of Burgundy. But you know his work, of course."

"As a painting," said Casanova, "it is excellent, and as a portrait I dare say it would satisfy the gentleman's family. What did you think was wrong with the light?"

"I asked *you*," said Aunt Sara, her eyes twinkling.

"Perhaps the canvas," said Casanova, "is hung a trifle too high."

"That may be," said Aunt Sara. "What else?"

Casanova strove to please. "You might try it nearer a window, madame."

"Ah, you think so?"

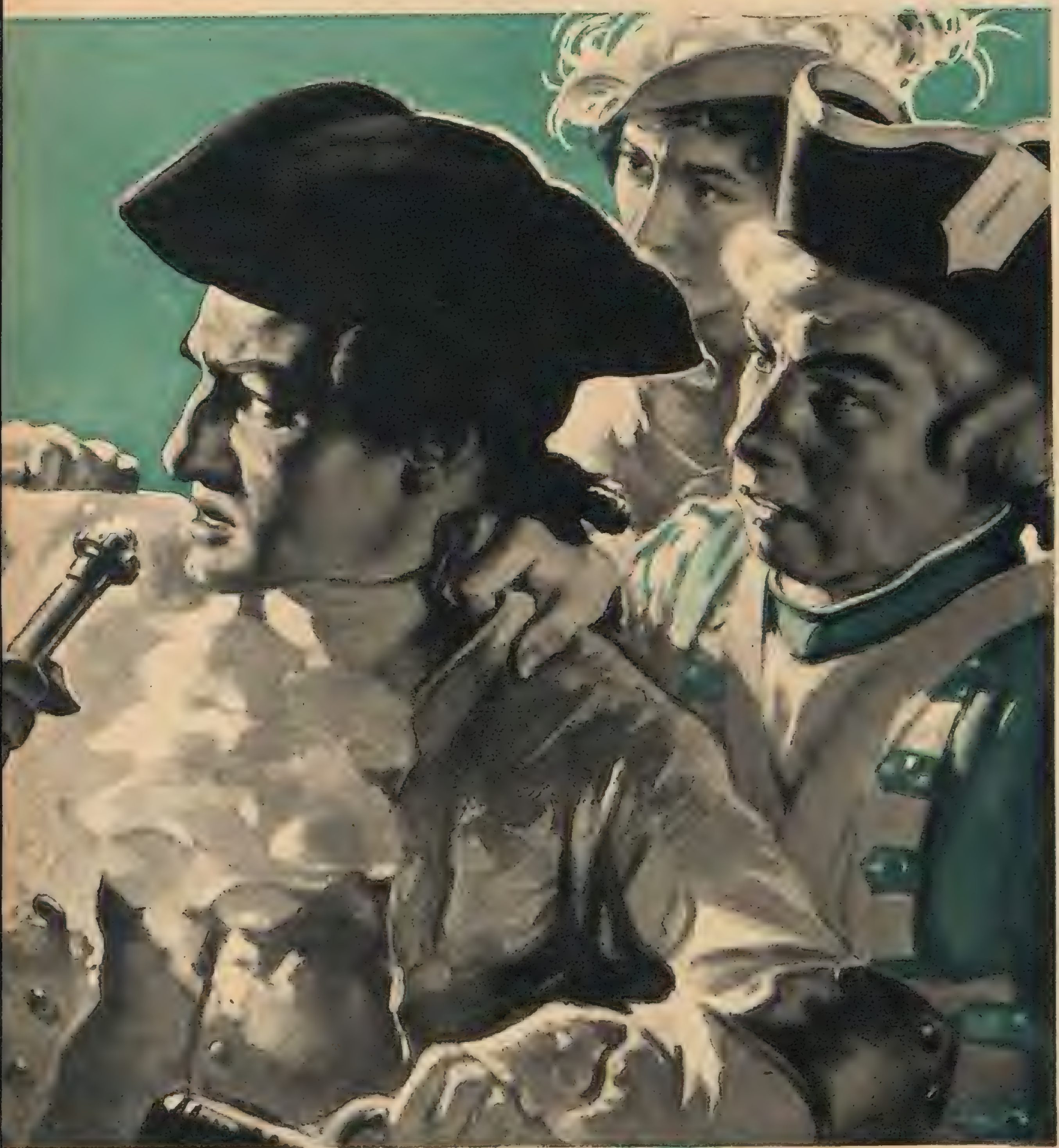
"I merely offer the suggestion. To be frank, I see nothing wrong with it."

"Nor do I, really," said Aunt Sara. "But that's enough art for one morning, signore. You don't know much about it, do you?"

"I've a brother who is a painter," said Casanova, composing himself in the nearest chair.

"I've noticed," said Aunt Sara, "that a talent, where it occurs, is rarely shared by the relatives. How do you account for nature's favoritism, signore?"

## ero of a hundred romances met his match in wit and guile?



"He left Paris with a policeman each side of him. They put him out."

MARSHALL FRANTZ

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARSHALL FRANTZ

She was very aggressive today. She was taking the warpath in earnest. Casanova offered no explanation of nature's eccentricities.

"Signore," she began again, "has theology ever occupied your attention?"

He fought down a slight flurry of anger. She needn't try to make a fool of him!

"Madame, I don't pretend to be a scholar."

"Oh, but most of us have our opinions about the soul. You think you have a soul, don't you?"

She was sitting with her hands in her lap, leaning forward, intense and eager. Her voice was serious, as befitted the theme. The laughter had retired into her eyes.

"Madame, I am a Christian."

"I didn't suppose you were a Turk," said she. "Since you are a Christian, you must also believe you are a sinner."

"I know I am."

"And do you think your will is free? That question has been debated much in Geneva."

"It's free, madame. Why do you ask?"

She opened her eyes. "Why should *any* one ask? When we realize that we are sinners, the next question is whether we are responsible. I should value your opinion."

Casanova had never been more uncomfortable. "Madame, freedom is in your mind. We are free, but we cease to be so if we no longer believe we are."

She looked amused. In spite of himself he reddened a little.

"Signore, just how free are you this afternoon? I asked you to criticize a picture and you did as I wished."

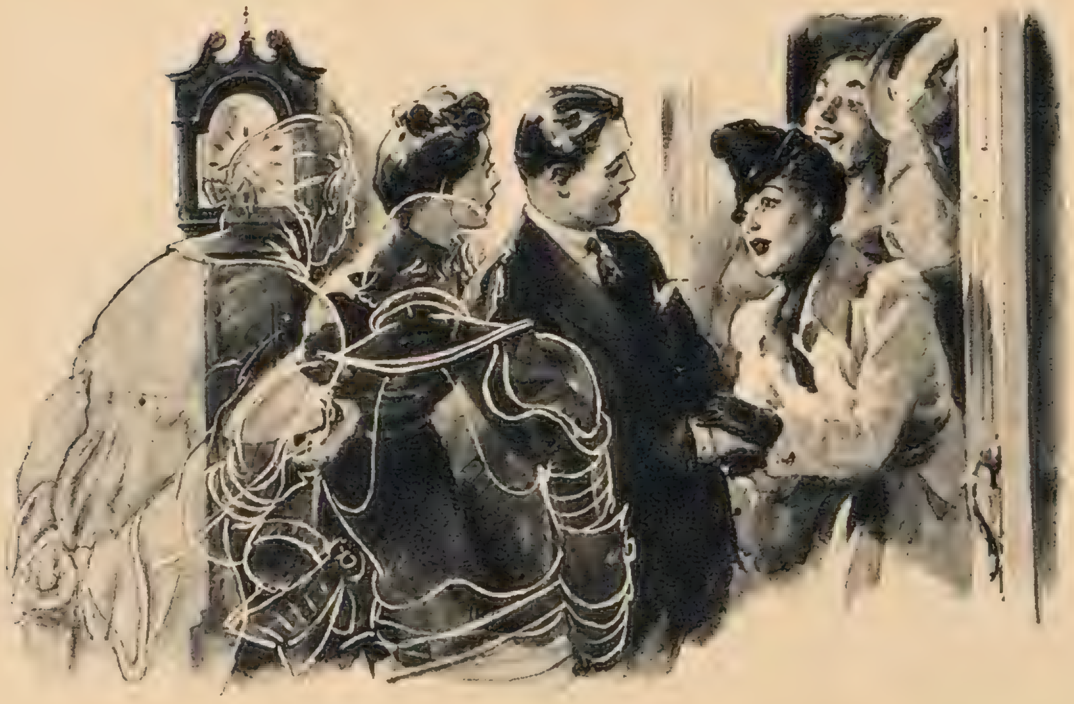
"Out of courtesy, madame," said he.

"But courtesy is a form of compulsion, is it not? Because I called you an expert, you tried to act like one."

The corners of Casanova's mouth went up. "Madame, that was out of vanity."

She nodded. "So I perceived. Vanity compels, even more often than manners. I distracted you from your purpose merely by appealing to your foibles, which, we may assume, are not of your choice. Signore, you are not free—you walk in chains." *(Continued on page 32)*

# Envious *Ghosts* whisper at your Elbo



If friends drop in for the evening, why do yo
feel impelled to offer them food and drink?

It isn't because they look hungry. It's because there are ghosts in your house. When th
door-bell rings, your ancestors come close t
your elbow and whisper in your ear. They
want to be sure you'll treat visitors as was thei
custom, three or four thousand years ago.

In those days travel was dangerous, eve
more dangerous than staying at home. Th
lazy robbers kept an eye on your house, th
energetic ones plucked you off the road. Bu
the cruelest enemy was hunger. The riches
man had only enough in the larder to keep hi

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# You'll find this famou

# ..you'll find that *famous flavor* only i

Why do some people complain tha
certain brands of beer taste bitter, others
sweet? Both contain hops and malt. The
art of brewing The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous is to achieve the full tang
and flavor of true beer without the bitterness of the hops or the sweetness of the malt.

***THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKE***

mily alive from harvest to harvest. Every isitor was another mouth to feed. It was olite to say you were glad to see him, but you ghtened your belt.

The visitor, of course, knew how you felt. Ie had had guests himself. But there were no otels. If the stranger didn't take you under is roof, travel was impossible. And your host nderstood well enough that no one traveled nless he had to.

If the traveler stayed too long, eating up our food, he was no better than a murderer. Dn the other hand, you might some day be nder the hard necessity of doing some traveling yourself, perhaps in his country. It was rudent to store up a little credit.

Our far-away ancestors, therefore, worked ut rules of hospitality and still insist on their nforcement, at least in principle. Any guest vho knocked at the door courteously could ave food and drink for three days. At the end f that time he must move on. If he didn't nove, you had the right to kill him.

Since the traveler at your door might be a pirate, as it were off duty, it seemed wise never to ask the stranger who he was, but to feed him anonymously and let him go. Our ancestral ghosts remind us of this custom also. We often want to ask the caller why he called, or why he chose that particular time, but the ghosts put finger to lip, and we hold our tongue.

Only two hundred years ago these American colonies had laws providing that each town should maintain an ordinary, or inn. That was to protect the private larder and make the traveler pay his way. The law also limited the number of hours a traveler could drink. That was to insure sobriety, but even more to conserve the precious supply.

If our ancestors seem too cautious, it was because they were poor. May poverty be far from us! May you knock often at my door, and let me say I was lonely without you, and fetch the bread and cheese — even a bowl of salted nuts to make you thirstier still.

And then let me follow that fine tradition o. welcome, known to three fortunate generations . . . Let me open brown bottles of Schlitz. But before we savor *that famous flavor* let us lift our gold-filled goblets to the memory of our ancestors, those envious ghosts, who lived before the days of the Beer that made Milwaukee Famous.

*He may be a pirate off duty.*

---

***This vignette on the Traditions of Hospitality was written for Schlitz by an internationally known educator and novelist.***

---

brown bottle *everywhere*

*SCHLITZ*

BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
CONTENTS 12 FLUID OZ
INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID
THE BREWERY'S OWN BOTTLING

That famous flavor of Schlitz comes to you intact in every bottle. *Here's why:* The air that sustains life can destroy the flavor of the beer *if sealed in the bottle. SO— WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE AN INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN.* An amazing new method that assures you brewery-fresh goodness *always*. Schlitz pioneers again!

*FAMOUS*

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*(Continued from page 29)*

He grasped the arms of his chair. "You spoke of my purpose, madame. What is it?"

"Signore, you intend to make love to my niece."

Casanova sat bolt upright. "This pleasantry goes too far! I wish to marry her!"

"The distinction is not clear, signore. You admire her fortune."

"Before heaven, Madame d'Aubercourt, I didn't know she had one!"

Aunt Sara was delighted. "Very good! Excellent!"

"Madame," said Casanova with some heat, "when I first became interested in your niece I had every reason to believe she was penniless. I thought poverty alone prevented her from marrying Toni."

"She comes into the money," said Aunt Sara, "two years from now. My dear brother-in-law, her father, was farsighted."

"He must have been," said Casanova bluntly, "if he left her in your charge. No young woman ever had more protection. But my motive is of the purest. I wish now, with your permission, to renounce the inheritance. Let the lawyers arrange it."

"Calm yourself," said Aunt Sara. "As her guardian, I am obliged to probe a bit further. What have you fallen in love with, if it isn't her money?"

At last he thought he saw a straight path. "Madame, do you ask that, you who are so wise? Who ever could name accurately the grounds of his passion?"

"You think only of the beginning," said she. "I worry about the end. If you will name the reasons why you fell in love, you'll probably hit on some of your future excuses for getting over it. May I ask you to give a list of Jacomine's attractions?"

"She's beautiful."

"Not more so than the rest of us," said Aunt Sara. "All the women in this family have looks. Can you think of anything else?"

To his dismay, he couldn't. If he said Jacomine had the charm of youth, Aunt Sara would remind him of coming years.

"Madame, I like the way she talks."

"That's curious," said Aunt Sara. "The girl has no mind, you know."

Casanova reflected that if a knife had been handy he could have stuck it in Aunt Sara. There she was, imperious, radiant, more than a match for him, pulling from under his impulsive infatuation its meager foundations. When Jacomine came downstairs in the next minute or two, he would be critical.

"Madame," said he, "why do you hate me?"

"But I don't! I like you exceedingly."

For just a second her eyes flashed genuine affection, admiration, instinctive comradeship. For just a second.

"I always like the young," she added.

He rose impulsively. The clock struck the half hour.

"Ah! Your bliss arrives, signore."

AS Aunt Sara went up the stairs there was a clanging of the doorbell, and Louis appeared from the basement just as Jacomine came down. The visitor was Toni.

"Where's that rascal?" he cried.

With unruffled dignity the girl walked past him into the salon. In spite of Louis, Toni followed. It didn't mend his temper to see Casanova kissing Jacomine's hand.

"Monsieur, I demand a word with you!"

Jacomine turned as though just then aware of the boy's presence. Under her gaze he faltered.

"May I speak to Monsieur Casanova?"

"Not in that tone. He is my guest."

"But he wouldn't be if you knew the truth about him. He's an impostor!"

"Toni!"

"He is—and I can prove it!"

Aunt Sara was coming downstairs again to investigate the noise, but they didn't hear her.

"Jacomine," said Casanova, "let the young man proceed with his proof. I should prefer to shield you from this annoyance, but since he attacks my character in your presence—"

Aunt Sara entered the room. "What's all this?"

The boy pulled himself together and bowed politely.

"Why, Toni! You don't mean to say—it wasn't you I heard shouting, was it? I feared Jacomine and the signore were having their first falling out."

She chose a chair in the middle of the room, and the others stood before her as though she were holding court.

"Now, begin at the beginning, Toni—but not so loud."

"Madame," said the boy, swallowing hard, "I am informed that Signor Casanova is no fit person to be received in your home."

Aunt Sara's eyes danced. "Are you sure your testimony is unprejudiced? You're the rival suitor, aren't you?"

"I dismissed him," said the girl. "He's taking his revenge."

"Be quiet, Jacomine. Go on, Toni."

The boy glanced at Casanova and became angry again.

"He's an adventurer."

Aunt Sara smiled. "Are you, signore?"

"Madame, it is true."

"That point is settled, then. Go on, Toni."

"He's a gambler."

"Heaven help us," said Aunt Sara. "This is tragic!"

"Madame, he cheats."

She glanced at Casanova. "Can this be true?"

"It is true."

Jacomine turned pale. Aunt Sara watched her a moment, then looked at Toni. "Where did you learn this?"

"The coachman told me—the stage driver."

Aunt Sara laughed. "Does he play with the signore? You seem to gather your information from strange quarters. What else did you find out?"

TONI was red to the tips of his ears. "Madame, he left Paris with a policeman on each side of him. They put him out."

Jacomine dropped into a chair. Her knees were weak.

"Madame," said Casanova, "I wish no one to think I hid from you the unconventional aspects of my career. When I asked you for your niece's hand, I stated that my money had been won at the card table."

"I have met no man so frank," said Aunt Sara. "You told me you cheated and got caught at it."

Jacomine drew in her breath audibly.

"Quite so," said he, keeping his voice even.

"You knew you would be found out anyway," said Toni.

"Young man, I was unwilling not to be."

"There; I have heard enough," said Aunt Sara abruptly. "Toni, you may go."

The boy bit his lip, hesitated, turned on Casanova.

"We shall meet again, signore."

Casanova inclined his head. "At your service, monsieur."

They waited till the front door banged.

"Now I'll leave you two," said Aunt Sara. "You have much to confide to each other, I should think."

They waited till they heard her foot at the top of the stairs.

"Jacomine."

She did not reply. She had not moved. She was staring at the ground.

"Come—beside me here on the divan."

Slowly she came to him, paused a moment, sat down, still deep in thought.

"He is learning," said Casanova. "He fought hard for you."

"Poor Toni!"

For a moment they said nothing.

"Do you love him?"

"No."

Another silence.

"When I offered you my arm at our first meeting," said Casanova, "I knew I was taking you from him. If you now think it was a mistake, you may go back. I wish your happiness."

She faced toward him. "Are you really a cheat?"

"I have not cheated you. I never shall."

"But those terrible stories about you—"

He took her hand. "Listen, my dear. You are a woman any man would love. You may choose what kind you prefer. If you can admire only the stainless, forget me and look further. I have at times assured myself that nothing I did was really wrong; but when I saw you I knew there were some things I would not do again. That's all I can say for myself."

She did her thinking out loud: "I didn't know you, of course. I hardly know you now."

He saw no reason to contradict her.

"Tell me," she said. "Why do you want to marry me?"

It was her aunt's question, but he gave a different reply: "I want you. Marriage is therefore inevitable. The happiness which I hope for with you must not be linked with any flouting of the public good will."

JACOMINE liked what he said. The old note of warmth was returning to her voice.

"We are not talking about my real question," she said. "I understand why you want a ceremony, but why do you wish to marry me at all?"

"Ah," said Casanova, "I am glad to tell you that. It gives me pleasure merely to think of it. In you, my dear, I shall recover certain ideal qualities which temporarily have slipped away from me. Honesty, for example—the theme that our friend Toni so violently touched on. You have honest eyes, an honest tongue, an honest mind. When I hear you speak I instinctively detest the twistings and modulations which a cynical world permits. In addition to honesty, you represent for me youth—not immaturity, my dear, quite the opposite —endless aspiration, perpetual growth. Wise people, those who have enjoyed crowded hours, whether profitable or unprofitable, often see most clearly that the spirit should be reborn each day. When I met you I was actually weary of living."

"Darling!" said she, and leaned her cheek on his shoulder.

"At this point," said he, "it would be appropriate for you to confess why you wish to marry me."

"I'm not sure I do!" She spoke with some firmness, but her head did not stir a jot from its comfortable position.

"Well," said Casanova, "assuming that you did, what would be your reasons?"

"You are old," said she.

"Eh?"

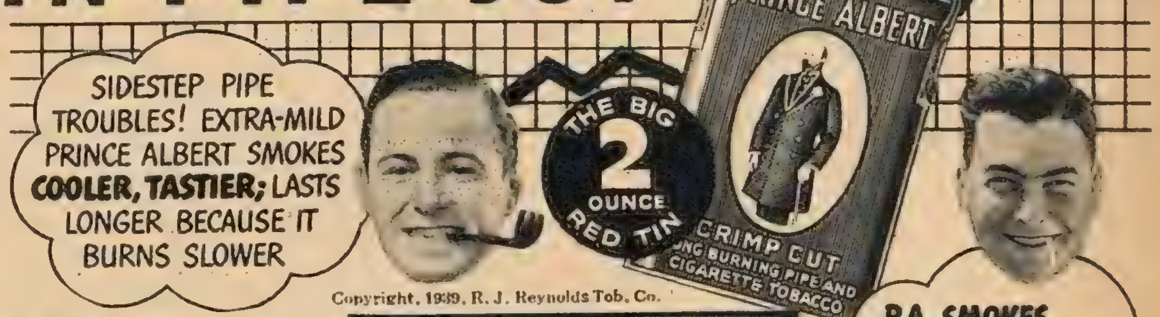
"You like to call it mature, don't you? Toni is such a child, and when you stepped around the corner of the hedge he was pulling me by the hand as though we were quarreling on the nursery floor. You looked so grown up and so amused. If you had laughed at me I should have died."

"The information which you impart with such delicacy," said Casanova, "is that I owe my beatitude, however incomplete so far, to Toni. If he hadn't been tugging at you, you wouldn't have lost your heart to me."

She raised her head and stared at him, surprised. "You know, that may be the truth!"

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
VISITS THE NEW YORK MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY IN RADIO CITY
IT'S NICE OF YOU TO COME HERE WITH US, UNCLE GEORGE
YOU'LL SEE OVER 2000 WONDERS OF THE MODERN WORLD EXPLAINED IN HERE, CHUBBINS
A PICK-A-BACK PLANE IS TOO HEAVILY LOADED (FOR LONG FLIGHT) TO TAKE OFF FROM THE WATER, THUS MUST BE LAUNCHED IN MID-AIR
ISN'T THAT AMAZING? ONE PLANE CARRYING ANOTHER ON ITS BACK!
I CAN REMEMBER WHEN A PLANE COULD HARDLY GET ITSELF UP IN THE AIR
STEPS IN THE MAKING OF A MODERN BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL.....
① BALL STARTS WITH A CORK CENTER
② A LAYER OF SOFT AND A LAYER OF HARD RUBBER OVER CENTER
③ 3 LAYERS OF WOOLEN AND 1 LAYER OF COTTON YARN ARE APPLIED, DRESSED WITH RUBBER CEMENT
④ COVER IS HORSE-HIDE, TOUGHENED WITH ALUM, APPLIED IN 2 SECTIONS
CUTAWAY VIEW OF FINISHED BALL
WELL, I SEE THAT SCIENCE HASN'T OVERLOOKED OUR FAVORITE GAME, EITHER!
ROB, THAT SEA-DEPTH RECORDER HAS TAKEN A LOT OF RISK OUT OF OCEAN NAVIGATION
THAT'S ONE REASON WHY WE CAN HAVE SUCH FAST, LUXURIOUS OCEAN LINERS, HUH, DAD?
HOW THE FATHOMETER INSTANTLY RECORDS HOW FAR A SHIP IS FROM SEA-BOTTOM.....
① OPERATOR ON BRIDGE STARTS ELECTRIC DEVICE
② SOUND IS SENT OUT FROM HULL
③ SOUND HITS SEA-BOTTOM, ECHOES BACK TO SHIP
④ SOUND RECEIVED IN HULL
⑤ INDICATOR ON BRIDGE MEASURES TIME OF ROUND TRIP IN TERMS OF FATHOMS OF WATER (1 FATHOM=6 FEET)
YES, SCIENCE HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO GET A LOT MORE OUT OF LIFE, EH, ROB?
YES, WE'RE REMINDED OF THAT WITH EVERY PIPEFUL OF PRINCE ALBERT WE SMOKE----
TRUE-THAT P.A. NO-BITE PROCESS LETS A MAN ENJOY REAL SMOKING PLEASURE
NOWADAYS, A MAN CAN ENJOY ALL THE FULL, REAL RICH TASTE OF CHOICE TOBACCO WITHOUT A BIT OF HARSHNESS, THANKS TO PRINCE ALBERT

HIT A NEW HIGH IN PIPE-JOY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THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

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**P. A. SUITS YOU—OR NO SALE!** Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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P.A. SMOKES MELLOW IN 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES TOO. ROLLS FASTER, NEATER, BECAUSE P.A. IS CRIMP CUT!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

Lucky Lapp!

The Lapp maiden lives in the icy north—yet she is luckier than we. Chewing rough, primitive foods keeps her teeth strong and healthy. *We* eat soft, civilized foods—give our teeth too little hard, healthful chewing.

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DENTYNE CHEWING GUM
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE 5¢
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DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

"Lay your head back," said Casanova, "and go on."

She snuggled a little closer. "What was I saying when you interrupted?"

"You mentioned my extreme age."

"Oh, yes. You seemed to know so much. You were so completely at home with yourself. You still are, aren't you? That's the way I wanted Toni to be."

"You were unreasonable," said Casanova. "There's no substitute for years."

"I'm beginning to see that," said she. "He may ripen with time, but then I shall know more too, and the sad difference between us will remain."

"Would you mind talking less about Toni," said Casanova, "and more about me?"

"Well, for another thing, you seem so strong. I couldn't imagine you ever hesitating to make up your mind. You aren't timid. When Aunt Sara said you had already told her how bad you are, I thought to myself, Isn't that just like him? If I know Aunt Sara, she admires you for it."

"And you?"

"I'm confused—I'm not sure it's the frankness I admire, or the fact that you are so bad. Is that a terrible thing to say?"

He drew her closer to him, and was about to help himself to a kiss; but she raised her lips expectantly, and he decided to improve his position by disappointing her for a moment. In the silence they heard a strange noise, an intermittent moaning.

"What's that?" he said.

"What's what?"

"The noise."

"Oh, that's Louis."

"Is he ill?"

Jacomine laughed. "This is Friday. Every Friday afternoon Aunt Sara permits him to practice the flute."

They listened to Louis' tootings.

IF you admire me," said Casanova, "for having been, as you call it, bad, I must warn you that I have stripped myself of that particular charm."

"It will be thrilling," said she, "just to imagine how bad you were. That's one thing you couldn't be frank about. You'll always hide something."

Casanova looked down into Jacomine's eyes. She looked up into his. Slowly their lips approached. He did not believe in haste. Their kiss was long. Casanova wished he could keep his thoughts from the flute. Louis was working now on the higher notes.

She was very young. He wondered if it would not be a kindness to resume the conversation. Gently he drew his lips away. She spoke first:

"Darling!"

"Adorable!"

"My own!"

"Mine forever!"

"What would I have done had I never met you?"

Now, that really was too much! She was quoting Toni. It was exasperating to recall Aunt Sara's remark that Jacomine had no mind. Thank heaven she had soft red lips!

He knew better than merely to repeat a kiss. Nothing so dangerous as monotony. That wicked hand of his stole around her. She started and tried to push away, but he held her tighter, kissed her harder.

Jacomine broke from him with a cry. "I can't! I can't! It's too unreal!"

Never before had he encountered that criticism. He remained stupefied on the divan while she fled upstairs. He might have sat there indefinitely, but Louis swooped a triumphant scale down the flute from top to bottom. Casanova took his hat and let himself out the front door.

HE had gone as far as Jacomine's poplars, walking slowly, planning a new approach for tomorrow's visit, when a figure stepped out from behind a tree.

"I have waited, signore, to offer satisfaction. In the presence of ladies I called you a rascal. Kindly consider that I have slapped your face!"

Casanova looked at the boy, tense and trembling.

"Monsieur Toni, I have the choice of weapons, have I not?"

"That is your privilege. You will choose swords, will you not?"

"Oh, no," said Casanova; "it wouldn't be fair. With the sword I have no equal. Let me think a moment."

He kept Toni waiting.

"Do you know the way to the Two Angels?"

Toni looked embarrassed. "You don't mean the inn?"

"The inn itself," said Casanova. "This evening, at eight o'clock, if you please. I ask the honor of your company at dinner."

"Impossible!" said Toni. "We are to meet in mortal combat!"

"This will be mortal enough," said Casanova. "The weapon which I choose is absolutely impartial. The meal will be the best the house provides, with two separate dishes of peas. One dish will be poisoned. I shall invite you to eat whichever dish you prefer. Simultaneously, I promise to eat the other."

Toni was a little gray around the mouth. "Monsieur, this method is very irregular."

"It is thoroughgoing," said Casanova, "and it would commend itself to a man who is not afraid."

Toni bowed. "I shall be there."

"Eight o'clock sharp," said Casanova, waving his hand and stepping briskly down the hill toward the Two Angels humming a tune.

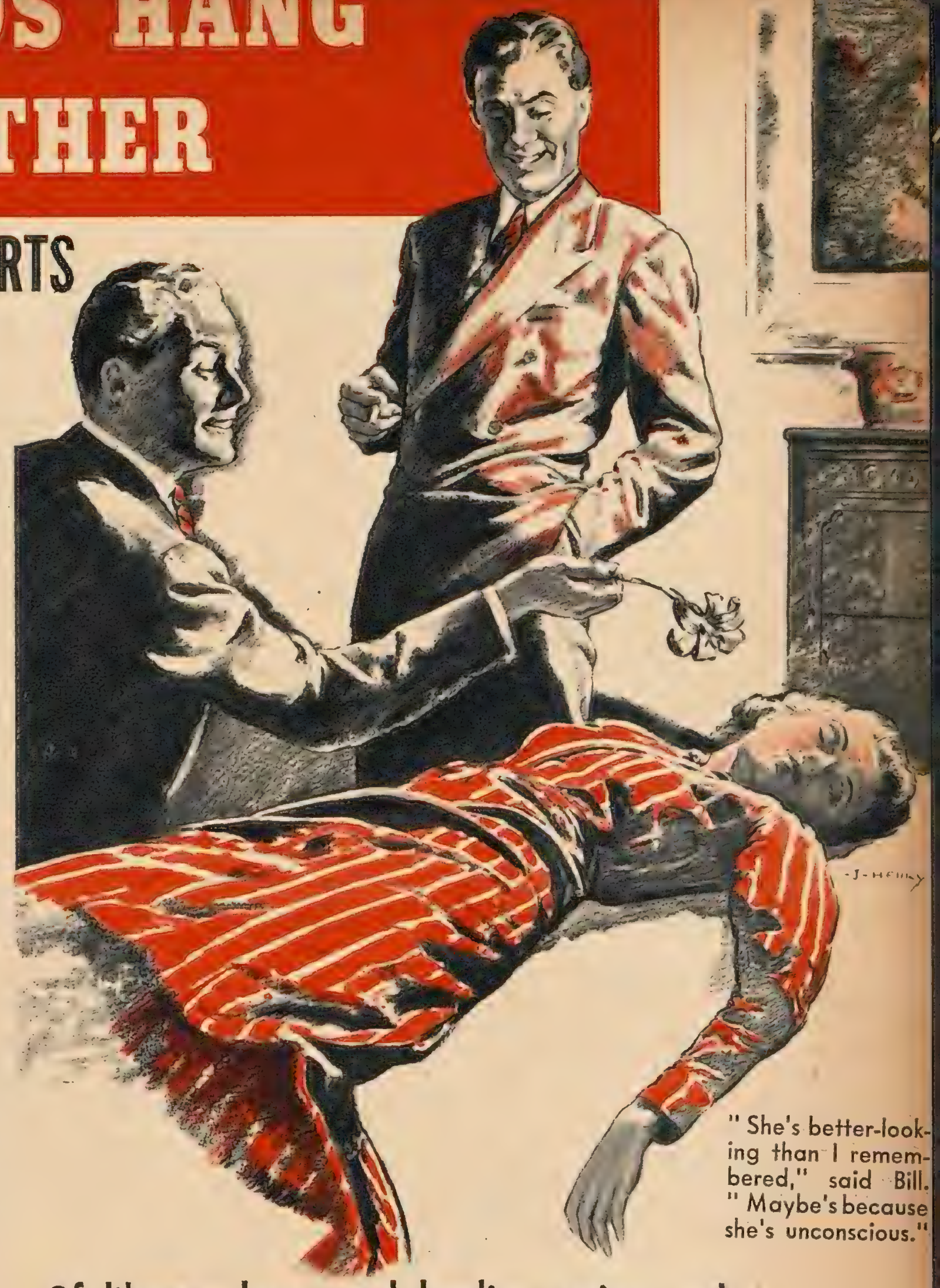
---

*If Toni gets the dish of poisoned peas, will it not ruin Casanova in the eyes of Jacomine? If Casanova is the unlucky one, will it give Toni another chance with his fickle ladylove? Next week's Liberty will give you an unsuspected finale to this gay-grim comedy.*

# HUSBANDS HANG TOGETHER

## BY KATHARINE ROBERTS

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 35 SECONDS



"She's better-looking than I remembered," said Bill. "Maybe's because she's unconscious."

**Of liberty, love, and leading strings—A sly, hilarious tale of a tangle in marriage**

"YES, sir, you are dead and I'm afraid there is nothing you can do about it." George had never told any one that kind of thing before and he felt a little awkward. This fellow looked like a good sort too—about his own age, maybe a couple of years younger.

"Look here," said the deceased gentleman. "Are you sure there isn't something my wife could do to—uh—to revive me?"

"I doubt it, Mr.—ah— Oh, yes—my secretary said you'd rather not give your name and I quite understand. Now, if I get you right, you left your wife about nine years ago—"

"I didn't mean to stay away," the man defended. "Oh, I'll admit I wasn't exactly unhappy when the firm told me to take that solo jaunt to Mexico. We'd been married two years and there hadn't been a day—" His voice trailed off.

The two men looked at each other. "I've been married just about two years myself," George said understandingly. He prepared to take notes.

The fellow who didn't want to give his name ran his hand through a shock of sunburned yellow hair. "I landed out home night before last. As soon as I found how things were, I—I wanted to know where I stood legally before doing anything. Jim Bascom—he's an old friend out home, a lawyer—said Judge Harrison here could tell me better than he could about the laws of this state and maybe something about the man she married. So I flew East right away. When'll the judge be back? No offense, only—"

George wasn't offended. "Not for at least a month. But he'd tell you the same thing I would."

The fellow looked at him directly. "Understand," he said, "I'm no Enoch Arden looking in the window. I just want to know my own status, make sure the guy she married is all right, and, well—maybe go back to South America. I liked it there. I was a god."

George was a little startled. "You were what?"

The fellow grinned. "A god. It was a change from home," he added. George could understand that. The fellow went on, "You see, from Mexico City I flew down to look at some properties in South America, and above a jungle something went wrong. The pilot told me to bail out and he'd follow as soon as I'd gone over. But it was the last I saw of him. I came down in a clearing among a lot of natives. They'd never seen a white man, and when I floated down from heaven under a white canopy, they thought I was a god."

"All of them?" asked George.

The tall blond man with the tan face nodded. "They knelt with their faces down on the ground. I said something, and when they looked up I saw the whole front row was girls, some of the loveliest girls you ever saw."

"Imagine that!" said George, sliding toward the edge of his swivel chair.

"Finally I sat down and they all brought me things—fruit and flowers and crude jewelry made of gold and platinum. Well, I tried at first to find the way out, but we were hedged in by the most impassable ravines."

"Did the girls think you were a god too?"

"Yes," said the fellow simply, "they did. Especially Lili. I named her that," the fellow explained. "Short for Lilith. Eve always seemed so bossy to me."

Well, it seemed that, after nine years, the Whitman Expedition had come along and rescued him. The departing god promised the natives he'd come back. He hadn't wanted to leave, but he thought he ought to. He had some mines down there and had brought up enough platinum to prove it.

George looked at him wistfully. "Tell me," he said. "Did you do just as you pleased for nine years?" And the fellow said he had.

He'd made the expedition outfit promise not to report him on their radio—gave the head of it a piece of one of his mines—and stayed with them till they reached the coast. Then he went straight home. " I didn't wire," he told George. " I thought I could explain better when I got there. She didn't always understand even *one* evening out—and *nine years!* "

George could see the point all right. He wrote rapidly for a time. " I guess I'd better leave out Lili," he said, and the fellow thanked him.

" Well—what happened when you got home? " George poised his pencil.

" I told you," said the other man plaintively. " She wasn't there—I mean my wife. At the end of seven years she'd had me declared dead—you really couldn't blame her—and the will had been executed. She turned all the property into cash and came East and married again."

George looked over his notes. " I think if you wooed your former wife and won her again and she divorced her new husband and remarried you, then you'd have her, and your property would come back to you—in a sense, that is—along with the aforesaid wife."

The fellow suddenly looked worried. " Maybe she's happy with this man and it'd be awfully awkward if I turned up—and anyhow— Maybe this guy can take it better than I could! Maybe he doesn't mind having her take sentences right out of his mouth and finish them for him. Maybe he—"

George's eye lit. " Did she do that? " he asked.

" Always." The fellow went on, responding humanly to sympathy, " And when you got home tired and wanted to read the paper in peace, she always had to tell you about the time she'd had matching some blue thread."

" You mean she was always trying to match blue thread and blue material and telling you how blue is the hardest color in the world to match and going on at length about it? " queried George eagerly.

" Yes," said the man. " Ethel had blue eyes and she insisted on wearing blue. She had an obvious mind. She was always making me do things too, shoving me into dinner clothes or tails or something. Why can't civilized women relax a little and be easy with you? "

" Weren't those native women like that with men? " asked George, coming back from inner contemplation of some problem of his own.

" No. When you were tired, they brought you something to drink, and rubbed your head and didn't chatter."

" Didn't Ethel ever relax? " asked George.

NOT much," admitted her former husband. " Even when she did—you know—sometimes at night when you sort of wanted to cuddle and pet her—oh, she was attractive all right, but—well, she always had those damned metal curlers in her hair, and just at the wrong moment one poked you in the eye. I don't know," he ended drearily, " if I could take it, after these nine years. Maybe this guy's different."

" How'd she happen to marry him? " the lawyer asked.

" Oh, she met him while she was visiting her sister here, and after I was legally dead she married him. Some one said she told him before that she was a widow and when the legal date came along she settled the estate out home. You couldn't blame her. It sounded better than being deserted."

George agreed, and the fellow added, " But I didn't mean to desert her. I'd never have had the nerve."

George looked at him speculatively. " Did Ethel throw away your bedroom slippers just after you'd got them broken down nice and soft and comfortable? "

" Yes. And she threw away a bathrobe I'd had for years before I married her."

" Was she always moving the furniture? "

" Yes— yes."

" Tell me," asked George almost in a whisper. " Did she raise the devil when you wanted to sop up a bit of gravy with some bread? "

" She got so she wouldn't give me gravy."

" I think," said George slowly—" I think I married Ethel."

The man gazed at him for one unblinking moment. " Don't tell me you're George Williams," he croaked.

George nodded. " And you're Bill Johnson."

Bill nodded too. He remembered now that the secretary had just said she'd call Judge Harrison's new partner; hadn't mentioned any name.

After that, George and Bill went around to a quiet little bar. They settled in a shadowy corner. Only Tom Chase came over.

" Wansha to meet my—my co-husban'. Call him Bill," said George affably. Bill nudged him and shook his head warningly. George turned to Tom Chase again. " Sorry, ol' man, you can't meet him. Bill's dead."

Bill bowed formally and Tom Chase retired. After a long while George knew it was time to go home. " You're coming right along an' stay with us," he insisted hospitably. " D'you think I could let my first wife's first dead husban' stay anywhere except our house? "

Bill knew how he felt. " I'd feel same 'bout you," he said, " but d'you think Ethel'll like it? "

" Ethel'll love it," George assured him. " She's always talkin' about you."

And they started home.

MEANWHILE Ethel had tapped her foot by the front window for some time. When George had not come home by six o'clock as usual, she had telephoned the office. There was no answer. Six thirty, their customary dinnertime, came and still no George. At seven, with stony dignity she told the maid that she would dine alone.

She could hear herself now saying to George, " *Bill* was always thoughtful of me. He always phoned."

It was twenty minutes of nine when she heard steps on the front porch. She started for the door.

On the way home George had insisted upon stopping at a florist's. " If I'm taking Ethel's dead husban' home, I gotta do it right," he said, and bought a lily, which he placed in Bill's hand. Bill liked the lily. He'd got used to being decorated with flowers in the jungle and he wasn't self-conscious about such things any more.

Ethel opened the door just as George was about to reach for it. " George Williams, what do you mean getting home at—" Her china-blue eyes fastened on the man with the lily.

Ethel shrieked and then she fainted. Bill, being slightly steadier than George, stuck the lily into the top of his vest and, stooping down, picked up Ethel.

They went into the living room and he put her on a lounge. They stood there, surveying her.

" She's better-looking than I remembered," said Bill.

" Better-lookin' now than I ever saw 'er," affirmed George.

" Maybe's because she's unconscious," suggested Bill. He reached over with his lily and tickled her nose.

George sat down heavily in an easy chair. Bill sank into another.

Ethel's voice came crackling through before she opened her eyes. " The very idea, Bill Johnson, of coming home at this late date, and in that condition too! " Then her eyelids fluttered and she sat up.

Her two husbands were asleep. They slept soundly, with happy smiles on their faces, all through Ethel's tirade. Finally, in a state of mixed emotion, she went upstairs to bed.

The next morning she took the situation in hand. When Bill insisted he was going back to his hotel, Ethel said—pretty mildly for Ethel, George thought—" If you think I'm going to have people in town knowing my dead husband isn't dead, you're mistaken. You are staying right in this house till I make up my mind what to do. I sent for your things early this morning."

" Oh, you did, eh? " answered Bill not too pleasantly. " How'd you know where to send? "

" I found the hotel-room key in your pocket," said Ethel.

" You went through my pockets? " exploded Bill.

Ethel said, " Certainly," and went out of the room.

" Listen, Bill," George pleaded. " Don't leave me yet. I don't know what Ethel's up to. You wait till I feel a little stronger." He was glad it was Saturday and he didn't really have to go to the office.

Bill grinned at him. " United we stand! " he said.

" United." George smiled weakly. It was all very well to be debonair when you knew you could leave. But he couldn't understand Ethel. She didn't even rave at him for bringing Bill home—said that maybe it was just as well. Of course she'd found out about Bill's being trapped in the jungle, and she'd forgiven him for still being alive. George offered politely to abdicate and give Bill his innings, and Bill had refused to hear of it. Ethel said that since George and Bill had become such friends right away, they'd all three just spend the week-end together and work things out gradually. Bill got a bit wary, but admitted that they owed Ethel something for last night, and the situation was at a deadlock. Only Ethel had a kind of happy look about her.

She had the things Bill used to like for luncheon and he ate like a horse. George stuck to tomato juice and black coffee.

At the table she said, "I know just how Lynn Fontanne felt in Strange Interlude, only she had three men and I have only two. Somehow I've always remembered that scene—you know, when they were all at a table and she looked at them and said, 'My *three* men—heh-heh-hah!'" Ethel preened herself. "My *two* men—heh-heh-hah!"

"Is that meant to be a laugh?" asked George.

"Of course," said Ethel.

"You mean it was when Fontanne did it."

I THINK Ethel does it rather well. No need to be rude about it," said Bill to George.

"Remember the imitations I used to do?" asked Ethel.

Bill remembered how they used to gripe him. "Lord, yes!" he groaned.

George shot a look at him. What right had he to use that tone to Ethel? "No need to be rude about it, as you said," he stated; "she does some of them very well."

Suddenly Ethel laughed in a kind of satisfied manner. There was something about that laugh that made George and Bill look at each other.

"Bill had some awfully interesting experiences in the jungle," said George, just to get things going better.

And then Ethel began to build Bill up. In no time at all he was an intrepid adventurer. Every now and then Ethel would cast a triumphant look at George, as much as to say, "You see what I had the first time!" Bill was pretty good-looking too. And fit—very fit. George had never been a vain man, but he felt he had his points. He noticed Bill didn't mention Lili.

It was some time later that Bill said, "Ethel, you've kept your figure awfully well."

George knew what it cost to keep her massaged down.

Ethel sort of smirked. "I don't suppose those native women down there *were* much to look at. I mean, from what I've seen in paintings and things, they look rather heavy—a bit lush, I'd say." She smoothed her hips.

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George gave a gargled laugh. "Tell her, Tarzan."

A new thought took hold of Ethel. "Bill," she wailed, "you don't mean to tell me you even noticed those native women! And *I* thought you were dead!"

"I *wasn't* dead," asserted Bill.

"To think of your ever looking at any one but me!"

"Hey, now," said Bill, "what about you and George?"

"Shut up!" barked George, getting to his feet.

"You started this," said Bill, barking back.

"Suppose I did," said George. "Ethel's *my* wife."

"She was mine first," rasped Bill.

The clouds lifted from Ethel's brow. "To think," she beamed, pleased as a kitten—"to think of you two fighting over little me!" She gave a little trill. Then suddenly she turned. "George! You've spilled cigar ashes on the rug! When you got up in such a hurry. There!" she pointed. "There!" Then she looked at Bill and pouted, "Just the same, I think you were horrid."

"Human," said Bill, grinning at her.

"Male!" flung back Ethel and flounced out of the room.

George sat staring ahead gloomily. "I'm damned if *I* know what to make of this."

"Cheer up, pal," said Bill. "I ought to be shoving off."

Ethel came back in then, sweet as pie. "Why, Bill, you promised to stay the week-end! We've so much to talk over—arrangements and all. George isn't up to it today."

Somehow Ethel got her way.

When it was time to turn in and Bill saw Ethel and George going off down the upper hall, a funny feeling came over him. "Ethel!" he called before he knew it.

"What is it, Bill?" She came toward him.

"Nothing," said Bill. "Uh—good night."

She smiled up at him. "Want something?"

"No!" Bill almost shouted, and drew back.

"Good night," said Ethel, and followed George down the hall.

Blast it! thought Bill as he brushed his teeth. Ethel knew how to be nice, also danged provocative, when she wanted to. Shame she hadn't been more like this in the old days. Still, he continued as he climbed between fresh-feeling linen sheets, they were older now—maybe more mellowed. He hadn't had a dinner like tonight's in ages. Getting acclimated to home life, was he? Oh-oh, better look out. Then he remembered the points in Ethel's eyes a time or two when he'd gone against old rules, and the way she'd sort of followed him around, setting straight instantly anything he happened to move an inch out of place. But she had held her temper in. He wondered why. She had let fly at George.

GEORGE was lying in his own bed. Ethel was going through her nightly routine of cold cream, et cetera. "You know," Ethel chuckled, "Bill was funny when we said good night, wasn't he?"

"What do you mean—funny?"

"I think he was—well, just a little jealous."

"Bosh!" grunted George. "He wasn't last night."

"But last night he wasn't himself," said Ethel.

"Then who was he?" inquired George. "Look here. The way you're treating him, any one'd think—" He stopped and gazed at her. Her face was smeared with cold cream and she was just picking up a metal curler.

"Any one would think what?" demanded Ethel blithely.

"Nothing." George cast a disillusioned glance and turned with his face to the wall.

"You know," said Ethel, "I don't believe I'll put up my hair tonight." She wiped the cold cream off her face and then went over and sat on George's bed.

"Georgie," she murmured. Her fingers trailed across his forehead.

"Say, what are you trying to do?" asked George, who hadn't had attention like that for a long time. Pretty soon he forgot she'd given him billy-o for leaving his pants crumpled up on a chair instead of hanging them up.

George and Bill met at a Sunday-noon breakfast.

"Ethel's curling her hair," explained George, "with an iron."

"You don't say!" answered Bill. He thought George looked rather smug.

A few minutes later Ethel came sailing into the room. "Bill, dear," she gleeped, "did you sleep well?" She kissed him lightly on the top of the head.

"You never used to do that," said Bill—"not after the first five weeks."

"Maybe I've learned to appreciate you," she said.

George rammed his spoon into his grapefruit and the juice squirted liberally over Ethel's negligee.

"George Williams!" she shrieked. "Will you never learn to eat grapefruit properly? Now it's spattered all over this and it takes the color right out of anything blue. I'll have an awful time matching this material."

"Ought to have an indicator on the things to tell which way they're going to squirt," growled George.

"You mean the grapefruit?" asked Bill.

"Shut up!" snapped George through set teeth. "For a dead man, you can cause a lot of trouble!"

"All right," said Bill, getting up from the table. "I'll buy Ethel a new negligee, and that settles that."

"You'll do nothing of the sort." George got up too.

"And why not?" demanded Bill.

"That's why!" said George, and socked Bill.

"Why, you little shrimp!" blazed Bill, closing in.

"Now you boys stop!" cried Ethel, unable to keep a note of pleasure out of her voice.

SOMETHING clicked in George's brain—something from the day before. At the same moment Bill said, "My heavens! This is what she's wanted all along!"

Ethel was furious. She glared at the two men, who were standing there now like brothers.

"For two cents," she snorted, "I'd go and leave you both! After all I've done for both of you—after I've given you men the best years of my life. For two—"

Bill took out a penny. "Ante up, George."

George pulled out some change, but had no penny. "Here," said Bill, adding another cent, "I'll stake you."

"This is no laughing matter," snapped Ethel, turning on a familiar record. "I'll have you know I have my own money and—" A terrible thought struck her amidbrain. "Bill!" she gasped in a stricken tone. "Bill, surely you—you wouldn't take it! You wouldn't take my last cent from me!" She turned to George. "He *couldn't*, could he? Tell me, George, he couldn't—"

George looked at Bill with a glint in his eyes. "Well, there's one way he could. I've told him—"

Ethel wailed, "You've *told* him!"

Bill stared at her critically. Where was the gentle Ethel of yesterday afternoon? "Don't worry," he said. "I'm taking the six-o'clock train this evening."

"But—but I haven't decided yet—" said Ethel.

"*You* haven't decided!" George started to speak further, choked, and sat down just as the doorbell rang.

It was a telegram. Ethel read it and looked up triumphantly. "It's from Wilbur Fessenden," she told Bill. "You remember Wilbur. He's driving through and is going to stop." She turned to George. "Wilbur always thought I was perfect. Bill took me away from him. Wilbur never married," she ended impressively. Then she looked at the telegram again. "Dear me, he's due at four thirty! I must fly." Then another thought tore at her. "Bill! What will he think, finding you here?"

"I don't know," said Bill. "Maybe I won't be here. You run along and get dressed."

George spoke to Bill: "Who is this Wilbur?"

"Wilbur," said Bill, "is a prune—a meticulous prune, who carries his loose change in a purse. Wilbur is the man who always turns up in every husband's life. When asked why he's never married, he tells of a frustrated great love. Then, when the woman is safely wed, he throws a roseate glow about her, goes to see her, and has a romantic moment—safe—and reminiscent and—inept."

"But suppose she isn't safely married?"

"Unless she is," said Bill, "he doesn't go."

Bill said he must go upstairs to pack. "Plenty of time for that," said George morosely. "Stay by me till after this Wilbur's gone. Here, have a paper." He flung him a heavy Sunday edition.

"It'll be an awful shock to Wilbur," said Bill. "He thinks I'm dead."

"He knows I'm alive," said George.

Ethel came down. She had on a really charming dress, Bill thought, except that it was the wrong shade of blue and made her eyes look paler than ever as they lit on the Sunday papers strewn about the floor. She said what she thought about that, and added, "Wilbur always said I'd be a marvelous housekeeper. I wouldn't have a thing out of place with him coming. George, help pick these up."

"I'm hanged if I will!" he blurted out. "I've stood for one, but I won't stand for two ex—ex—"

Bill laughed, "Her *three* men, heh-heh-hah!"

Ethel started to turn on the tears.

"All right, all right," said George. "I'll go out and mix a drink."

He went into the kitchen and upstairs the back way.

Bill sat in silence while Ethel, also in silence, grimly straightened up the room. The doorbell rang.

"There's Wilbur," said Bill.

Ethel faced him. "You'll have to explain this, Bill Johnson," she said. "I won't." And she started for the door.

SUDDENLY a feeling of apprehension came over Bill, a horrible aloneness, as though he were on the edge of an abyss. Where was George? He bounded out into the kitchen as Ethel opened the front door. In the kitchen there was no sign of George. Bill leaped for the back door and looked out. Down the back walk, traveling bag in hand, marched George.

Bill called, "Hey, you!" He caught up with him.

George looked guilty. "I couldn't help it, Bill. I got to thinking. You'd had nine years of freedom and—"

"That's all right, old man. Come on," said Bill.

"But your suitcase and things?" gasped George.

"Don't need 'em," said Bill. "Get more just like 'em."

George stopped, his conscience giving a final squawk. "I felt all right, leaving her with you. But this Wilbur— Maybe we oughtn't to—"

"No," said Bill. "You don't know Wilbur. He's ideal for her, and she won't let him get away—don't worry about that. He'll never move a thing out of place and he won't have nerve enough to contradict her. I should never have taken her away from him. He used to call her his bluebird."

George took off his hat and looked back at the house, then up at Bill. "Will you take me down to South America with you, Bill? Can't you use an assistant god?"

Bill gazed down at him as the light of a new moon in the twilight sky touched the beginning of a bald spot on George's head and rounded off the little paunch of his stomach. "Maybe you're not up to it, pal—but I'll take you as far as you can go," Bill promised. Then he looked at the small sickle of the young pale moon, so delicately curved, so gentle, and so silent. "I wish," he said—"I wish that I could send a telegram to Lili."

THE END

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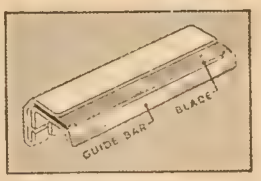

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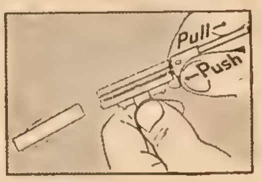

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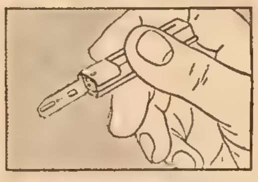

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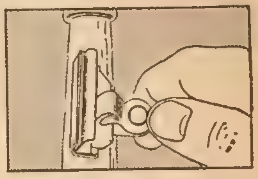

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READING TIME
12 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

### BY JOHN S. CRICHTON STUART

THE war was still a lusty infant in swaddling clothes when I turned up on the western front, attached to a Highland regiment. In those first days of 1915 I saw action, got my leave, went back for a bigger bite. The war could not last very long—so we thought.

You probably won't believe this episode. I wouldn't blame you, either; because the fact that I *am alive* after it seems a miracle to me even today.

*There's a toss o' th' sporran,*
*A swing o' th' kilt,*
*A screech frae th' pipers*
*In blood-stirrin' lilt;*
*They step out together*
*As pibroch notes swell—*
*Oh, they're bonny, braw fighters,*
*The Ladies frae Hell!*

3:15 A. M. Time they were here! They are always late. Never knew it to fail!

I am sitting on a broken artillery wheel, smoking a cigarette. It is drizzling and the fog is getting thicker.

I am a sergeant in a Highland regiment assigned to guide troops. I am to meet this regiment—the 7th Camerons of the 46th Brigade. I am to guide them into the trenches to relieve the 9th Black Watch. . . .

There is a rumble of lorries. Dark hulks move toward me. I get out to the center of the road so they can see me. They don't, and they nearly run me down. I shout. They stop. An officer swings off. Out of the darkness a cold impersonal voice calls, "I say, there! Where the devil are you? Can't see a thing—"

"Right here, sir!" I salute, unseen. "Sergeant Stuart, Brigade Headquarters. Assigned to—"

"Yes, yes, sergeant! You are to guide us through—"

"Right, sir! Beg pardon, sir . . . this road will be shelled in a short time . . ."

"Right, sergeant!"

A bevy of officers straggle over, cursing the mud.

"Get the men off the lorries at once. . . . Attention, men! *Attention!*"

With misgivings I click my heels together. It is no pipe dream about Fritz shelling this road.

The lieutenant colonel begins: "Men, I don't have to tell you where we are going—" Thank God he isn't long-winded! "We are taking over and will carry on as the 7th always does. Er—that's all! Carry on, sergeant."

The men march with bowed heads in the drizzle. The rumble of the big guns comes to us. We are slowed down by ditches or barbed wire.

We turn right at the intersection. We go off the narrow road on to a plowed field. There is a stench in the air. Dead horses. We flounder on, picking our way carefully among corpses and scattered equipment.

An officer taps my shoulder: "How much farther, my man? We don't seem to be getting anywhere."

"Possibly thirty minutes more, sir," I answer.

This is Lieutenant Leighton, an English officer formerly with the "Buffs." In the short period of our march the grapevine telegraph has told me that he is not popular with the Highlanders.

We come to barbed wire, walk along it for two hundred feet. I point out the opening. We wind through, single file, up into the communication trench.

At last we reach the position. It is almost five o'clock. The men of the Black Watch give the new men a few instructions and leave . . . glad to get out.

It is unbelievably quiet. The war seems far away. A sergeant appears, issuing instructions: "One man up for sentry duty! Keep that Lewis covered!"

A sniper's rifle cracks, and we flop down in the mud.

It is dawn now. A ration carrier will be along soon. That's what I am waiting for . . . food!

Eventually the ration carrier comes into the bay of the trench and dumps a sand bag filled with grub at our feet. A tall rawboned Scot spreads a rubber sheet on the firing step; empties the food on the sheet. We eat.

The fog lifts. The sun shines wanly. Before us there is an array of wire posts. The wet earth stinks.

"Well, good-by, boys!" I say. "The best of luck!"

I turn and walk full tilt into some one coming in.

"You clumsy fool!" Lieutenant Leighton flares at me.

"Sorry, sir!" I mutter.

I pick my way along the trench; salute the C. O.

"Yes; what is it, sergeant?"

"Any further orders, sir?" I ask. "I'm on my way back to Brigade Headquarters."

"No, sergeant. Just my compliments to the brigade."

Back into the long irregular communication trench, under the wire, and out into the open field. I see a battalion coming. They are at the crossroads.

Out of nowhere a long-drawn hiss and wail . . . a tremendous snarling explosion overhead . . . a hail of steel.

Confusion. Horses rear. Drivers shout hoarsely. Vivid flashes. The battalion of "bantam" Highlanders comes running toward me, led by a major.

I point to the communication trench. They move in. They are the 12th Highland Light Infantry.

It would be suicide to attempt to go back to Brigade Headquarters now. I follow them up the trench.

There is a blinding flash. Concussion throws me down. Others are wallowing before me, behind me. A Highlander beside me is praying: "Dear God, please God, don't let it hit me!" He is crying. My ears and nose are bleeding from the force of the concussion. A shell lands in the turn of the

trench. Screams. Pieces of flesh spatter. The major has vanished. So has the parapet on my left.

A captain rises, shouting. " Come on, men! Come—" His face seems to dissolve in a red smear.

A tall young officer, hands outstretched, is screaming, " I can't see! I can't see! " I shout at him: " Get down! Down! " My voice is unheard. He goes on.

There comes a rushing, whistling crescendo. " Wheeee-*ee!* " A terrific blast. A hail of whizzing metal, rocks, dirt, splintered wood, torn flesh.

I look up cautiously. A few yards beyond the blasted parapet are the head and shoulders of the blind young officer, propped up like a bust in a museum.

I tell myself I must get away from this section. Sluggishly I begin to move to the head of the battered column. I slap men as I go by, shouting, " Come on! Get up! They've the range on this spot! *Come on!* "

Men, here and there, begin to move. I crawl into the bay. All along the line the men are standing to.

Captain MacKenzie comes in. " Where did you . . . Oh! You're the guide! Couldn't get back? "

" No, sir."

" Want to stick it out with us here? " he asks.

" Ladies from Hell " at the front. Circle: The author.

Close-up of death! The story of twenty-four fearful hours . . . A flaming record of reasons why men pray for peace in our time

" Yes, sir," I say. " Might as well." Which is a fact.

" Fine, sergeant, fine! Glad to have you." He turns to go. " I'll notify the C. O. Your name is—"

I give it, and thank him.

The day drags on. Night falls. In the enemy lines a rocket flares. Another. The big guns begin to blaze. The world becomes an inferno of screaming steel.

We cower, shuddering.

It ends. The machine-gun and rifle fire, too, die away. We are sitting in the bay, exhausted. We smoke.

Captain MacKenzie comes by. " Post a man with the Lewis, sergeant, and take the others down in the dugout. Thirty minutes past midnight is zero."

Wallace wants to take the first trick. We others go down into the dugout. The guns begin again. A shell hits the entrance of the dugout. By red flashes I see Wilkinshaw huddled in the corner, retching. Grant leans his head against the wall and closes his eyes.

Lieutenant Leighton's voice booms down: " You men down there—get up here! *Stand to!* "

Almost zero hour. The seconds tick slowly on.

Suddenly behind us there is a terrific roar—our own artillery. Before us, in the German lines, *Minenwerfers* sail high in the sky, fishtails gleaming. *Pung!* They burst in a blaze of red, hover a moment, and fall, searching out any movement between the lines.

The lieutenant blows his whistle. Our fingers claw at the trench wall. A sway of kilts, and we are over.

Down the line on my right Highlanders are advancing, rifles at ready. Wilkinshaw tries to help Wallace with the Lewis, but Wallace waves him off. Machine gunners are funny that way. On my left is Grant.

We advance for fifty yards without drawing any fire. We reach a trench. Take our positions. Wallace sets up the Lewis gun. Wilkinshaw feeds him ammunition. Beside me, Grant shudders, whimpers with pain. It is his right shoulder. It doesn't look bad.

The Lewis gun is suddenly quiet. Wallace lies quivering. Wilkinshaw bends over him. I motion to Grant to feed me the pans while I work the gun.

The Germans stop coming.

I am shaking. Grant's shoulder has become stiff. I tell him to try and get back to our lines. He starts to climb over the parado when the lieutenant appears.

" You, there! No one leaves his post! Get back! "

Grant says viciously, " Ye canna stop me! "

The lieutenant reaches for his pistol. " Now, then, you yellow-livered rat, get back to your post! "

I step down. " I told him to go back, sir. He's—"

The officer wheels sharply. " Who asked you to—"

Grant has dug for his own pistol. He empties it into the lieutenant's back. Leighton falls. Wilkinshaw laughs hysterically—then suddenly slumps, clutching at his throat. I bend over him.

He whispers, " I never had a white tunic or a red one. I dinna want—tae—keel—people. I hate war—"

His head flops down on his chest. His hands relax.

Grant is gone.

It is quiet out there now, except for shrieks of wounded men. I feel weak—weak and gnawingly hungry.

Captain MacKenzie comes into the bay. " Gad, sergeant! " he cries. " You're all alone! Great work! " He pats me on the back. Pulls out a bottle of rum. " That'll make you feel better. I'll send down a relief. We're going in farther. The Aussies are behind us."

In time I hear voices. *My relief!*

" How-ye, sergeant? " one man says. " Say, d'ye ken ye're goin' tae be recommended for the Cross for stickin' tae yer post here alone? The captain was talkin' aboot it. Too bad aboot Grant. Sniper got him."

I say nothing and walk wearily down the trench.

Footsteps behind me. Running. A dispatch bearer. He asks for Captain MacKenzie. I point down the trench.

" Orders to move up—in a few minutes! " he shouts.

I stand beside the captain. Behind us the artillery begins to pound the enemy's front line. MacKenzie is looking at his watch. He puts the whistle to his lips.

The trench is deep. We begin climbing over into the field. The captain waits, then moves ahead.

Bayonets hip-high, the Highlanders trot on the heels of the gouging barrage. Men begin to fall. We advance a hundred yards and stop. A shell bursts in the air. *Shrapnel!*

We hug the earth. A man shrieks, wounded. The captain leaps up, waves his hand, shouts, "Come on!"

We move ahead—those of us who can. We reach the enemy front line. It is pounded to pieces. We dash down the trench, seeking to kill. A few miserable cowed Germans shout, "*Kamerad!*"

We move on. Captain MacKenzie falls. Lies still.

I keep going. No other thought but to keep going. My legs are automatons. Going. Going . . .

*Counterattack!*

I feel warm liquid running down my left side. Dizzy. Stumble into a hole. Fight hard to keep consciousness, to plod on. I feel my body sliding down a steep incline, down into . . . nothing. . . .

I open my eyes. I am in a shell hole. Voices filter into my consciousness. German voices.

My limp body is turned over with the toe of a boot. I feel myself being lifted—none too gently. Next I am being carried by stretcher-bearers.

Chemicals. Dressing station. I am made to stand. The German doctor bathes my wound. It stings. Burns. He punctures my thigh with a needle, against tetanus. An orderly bandages my left side.

I am led along the edge of the woods. There are four other prisoners, men from an English regiment. Finally we reach a guarded shack on the edge of the woods. Inside are eight more prisoners.

There are no chairs, and I sink wearily to the floor.

"Son, y' look a bloody sight!" a cockney comments.

A *Feldwebel* comes in. Eying me, he says, "*Kommen sie!*" I rise with difficulty. I feel myself being pushed. We enter the courtyard through a wooden gate. The windows of the house are broken.

Shoved roughly inside, I find myself facing a long table. Three officers are seated opposite. Another is standing with his arms folded. He steps closer to me.

He says in English, "Just answer a few questions, please. You are a sergeant of what regiment?"

"Seventh Camerons," I answer. He looks puzzled, consults a small map.

There is a crash. Plaster falls from the ceiling.

"That is the 15th Scottish Division, *nicht wahr?*"

"Yes," I say.

"What troops are in the reserve?"

"I don't know."

"What troops are supporting you on the right?"

"I don't know."

They keep prodding me with questions. At last the heavy-set officer seated in the center rises angrily. "*Du verdammter Teufel!* You Highlanders are worse than the Senegalese! And *we* are called barbarians!"

The shelling continues. The house shakes.

A mud-bespattered officer enters:

"Enemy troops massed for an attack!"

The seated officers rise, salute him, rush out!

As I return into the shack, the cockney grunts: "Gorblimey, 'e's back—Scotty's back!"

"Eeeh—ee—*eeeh!*" The song of a shell. We all duck instinctively. I scramble to my feet. Rush to the door. Open it. Step out into the courtyard.

The guard says nothing. He is frightened. The little cockney is on my heels. He pauses at the door.

I walk toward the end of the shack, stop in my tracks as again I hear that "Eeeh-ee-*eeeh!*"

The cockney cries out. Through habit, I hit the earth, as far away from the house as I can slide. There is a terrific crash. Everything is blotted out. . . .

I awake. It seems hours later. Everything is deathly still. I look around. My head throbs painfully. The shack has been blown apart like a house of cards.

In my returning consciousness I hear the thunder of shells. Far away. I hear men marching.

Now I see them. Turned-up hats. Khaki—*not gray!* Why—why—*they're Australians*. . . .

A sergeant bends over me.

"Easy now," he says. "Easy, me lad. Easy!"

He calls out and beckons: "Hey, stretcher!"

THE END

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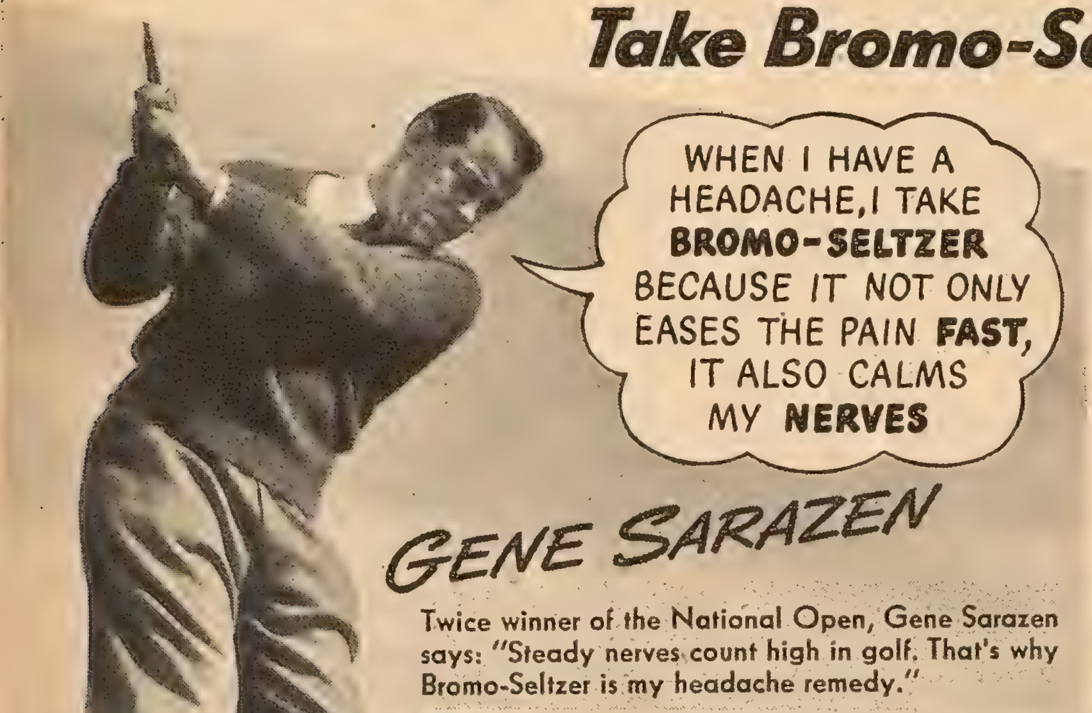
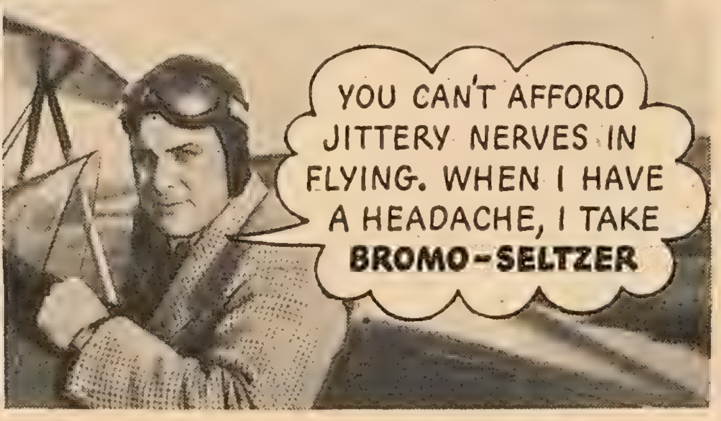
Take Bromo-Seltzer. Millions do!



WHEN I HAVE A HEADACHE, I TAKE BROMO-SELTZER BECAUSE IT NOT ONLY EASES THE PAIN FAST, IT ALSO CALMS MY NERVES

GENE SARAZEN

Twice winner of the National Open, Gene Sarazen says: "Steady nerves count high in golf. That's why Bromo-Seltzer is my headache remedy."



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CARL G. TRIEST, oil executive, one of the few private fliers in this country who has a transport license.

WITH A HEADACHE, your nervous system is disturbed. You feel irritable, nervous, depressed. That's why headache is best treated with a special kind of remedy—made to do at least 2 things . . . relieve *pain* and steady your *nerves*.

Bromo-Seltzer does both. Tests by a group of doctors have proved this. Take Bromo-Seltzer—your headache is relieved quickly and you feel steadier, less dragged down.

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BROMO-SELTZER

for HEADACHES

EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

# JESSE JAMES RIDES AGAIN

## The movies and Mr. Power give you a renowned desperado in the guise of a rustic Robin Hood

## BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, January 25. The winner will be announced in the issue of March 4.

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### ★★★½ JESSE JAMES

THE PLAYERS: Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, Nancy Kelly, Brian Donlevy, Henry Hull, Randolph Scott, Jane Darwell, Walter Brennan, John Carradine, J. Edward Bromberg, Douglas Fowley, Donald Meek. Original screen play by Nunnally Johnson. Directed by Henry King. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.

IN this epic of the Missouri lad who turned bank robbery into an art we have an important milestone in the progress of Tyrone Power. The Twentieth Century-Fox studios spent $2,000,000 recreating Jesse James in technicolor. Actually Tyrone appeared in $10,000,000 worth of films during 1938, running the gamut from Suez and Versailles to the Ozarks.

The film alibis Jesse's penchant for taking what he wanted. Here he's a law-abiding farmer boy who turns hick Robin Hood when he can't get justice in the primitive backwoods courts. In fact, a land agent tries to hornswoggle Jesse and Frank James out of their farm, and in no time at all the boys are riding to fame in song and frontier history.

Director Henry King took a whole company to Pineville, Missouri, on the Elk River, just north of the Arkansas line, last August. Pineville plays the role of Liberty, Missouri. Those were exciting days in the Ozarks. The townfolk grew beards and played extras in the film, practically everybody went off relief, the railroads and bus lines ran excursions, the roads were jammed with cars. Some 30,000 came to gaze. The film company stayed at the hotel at Noel, Missouri, on the railroad. Noel has a normal population of 467. The local stores ran short of everything salable; the temperature hovered around 100 with grease paint a-runnin'. The Ozarkians stared in the Commercial Hotel window when Director King talked with Hollywood over the teletype o' nights. The Ozark country won't forget the excitement for a long time to come.

Probably you'll adore Tyrone's Jesse, although they do say he had no end of trouble snapping his two six-shooters out of holsters worn under his arms, as—whisper—they didn't wear 'em in those days. This Jesse, we regret to report, never would have lived to get his first bank teller. The film cutter has fixed all this, of course.

Pretty Nancy Kelly is Zerelda Mimms, idol of Jesse's heart and the first cousin he courted for nine years. Henry Fonda is Frank, Jesse's brother in crime or nobility, whichever way you are fittin' to consider it. And there's a strong cast all the way to John Carradine as the traitor, Bob Ford, "the dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard and laid poor Jesse in his grave."

The Inside Dope: Here is a picturesque fabrication of the Missouri border bandits. You probably will like Tyrone Power as the lad who rode hard and recklessly, who never drank, smoked, or chewed, who died at thirty-five, at once a hero and a desperado.

Bad Man Power and Nancy Kelly.

### ★★★ PACIFIC LINER

THE PLAYERS: Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris, Wendy Barrie, Barry Fitzgerald, Alan Hale, Allan Lane, Paul Guilfoyle, John Wray, Walter Miller, Douglas Walton, Arthur Loft, Halliwell Hobbes. Screen play by John Twist from a story by Anthony Coldeway and Henry Robert Symonds. Directed by Lew Landers. Produced by RKO-Radio.

THE trans-Pacific liner, S. S. Arcturus, plows its way from Shanghai to Frisco. Below decks the dread Asiatic cholera is sweeping. Up in the grand salon the passengers know nothing of the fear, the hysteria, the brooding mutiny below in the engine room.

Only the tough chief engineer (Victor McLaglen) and a cool, courageous doctor (Chester Morris) who specializes in tropical diseases when he isn't obeying the *Wanderlust* impulse stand between the horror of the hold and the swank of first class. Then, of course, there's the brave little ship's nurse (Wendy Barrie).

You can guess the rest. It's two-fisted melodrama, with the swaggering, hard-driving chief engineer holding the mutineers at bay, even when he can scarcely stand, what with illness getting him, too. The engine room is crowded with high-priced character actors. There's Barry Fitzgerald, not so long ago of the Dublin Abbey players, portraying a cockney wiper. There's Alan Hale battling McLaglen in three hot combats, and there's Paul Guilfoyle as an insolent mutineer.

Gunner Olsen, seaman extraordinary, was hired to show the high-priced stokers the right way to shovel coal. RKO couldn't find a Chinese character actor to do a coolie with the cholera, so a Japanese thespian, Miki Morita, plays the part.

Probably you know that Chester Morris is a member in good standing of the National Society of Magicians. Once they used to laugh when Chester said he could take a rabbit out of a hat. Now he's a joy around the set, pulling silver dollars out of prop boys' ears. Vic McLaglen devotes his off-screen attention to his twelve-acre farm at La Canada.

Wendy Barrie ought to feel at home on the Pacific liner. She was born in Hong Kong.

The Inside Dope: Hard-boiled

GET WISE, GUY!
Poisonous
FATIGUE ACIDS
make Muscles SORE!

For Quick Relief:

–Flush them out!

NOTHING SMART about putting up with sore, aching muscles. Just get after those poisonous fatigue acids that settle in muscles after strenuous exercise—make them swell and ache. Absorbine Jr.'s the ticket! Accepted laboratory tests proved it speeds the blood through muscles to flush out the acids. Works *fast* to get you feeling limber—fit again. Splash it on after exercise and 2 or 3 times a day. At all druggists, $1.25. Free sample—Write W. F. Young, Inc., 360 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also for Athlete's Foot—Sprains—Bruises

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COUGHS...

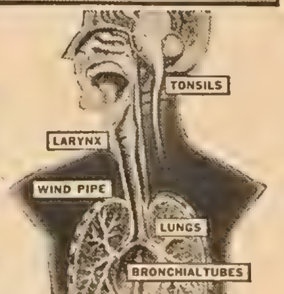
*Here's Why You Cough . . .*

WHEN YOU CATCH COLD

1 Congestion results and the tiny glands in your throat and windpipe cease to work properly.

2 The secretions of these glands often turn to heavy, clinging phlegm.

3 This sticky phlegm irritates your throat and you cough.



*How PERTUSSIN Relieves Coughs—*

1 Pertussin, an herbal syrup, stimulates the glands in your throat to pour out their natural moisture.

2 Then that sticky, irritating phlegm is loosened, and easily "raised" and expelled.

3 Your throat is soothed and your cough relieved quickly and safely by the Pertussin "Moist-Throat" Method.

PLEASANT AND QUICK FOR YOUNG AND OLD AS PROVED BY MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED

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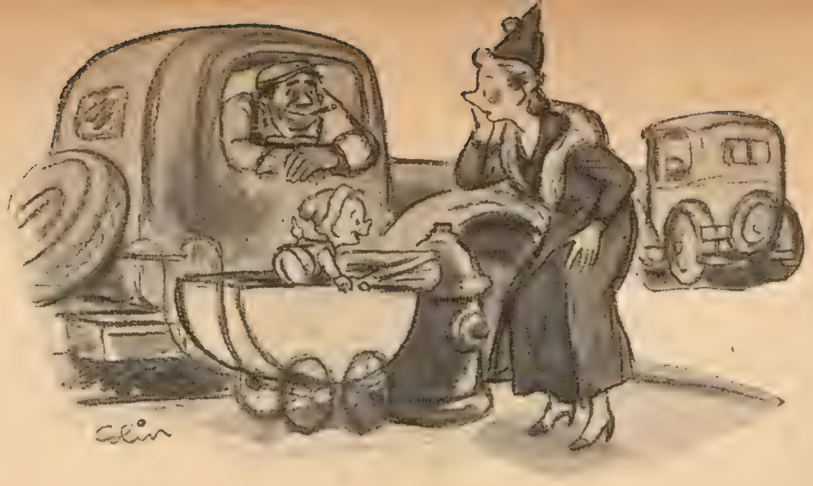
PRESCRIBED BY MANY DOCTORS FOR 30 YEARS



" Boy-oh-boy-oh-boy! Am I loin-in' how t' talk! "

melodrama with cholera as the villain. 'Ard-'itting Victor McLaglen tops a 'andsome cast.

### ★★½ PARIS HONEYMOON

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, Franciska Gaal, Akim Tamiroff, Ben Blue, Edward Everett Horton, Shirley Ross, Gregory Gaye, Rafaela Ottiano, Keith Kenneth. Screen play by Frank Butler and Don Hartman from a story by Angela Sherwood. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Produced by Paramount.

THIS is a bit of a departure for Harry Lillis Crosby, otherwise Bing, the crooner. Here he is a wealthy Westerner—he's hit a rich lode in a gold mine—about to wed a wise society bud. At the last second it develops that the girl's Paris divorce is being held up and everybody goes over to find out why. Once there, the Westerner falls in love with a little peasant girl.

Mr. Crosby sings and exerts his informal dramatic wiles on the role of Lucky Lawton, while Franciska Gaal, the Budapest charmer who hasn't done much since Cecil De Mille's The Buccaneer, is the Balkan beauty. For comedy there's Akim Tamiroff, Edward Everett Horton, and Ben Blue.

The Inside Dope: Not likely to top Crosby's Sing You Sinners. And gypsy backgrounds always curdle our viewpoint.

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the December 10 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Mrs. Charles Boone, 136 Chestnut Street, Rutherford, New Jersey, for her review of Out West with the Hardys.

### FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

The pictures are classified according to the reviewer's prediction. The figures in parentheses after a picture title show the final classification by Liberty's reviewer and the consensus of our readers' ratings.

★★★★—That Certain Age (4, 4), Suez (3, 3½), You Can't Take It with You (4, 4), Men with Wings (3½, 3½), Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—Walt Disney's Shorts (3½, 3½), Sweethearts, If I Were King (3½, 3½), The Great Waltz (3½, 3½), The Sisters (4, 3½), Spawn of the North (3½,—), The Lady Vanishes (3½—), Four Daughters.

★★★—Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky, Stand Up and Fight, Pygmalion (3, —), The Great Man Votes, Gunga Din, Christmas Carol (2,—), Trade Winds, Dawn Patrol (3,—), Out West with the Hardys (3,—), Submarine Patrol (3, 3), Dramatic School (3, 3), Just Around the Corner (3, 3), Angels with Dirty Faces (3½, 3½), The Shining Hour (3, 3), Sixty Glorious Years (3, 3), The Cowboy and the Lady (3, 3), Gangster's Boy (3, 2½), Brother Rat (3, 3), The Arkansas Traveler (3, 3), Mr. Wong Detective (3, 2½), There Goes My Heart (3, 3), Service de Luxe (3, 3), Room Service (3, 3), Garden of the Moon (3, 3), Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel.

## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 14

1—Otis Skinner.

2—Pure white.

3—The penguin.

4—Herbert George Wells.

5—The Angora goat.

6—West Virginia. The 1938-39 tags are black on yellow; those for 1939-40 are yellow on black.

7—February 2.

8—Three thousand; 1 Kings 4:32—"And he spake three thousand proverbs."

9—A pipe. He is said to have been taught to smoke an Indian pipe in 1586 by Governor Ralph Lane of Virginia.

10—A midshipman.

11—Twentynine Palms.

12—Ethel Barrymore.

13—The Netherlands.

14—The Stars and Stripes.

15—Irving Berlin.

16—Gottlieb Daimler, a German.

17—King Louis XIV.

18—No (hummingbirds hunt insects among flowers).

19—The two dogwatches (from 4 to 6 P. M. and from 6 to 8 P. M.).

20—

Henry VIII.

# POLICE AND PRESS

## AN INVINCIBLE PARTNERSHIP

### What next in the fight on crime? Here is plain talk—and a challenge to ten per cent of America's publications

### BY FULTON OURSLER

EDITOR OF LIBERTY

Extracts from a speech delivered before the 1938 graduating class of the Police Academy of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., November 19, 1938.

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WE can all remember the time when the outlook for law enforcement in the United States was dark indeed. An actual revolution was taking place before our eyes. The underworld seemed about to take control. In those days good citizens prayed for a leader. We needed a man who could gather up all the forces for good and unite them under one banner. And before it was too late we recognized a new leader. We saw crowned with success the magnificent efforts of this faithful and courageous man. He brought together the greatest single organization for law enforcement in the whole history of crime. He drew upon all science, all knowledge, to build up a great and unbeatable police instrument. He turned back a tide of evil and re-established public confidence in law and order. He took fear away from the people and gave them back courage. His name, needless to say, was J. Edgar Hoover.

My admiration for my friend Mr. Hoover as a great police officer, a practical criminologist, and a true leader in crime prevention knows no bounds. Nothing that he has done fills me with greater enthusiasm than the work of that greatest of all schools in its field, the Police Academy of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The Academy's graduates are equipped for their jobs. Nowhere else in the world are men so well trained. A year and a half ago, in Shanghai, the Chief of Police in the International Settlement, Major Gerrard, said to me:

"I wish I could have gone to such a school. J. Edgar Hoover—there's the noblest Roman of them all."

Again, only a few months ago, Russell Pasha, Police Chief in Cairo, said to me that Mr. Hoover had established a standard for police practice all over the world.

For anything essentially new on the subject of crime and its detection, it would be necessary to turn to Mr. Hoover and the men he has trained. But I can, from my experience as a newspaperman and as a magazine editor, discuss co-operation between the press and the police.

I believe that in the partnership of police and press we have an invincible combination against crime.

This partnership exists now. It has already worked great good. My purpose is to strengthen it into a mightier force that, used to the full, can turn the underworld into a wilderness as barren as the moon.

I go back to an old belief of mine that we are in a kind of civil war between the law-abiding and the lawless. In such a war there can be no neutrality. The police are the standing army of the law-abiding. The newspapers and the magazines are behind that army. We have won some great battles. The whole war can be won much more quickly by an intensified co-operation of police and press. The American press can help—and has helped—in solving crimes and in capturing criminals. It can and will help in building up wider respect for law enforcement, and it can further help that greatest of opportunities for public service—crime prevention.

What I have said is true of ninety per cent of American newspapers and magazines. It is not true of the remaining don't-give-a-damn ten per cent. That irresponsible minority do not, however, present a problem that cannot be solved. The truth is that the newspaper and magazine profession is made up of brilliant, self-respecting men and women, eager to do a constructive job—men and women to whom law enforcers can look for positive aid.

Yet American newspapers and magazines can do more than they have done. I am not one of those unrealistic persons who believe crime news should be suppressed. I believe crime should be given the greatest possible publicity. Intelligent, responsible publication of crime news—the facts, presented with the right emphasis—is a weapon of unequaled force to stir the community to a sense of civic outrage, of wrath and resolve. That is what is needed in America today more than anything else.

All newspapers stand behind law enforcement in the editorial columns. The field for improvement lies in the news columns. Let us start with the way in which some newspapers depict the criminal lawyer—or, better, let us call him the "lawyer-criminal"; the "mouthpiece" of the crook. We all know that one of the law's worst enemies is this traitor in its ranks. There will always be such traitors; but one way for newspapers to help the police is for them to show the lawyer-criminal to the public in his true colors. Certainly some one should act, and the American Bar Association has been very slow to take notice. Its president was astounded at the neglect. He said: "We know that we do have some in our ranks whose activities are a continuing menace to decent society, and that the bar as a whole has been strangely apathetic concerning them, to say the least."

And Thomas J. Courtney, State's Attorney of Chicago and Cook County, Illinois, said this:

"Imagine a community stricken with a great epidemic. Suppose, in the midst of the life-and-death battle, some of the physicians exploited the situation by helping to spread the disease for their own financial advantage. Then, to keep this simile, picture the rest of those physicians engaged in the conflict apathetically countenancing the dastardly acts of their fellows. But see what actually does exist in the legal profession—and little or nothing is being done about it!"

They tell me that once a lie detector was used on a lawyer-criminal, and the machine showed that he was lying even when he wasn't talking.

Now, when I attack lawyer-criminals, do I mean that an accused man is not entitled to an attorney? Of course no responsible person could mean anything of the kind. An accused man has a right to be represented by counsel and to be presumed innocent until he is proved guilty. But no lawyer has the right to use his knowledge of the law to guide practicing criminals and keep them safely out of jail while they continue to prey on their fellow men. No lawyer should be allowed to continue a career of bribery, corruption, intimidation, foul and scandalous devices, to free clients he knows perfectly well are guilty. Yet such lawyers are allowed to continue their practice.

It will help to unify public opinion against crime if, in the news stories which are written, the note of admiration for the prowess of such legal Judases is deleted. Why call a man a brilliant trial lawyer when he is nothing but a crook working to help the underworld? Why dramatize, as skillful effort, snide little courtroom tricks? Why not, instead, throw the spotlight on the victims of such hocus-pocus—the citizens, husbands, wives, and children—in the interest of justice and security?

IT may reasonably be argued that the only duty of the news editors and writers is factual reporting. But today all newspapers dramatize such stories—and the lawyer for the defense is too often the leading man of the piece. Newspapermen know skulduggery when they see it. They can make their readers see it if they will.

Again, newspapers can make clear to the public the courage it takes for a witness to tell the truth against the fear of gangland's reprisals. They can throw the spotlight of community gratitude toward jurors who convict in the face of threats and bribes from the underworld. The people generally do not know of these things. Yet it is no secret that juries are intimidated. It is a tribute to human decency that many a juror's wife says no to a most tempting bribe, offered for her influence on her husband in behalf of the public enemy on trial, and reinforced with an implied threat to harm her children.

Such a wife is a heroine! And the point is the very thing I have in mind in urging that the newspapers make heroes and heroines of good citizens, not of bad ones.

Again, the newspapers can work for a greater control of firearms. Disarmament should begin at home. They can help by urging more local police officers to attend the F. B. I. Police Academy and learn the latest word in effective technique.

They can help to break down public antagonism against universal fingerprinting; for the day is coming when everybody will be proud to be fingerprinted.

These are by no means all the ways in which the press and the police can work together.

Some years ago I hit upon the idea of publishing a rogues' gallery of fugitives and offering a reward—putting a price on the heads of the rogues, a price that our publisher, Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, promptly agreed to pay. We tried the experiment first with one man. He was Fred Burke, wanted for the infamous St. Valentine's Day massacre in Chicago. We published his picture in our True Detective Mysteries Magazine with a caption reading something like this:

"If you see this man, call a policeman; and we will pay you one hundred dollars."

Within one week he was spotted by one of our readers. Now he is serving a life sentence.

THUS encouraged, we began the publication monthly of eight such photographs, supplied to us through the co-operation of police chiefs all over the United States. To date, we have captured, through these magazines, two hundred and thirty-three fugitives. They were gangsters, murderers, confidence men, thieves, rapists, counterfeiters, sex maniacs, and other dangerous men and women. Our rewards have totaled over twenty-three thousand dollars. Some of the crimes that we have solved in this way could hardly have been solved in any other way. One of those we captured, as is generally known, was the notorious "Pretty Boy" Floyd. His last words when the Department of Justice man reached him, after he had been shot down, were:

"Who in hell tipped you?"

I guess Floyd never read our magazines. If he had he might have learned the lesson that the police and the press, working together, will always get their man.

But there is another side of Floyd's case which has never been told. Some months before we helped to capture him, I received this letter from a judge:

"I have lived in Oklahoma almost a half century, and I happen to know Pretty Boy Floyd, Wilbur Underhill, Bob Brady, Jim Cragg, and a great many other of the outlaws who, through their misconduct and *daring deeds* [note the admiration of the judge for these so-called daring deeds] in bank robberies, etc., acquired a national reputation. I am at this time judge of the —— judicial district of this state and have been on the bench for the past seven years. I am in a position to get direct from Wilbur Underhill, who is now wanted in several states in the United States, a complete history of his life from him, and I am certain I can get the history of Pretty Boy Floyd's life. I am writing to ascertain whether or not you would be interested in printing these histories, and if so, give me some idea of what such a history would be worth to your magazine."

Had the honorable judge addressed his letter to any newspaper or magazine of the don't-give-a-damn ten per cent, the story of Pretty Boy Floyd and his "daring deeds" might have been spread still further for the inspiration of growing American boys.

It has been a tradition among news editors that the function of the press is to print the news, and when this is done, responsibility and duty end. In days not so long ago it was the boast of many editors:

"We're not policemen! We're newspapermen. Sure, if that crook will give us the news, we'll keep his confidence."

Any one can see on the horizon today the death of this tradition. There is a growing social conscience of the working press. All editors are more willing today, provided they can be relieved of competitive pressure, to count the cost of the scoop to humanity when it forewarns the criminal.

But, while contemplating the sins of the press, we must keep it in mind that a lot of the blame lies square on the shoulders of certain types of police. The detective looking for glory is often just as guilty as the reporter looking for a story.

Let me cite two or three counts in the indictment against the hooligan element in journalism.

There is the case of some friends of mine—a famous man and his about equally famous wife—who adopted a child. When this couple, hearts full of happiness, brought their tiny youngster home, they said to themselves: "We don't want to advertise our little boy to possible kidnapers." So, when the cameramen came, the foster parents met them and tried to beg off. They told the cameramen just why they did not want pictures of their little boy published.

And what happened? The cameramen went off and complotted revenge. They got even! They tracked down where the child came from. They got its birth certificate. They photographed that. They published that. I hope they are proud of their revenge on a baby. A part of the freedom of American citizenship is the right to privacy—and that right is just as precious as the right of a free press. In any decent relationship there can be no real conflict between them.

Also, I accuse the don't-give-a-damn ten per cent of maudlin sentimentality for gangsters and killers.

In a cage sits a man. He is a paying teller. He is also a husband and a father. Bank robbers come in, and presently the man in the cage is a corpse. A little newspaper space is given to the tragedy, but seldom is it very much. The don't-give-a-damn sentimentalists are not used on jobs like that unless news is dull. But see what happens when the bank robbers are caught. Then the whole lachrymose squad is let loose to wet-nurse the killers. Their names may be John Jones and William Smith. But not for long! After the ten-per-cent crowd gets busy, they are "Johnny" and "Billy" in the headlines, "Johnny" and "Billy" to all growing boys hesitating on the border line between the good life and the bad life.

YOU have seen it work. Hauptmann became "Bruno"! The Millens, two of the deadliest monsters of crime I ever saw, were "the boys" in the headlines. It was "Pretty Boy Floyd"; it was "Baby-Face Nelson." Scoundrels all, but known by cordial diminutives through the writings of phony sentimentalists.

Such stories prejudice potential jurors; they arouse a hysteria of sympathy for brutal killers; they put the state on trial instead of the prisoners.

There was a girl bandit under arrest some years ago. I have no wish to resurrect her name. No sooner was she behind prison bars awaiting trial than her attorney made a deal with a newspaper editor. That attorney took a girl reporter into the cell, thereby violating a court order. He sneaked her in as his secretary. That's how the girl reporter got the "self-told" life story of the lady, to be paraded in headlines on the front page, every word of it designed to affect the minds of potential jurors and to defeat the ends of justice.

I knew the lawyer who pulled that

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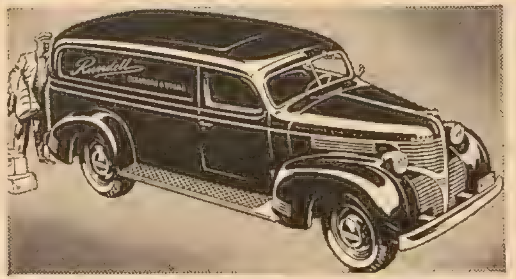

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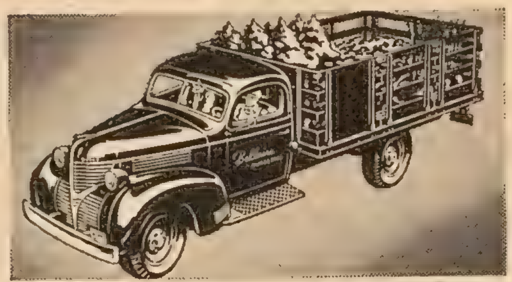

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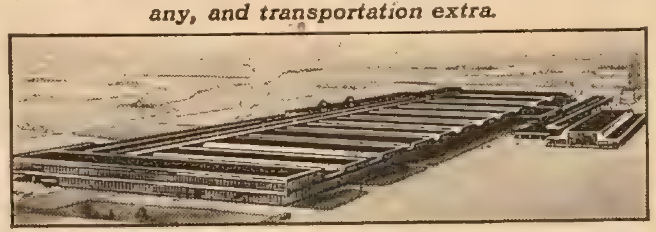

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5 **BRAKES**—Dodge has genuine hydraulic type, fully equalized, stop quick yet save tires and brake linings.

NEW LOWER PRICES... EASY BUDGET TERMS

trick, and I knew the editor who helped him do it. The editor said to me in justification:

"The underworld reads my paper. I please my readers."

All newspaper and magazine men need occasionally to be reminded of their own power. Stated in other terms, the problem is to make the don't-give-a-damn crowd give a damn!

Think of what happened in the case of the little Levine boy in Westchester County, New York. A child was kidnaped and held for ransom. The family wanted to keep everything quiet, so that they could pay the ransom and get the child back. F. B. I. agents stood by, waiting. And then came a ring of the telephone bell. A voice at the other end of a wire told the unhappy father that here was the kidnaper, ready to talk terms. The father talked terms. The voice at the other end of the wire promised to call again.

Ten minutes later the bell rang a second time. But this time the message was different:

"This is the guy that talked to you a minute ago. Mr. X, I called myself. I don't want to arouse any foolish ideas in your mind. I wanted to get some information that we couldn't get any other way, so I asked you some questions." He gave his name—a newspaperman. Presently the newspaper was on the street with the story.

A dastardly and cowardly hoax! A cruel, an indefensible trick! And what did it get? For the newspaper, a story, a headline, more papers sold! For Mr. Levine? Did it help him get his boy back? It did not! The headless little body was found floating in Long Island Sound. No story is worth the risk of a child's life.

SUCH flagrant abuses are a danger to the principle of a free press. I abhor the thought of censorship as I do smallpox. There never has been an intelligent censorship. There never has been an honest censorship. There never has been a liberal censorship. But no lover of free press will deny that such a precious right must carry with it a full sense of responsibility. I charge that the ten per cent don't-give-a-damn newspapers are the greatest single menace to a free press that this country knows today. If censorship ever does come to the American press, it will come because of stupid or conscienceless excesses, committed in the name of freedom.

We do not need laws to reform these conditions. We need agreement on general practice between police and the decent ninety per cent of our publications. The rest will follow automatically.

The need for a technique of partnership between press and police is illustrated in Tacoma, Washington, today. There, if reports are to be believed, we have a direct clash between police and press. This had its inception in the kidnaping and murder of the Weyerhaeuser boy. The Tacoma Chamber of Commerce publicly charged the press with "gross mistakes that many persons believe may have prevented the return of the child unharmed."

Tacoma's Chief of Police a few weeks ago issued an order forbidding any member of his force to talk about, or show records of, serious crimes to newspapers. He then assigned an inspector to hand out legitimate news at daily conferences. Perhaps his measure was too drastic. But he is on the way to a sensible solution.

PERHAPS we are on the way to a plan in which I have long believed—a new office in a police department, that of Public Relations Officer. This office should be maintained twenty-four hours a day in the police headquarters in each city. The Chief of Police should arrange that all developments in every crime reported should be immediately placed in the hands of this officer. The officer would be aware of the value of the clues and information in the hands of the police and of the danger or safety in their publication. Hourly, if necessary, he could make available bulletins of new developments, and release for the press such information as would not interfere with police work.

With the new temper of the press, which I sense strongly, I believe such a plan would be welcomed. No doubt it can be greatly improved. In any event, the time is here for greater co-operation between press and police than ever before.

To quote a man who knows, a man who has been at once the inspirer and upholder of the great Federal Bureau of Investigation, and a real student of criminology—my friend Homer S. Cummings, Attorney General of the U. S. A.:

"Every twenty-two seconds, hour after hour, day after day, a crime of desperate proportions—robbery, assault, burglary, rape, kidnaping, manslaughter, murder—was committed in the United States.

"Over a twelve-month period a total of more than 1,500,000 such major crimes were committed—a crime against one out of every eighty-four American citizens, affecting one out of every sixteen American homes.

"More than 13,500 of our citizens were murdered. That was at the rate of thirty-seven a day. Sixty thousand were robbed. Forty-five thousand were assaulted. And the menace is growing every day.

"The science of crime prevention, in spite of all the strides we have made, is still in the horseback stage of its development."

So the fight must go on. It must go on with the sturdy support of all good newspapers and magazines and, as it undoubtedly will, with the blessings of all good citizens. It is a long fight, but a good fight—one we are all proud to be in. As I once heard Theodore Roosevelt say:

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."

THE END

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# HAVING A BABY AT FORTY

## BY MEHITABLE POOLE

**READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS**

## A heartening, common-sense revelation from one who faced the 'middle years' with fear

IT is no fun to wake up in the morning bored. Bright sunshine lends no zest to the day . . . it's just another day. Of course, you could get Grace or Edith for lunch and a movie, bridge perhaps . . . or, with a sigh, there's that meeting of the women's club. Prospects that do not cause you to leap from your bed with eagerness. Instead, you drag yourself up, thinking wistfully of the days when your children were small and you were so busy housekeeping and planning that you had no time for plaintive introspection.

Thinking of your children . . . you can't believe it, but they are practically grown up. It amazes you how self-sufficient they are, with their engrossing interests, absorbing friendships, and inexhaustible social urge. You can no longer close your eyes to the fact that they rate parents in popularity somewhere between parsnips and the dentist.

Your husband, shaving, calls that he will have dinner at the club after a round of golf. You remember the time when this would have caused you to think, " Ah, now I won't have to bother with dinner. I'll give the children soup." Now, with a maid who will prepare dinner anyway, you cock a speculative eye at the bathroom door and recall that this will make three nights he has not been home to dinner this week. *Not* that you think *for a minute* he is anywhere but at the club, but . . . well, there was a time when he could not have been dragged from dinner at home except by important business. And the thought then pops up in your head, unbidden, that there was also a time when he was happy just to be with *you.*

After twenty years of marriage you don't expect him to be thrilled daily with the novelty of your company, but at least he might glance with interest in your direction when you sit at the dressing table, bare arms raised to arrange your hair.

He does not.

You study yourself in the mirror. You are older, naturally, but still attractive. However, time has not stopped for your husband either, so he cannot hold your age against you.

You know he holds nothing against you. He just takes you for granted.

Here the temptation assails you to rise up and announce dramatically that you are going to *leave* him—yes, *leave him for another man!* Perhaps that would startle him into *seeing* you. No, probably he would think you had suddenly lost your mind; more likely, he would not believe you. Or, worse, he might accept your ultimatum . . . and then where would you be? You are certainly not yearning to cast off the man you know as you know yourself and start at forty to find a substitute for him. You haven't *that* much confidence in your adaptability.

Perhaps if you had a job you would be happier, you think next. Well, maybe . . . but what could you find to do? And look at Marcia with a job to which she considers herself indispensable, but which actually is such a drain on her nervous system that her husband and children avoid her. Too, you have reason to suspect *her* husband of—to put it mildly—philandering.

This leads you to examine your own husband's face as he concentrates on his breakfast. You have heard of those men whose wives do not understand them after twenty years of marriage. Chorus girls' delight and secretaries' . . . meat! H'm-m.

You now divert yourself by telling your son, who is dashing off to high school with his mouth full, to get his hair cut. With " O. K., mom. 'By," he is gone for the day.

Your daughter saunters in in riding clothes, and after abstracted acknowledgment of your presence, replies to your inquiries about her day's program with a vague " Oh, I'm going to be as busy as a cat on a tin roof."

At this point it is your husband's parting kiss which is the *final straw!* He places it somewhere near your ear with all the concentration and emotion he gives to turning the doorknob. You . . .

WELL, *I* decided to have a baby. Yes, I came to the conclusion that only having another child could insure a measure of security to our marriage. It might mean happiness or sorrow, but either would mean *living together* . . . not just existing.

I say I decided to have a baby. I mean, I decided to *try* to have one, and I was forty years old.

Once the decision was made, I hastened to our doctor. Not that I was afraid to have another child, for, after all, it should be a perfectly normal function, but I had gathered from conversations with women that when nearing forty it was proper to expect to have something wrong with your insides. I asked the doctor for a physical examination and then inquired

for
Stopped-Up
NOSTRILS
due to colds

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For Hard Coughing
(due to colds)
PISO'S
Soothes and Relieves

whether he thought I could have another child.

He looked mildly surprised and raised an eyebrow. "I'm not omnipotent," he told me, "but it won't hurt you to try."

Relieved to find myself physically intact and feeling ten years younger, I went blithely home *determined* to have a baby.

It never occurred to me that a simple statement would have accomplished at once what I spent weeks subtly trying to put over with my husband. Considering men chronic vetoers, I was afraid I would scare him into immediate opposition by suddenly confronting him with the bright idea that I wanted a baby. Such a—er—new idea!

I did not quite know how to broach the subject. Yet, I felt I had to tell him because, unless he *wanted* the baby too, having one might do more harm than good. Something told me it would be better to avoid detailed explanations involving indifference, boredom, and reference to the dangerous years between forty and fifty. Nothing was to be gained by confusing the issue.

WHEN finally I suggested to him it might be nice for us to have another child, he was surprised. Quite surprised. He reminded me that I had frequently said that two children were enough. I admitted that I had once been so foolish as to think so, but that now I had changed my mind. That did not seem strange to him. Almost immediately he could see that we *would* be lonely when our son and daughter married and left us, and how little our home would mean to us without a child. While some discussion was necessary, his opposition was chiefly a matter of form.

With time, as the idea became his own, he seemed like a man with a new wife. During the following months we recaptured much of our honeymoon happiness. In addition to this, I found that having a purpose in life (although I now lived with an unacknowledged fear that maybe I could not have a baby) agreed with me gratifyingly as to looks and disposition.

When the glad day came on which the doctor announced that undoubtedly I was pregnant, there was only one fly in the ointment—the children were yet to be told.

Although I had kept up a bold front, all along assuring my husband we could count on their loyalty and understanding, I had been privately apprehensive, for youth is such an unknown quantity. But I found I need not have feared. We will always remember with love and gratitude their generosity of spirit and devotion in the time that followed. It was heart-warming.

To my daughter I confided that her father and I had reached a time when we wanted the security of another child. We were proud of the two children we had, but with them grown up, we were without an . . . anchor.

She knew of families in our town broken up by divorce, and she could see my point. A little shyly, she helped me plan the layette. She knitted industriously and gradually took over the management of the house. She and our general houseworker put their heads together in a conspiracy to save me worry and bother, which resulted in amazing efficiency. She learned much about planning and housekeeping which will be valuable to her when she has her own home, but it was her unselfish thought for me which was dear.

My son received the news blankly. Like most seventeen-year-old boys, there were times when it seemed doubtful he would ever have a modicum of common sense. Exasperating and vacuous, he seemed completely occupied with an inner life, and his outstanding characteristics were an inability to remember where he put things and tuneless whistling. Whether it was bringing him face to face with a "mystery of life," or whether he was due to grow up anyway, I don't know, but when my physical condition began to indicate that I *was* going to have a baby, he snapped out of adolescence. He became thoughtful, considerate, and useful. Even his sister was impressed and admitted a younger brother might not be the pain in the neck she had thought him. I marveled with pride at the change in him.

When the news of the baby became known in the community, many of our friends were frankly amazed—amazed and interested! I seemed to become an object of concern for the whole town. Every one was so kind, even people I hardly knew. The gifts that poured in would have outfitted the quintuplets, and all this did help to make the time pass more quickly.

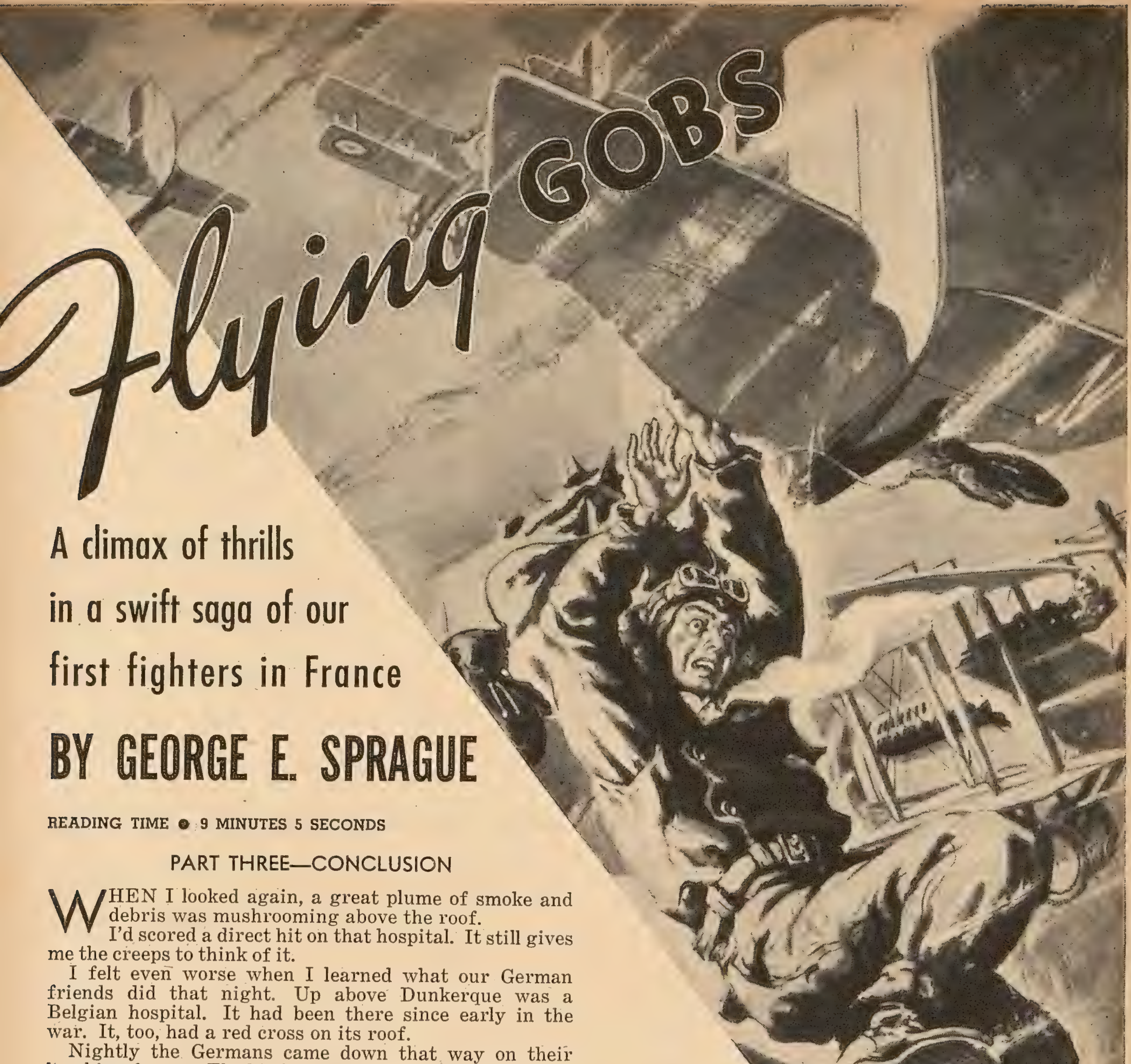
BUT the months were long enough. As I became physically uncomfortable, I had repeatedly to tell myself I must not indulge in self-pity. I was doing the thing I wanted to do because I wanted to do it. I tried to keep my mind and looks as normal as possible with good reading and massage, and at no time did I take to negligees but stuck to the proper clothes and the boon of make-up.

And I walked. Every day I took a walk. Often the effort required was tremendous, but I always felt better afterward. Yes, I walked every day right up to the day the baby was born, and undoubtedly the exercise had much to do with the "easy" time I had. My husband, who abhors "just walking," was a martyr to the cause and walked with me whenever possible, and I laugh now when I think of us trudging doggedly along, rain or shine. But this was only one instance of his devotion.

Looking back now, three years later, I know it was right for me to have a baby at forty. She has made life have a new meaning not only for her father and mother but for a devoted sister and brother.

THE END

# Flying GOBS



### A climax of thrills in a swift saga of our first fighters in France

### BY GEORGE E. SPRAGUE

**READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS**

### PART THREE—CONCLUSION

WHEN I looked again, a great plume of smoke and debris was mushrooming above the roof.

I'd scored a direct hit on that hospital. It still gives me the creeps to think of it.

I felt even worse when I learned what our German friends did that night. Up above Dunkerque was a Belgian hospital. It had been there since early in the war. It, too, had a red cross on its roof.

Nightly the Germans came down that way on their bombing forays. The big long-range guns up above Nieuport dropped shells into Dunkerque daily. But no bomb or shell ever chose that Belgian hospital as a target—until the night after I accidentally bombed the German hospital. The Queen of the Belgians was extremely interested in that particular hospital. She was there that night.

The one bomb the Germans let go at the hospital landed harmlessly on the beach. For that, I thanked heaven. I could understand how the Germans felt. But the Belgians could neither understand nor forgive. Their queen had been endangered. They wanted vengeance; they appealed to the British to do something in reprisal.

That was when they thought up the Varssenaere show.

There was a big German airdrome at Varssenaere, near Bruges. Every squadron in the sector was ordered to make ready as many planes as would fly. We were to attack Varssenaere in successive waves and strafe it.

We did. When it was all over, we expected reprisals. And we weren't disappointed. We spent the night in dugouts and ditches.

Red and Hank actually had become attached to our outfit after the Varssenaere show. As Red said, "Thank God, we won't have to fly that damned sea patrol any more!"

It was not many days after his arrival that he started something. We had been bowling along, on a routine patrol, near the coast of Holland. Suddenly, en route home, I spotted five Rumplers dead ahead but far beneath us. They did not see us.

Should I fire a red Very light or just keep them in sight? We had explicit orders not to fight unless attacked. I was still wondering what to do when Red spied them and dived down after them, guns spitting.

Naturally, we followed.

We dived so close to the Rumplers that when I started firing I could see the white-faced German observer watching me as he industriously

I saw him drop the camera gun, paw madly. With his right hand he managed to hang to the fin.

pumped lead. He was doing a good job of it, his tracers coming directly at us.

My gun chattered—and so did my teeth. But I aimed carefully, ripping my shots from the Rumpler's tail to its cockpit as we swooped by. I was doing a good job myself and I couldn't understand why he didn't go down.

I started a long burst in the next dive. My gun jammed badly. After that we went home.

The mechanics were busy counting the holes in our plane when Red and Hank landed, followed by two Englishmen who had been on patrol with us in a third bus.

“Well, kid,” said Red, “I think you sent down your first ship. He's down in the water just off Ostende.”

It was my plane and I claimed it. So did the two Englishmen. Our following patrol came in and reported sighting the wreck. But I didn't get credit. The downed plane was credited to the flight as a whole.

We had many experiences and plenty of action in those days. Most of us were a trifle bitter about our lack of parachutes—a lack which brought Gardiner Fiske, one of the army gang in our class at Clermont-Ferrand, an experience few men have had—and lived to tell about.

On one of our practice flights, he was standing up in the rear cockpit of a Breguet, using a camera gun. His safety belt was unfastened. The formation leader signaled for a dive. We all started down.

I saw Fiske literally shoot into the air, camera-gun and all. The ship simply dropped out from under him. There he was, in thin air, 2,500 feet from the ground—without a parachute. I saw him drop the camera gun, paw madly for something—anything—to catch on to.

HE made a wild lunge for the tail of his ship. One of his elbows broke through the fabric and framework of the fuselage, just forward of the vertical stabilizer.

And, wonder of wonders, he caught it.

With his right hand, he managed to cling to the fin itself. And there he hung. The rest of us pulled alongside the Breguet; waved and signaled frantically to Mandell, who was flying it.

Mandell cut his throttle. He eased back, almost to a stall. Desperately, Fiske swung his legs about, missed. He tried again. Finally he got up on the fuselage, straddled it, face-down, for all the world like a frightened novice clinging to the neck of a horse.

It was a hard thing to watch—that long, dangerous journey of Fiske up the fuselage to his cockpit. It was only a few feet, but he took it inches at a time, slipping occasionally. But he reached his empty cockpit.

He's the only man I know of who ever fell out of his plane—without a chute—and got back in again.

Late one hot and sultry August afternoon we took off, two 230-pound bombs slung between our wheels. One ship was in the air. Three more were standing on the line, ready to taxi down as soon as we got away. We took off toward B Flight's hangar, toward the waiting ships.

We bounded across the field, Schoony and I, rolling up over a mound in the center of it, and were in the air.

And—quite suddenly—I knew we were in the greatest danger of our lives. We both sensed it. We were stalling along, nose up, propeller beating the air, fighting impotently to rise.

We were going to crash! We were going to crash with 460 pounds of T. N. T. beneath us!

We couldn't pull up in that quiet sultry air. We couldn't drop those bombs, since we were hardly off the ground. I lived gray-bearded years of horror in that agonizing split second before we hit.

And when we did, we landed directly on top of the three other planes waiting for our take-off. And those planes, like ours, carried two 230-pound bombs apiece.

As we crashed on them, we burst into flames. But by some miracle those bombs did not explode. I got Schoony out of the burning wreckage and we ran. With our plane afire, the bombs had to explode.

They did, knocking us flat and breathless from the concussion. Flying bomb fragments, debris, dirt, pieces of airplane and assorted wreckage filled the air.

Again luck was with us. We were beneath the trajectory. Everything went over us and beyond. “Run!” I screamed when I could. “We've got to get out of here!”

We scrambled to our feet, tore across the field. We were part way there when the six bombs that had been on the other three planes let go. The fire had reached them.

Again we sprawled flat on our faces. When we got to our feet after that eruption, what was left of B Flight's hangar was in flames. Very light rockets were shooting in all directions. Machine-gun ammunition was chattering.

Major Farquhar, the squadron C. O., came running.

“The planes in A Flight hangar!” he yelled. “The planes. Come on. Let's get them out.”

We ran after him. A dozen others hurried to help us. We had rolled one plane out and were scrambling away from the fire with it when a can of petrol ignited. Then another burst. And then the whole petrol dump, thousands of gallons of it in cans, exploded with a roar and a volcanic flash of flame.

“The bomb dump!” some one shouted.

I lost my interest in airplane rescue work. Beyond the hedges near by were trenches. I ran for them. Rounding the corner of a hedge, I stumbled over Captain Smythe, the intelligence officer. His arm hung by a shred of skin and the cloth of his tunic. He was bleeding to death.

“Go on, old man,” he muttered. “Run for it.”

Just then, Red and Tat came scrambling by. Tat twisted a handkerchief about Smythe's arm. We picked him up, stumbled with him to the trench—and waited.

It came. There were twenty-three 230-pound bombs in that dump. They all exploded at once. The concussion shook Dunkerque, several miles away. Tiled roofs for miles around were lifted off. And now fire menaced. It burned half the night. Twice Jerry came over to bomb us as we fought it.

Schoonmaker and I faced a board of inquiry. They exonerated us; blamed the blow-up of Squadron 217 on the condition of the field and the soft fudgy air that had caused us to crash.

In a few days the hangars were replaced. New planes arrived. We were on the job again. And a job we had. A new drive was starting. We saw American troops.

We were getting assignments from the British Army high command now—all sorts of missions. We usually reached our objectives easily enough, but almost always had to fight our way home.

Soon we understood why they had us pounding away at the railroads. The Germans were pulling out of Belgium. It was October. The war was nearing an end.

AFTER my first patrol, I had acquired a fine confidence that I would come through the war alive. Now I wasn't so sure. My morale was getting low. Red did more for it than any one else on earth.

I remember that day in late October when I watched while he prepared to go, with Hank, on a low strafing job. He gave my shoulder a heartening whack.

“Take it easy, kid. Cheer up. This man's war will soon be over.”

As usual, he was right. Little more than two weeks after that day, the armistice was to be signed.

I waved to Red and Hank as they cut across the field into the wind. I saw them wave back. A few hours later, they failed to come back with the rest of their patrol.

I walked like a dazed man up and down in front of the hangars that afternoon, searching the skies for them. At dark, some of the mechanics helped me light and set up flares on the field, so that they could find their way in.

The night grew old, but for long hours I kept the flares burning—in vain. The next day we learned that Red and Hank had collided with a British shell. They had flown too low. They had been blown to bits.

So far as I was concerned, the war ended that day. I had no more interest in it. I carried on, of course, doing my work. But my heart was in none of it.

When the armistice was signed, we had twelve stations on the French coast, several in England, four in Ireland, two in Italy; and on the Flanders front we had 305 officers and 2,239 men. Our naval aviation in Europe had grown from 100 men to 15,000. And as many more were in training in the United States. . . .

It was a long time ago, that war.

THE END

The low-cost Judge Hardy pictures do excellent business.

# HOLLYWOOD'S NEXT MOVE

## BY CLARA BERANGER

### An observing bystander speaks up for a new deal in pictures

**READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS**

IN the good old days before Wall Street financed the motion-picture business and a moral code dictated its story policy, producers were independent souls who selected their own stories and backed their judgment by using their own money for production.

Today the industry has become so standardized and commercialized that independence of thought or production is as rare as stars without swimming pools. The public, which for years avidly swallowed whatever Hollywood fed it, is now beginning to regurgitate, and is showing its indisposition by staying away from the theaters. Box-office attendance is said to have fallen off forty per cent in the past year.

On a recent lecture trip across the continent, I determined to try to discover the cause of this lagging attendance, and I discussed pictures with all sorts of groups and individuals. The questions invariably asked me were: "Why must all pictures be made to please all the people all the time?" "Why isn't there a distinction between different classes of audiences, as there has always been in the theater?"

The heads of the major producing companies answer these questions by saying that pictures cost so much to make that every picture must be made to appeal to every potential picturegoer if the company is to show a profit at the end of the year; and that their distribution arrangements are such that it would be impossible to discriminate between different kinds of audiences. They say in effect, "We're getting along very well, thank you, so why change?"

But certain independent producers are beginning to see that changes must be made if pictures are to meet the ever-increasing public demand for a variation from the regular standardized fare.

Walter Wanger, who in a recent Liberty article accused other Hollywood producers of a lack of courage in their selection of material for pictures, has himself shown great courage in attempting to put adult ideas and current problems on the screen. Mr. Wanger is one of the few producers out here who realize that the screen can and should be a social instrument—and by that I do *not* mean a weapon for propaganda. But before he makes a picture he signs a contract with a regular releasing company to distribute it, and thus automatically subjects himself to interference and a certain amount of supervision. If an independent producer wants financing from a promoter or a bank, it is necessary for him to have a guaranteed release before he can get the money.

The one producer still left in Hollywood who gambles his own money to produce a picture he believes in, without having an advance release contract, is Sol Lesser. But Mr. Lesser, on the other hand, believes that the function of pictures is solely to entertain as many people as can be drawn into the theaters, and that the best picture is the one which pleases the most people. He said to me quite frankly: "The public goes to the movie theaters to be entertained in its leisure hours. We producers recognize that the first principle necessary to hold the great public is to continue to amuse and entertain it."

Now let's consider, for a moment, the reasons given by the major studios for not producing different kinds of pictures for different classes of audiences.

First, the high cost. But is it necessary for pictures to cost so much in order to succeed?

As answer to that one, I give you the phenomenal success of the Jones Family series, produced by Sol Wurtzel at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio.

Although Mr. Wurtzel is associated with a big company, he is completely independent in his selection of stories and in their actual production; and he makes the small B or inexpensive pictures. Yet it is well known around the Fox lot that many of Mr. Wurtzel's "little" pictures gross a good deal more at the box office than some of the A or big expensive productions.

The first Jones Family picture, Every Saturday Night, cost $100,000 and grossed over $300,000. The average cost of the present Jones pictures is $125,000, and they gross around $500,000.

These "little" pictures have no expensive stars, no "colossal" sets. But because of airtight planning they can be shot in eighteen working days.

The Judge Hardy stories, produced at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as B pictures to fill the need of the theaters providing double-bill entertainment, are also examples of starless, inexpensively produced pictures which have done unusually good business wherever shown. By their intrinsic appeal, the Hardy pictures worked themselves out of the B into the A class, and are now advertised on theater marquees as the main attraction. The latest Hardy picture, Out West with the Hardys, was held over beyond its scheduled time at the Capitol Theater in sophisticated New York.

There is no such thing as producers being able to forecast what the *whole* picture public is going to like—they have been proved wrong too often, not only by the unexpected success of little pictures, such as the Judge Hardy and Jones Family series, but also by unexpected "million-dollar flops."

How about that second excuse of the producers, their distribution arrangements?

With most studios the bloc-booking system of distribution is still in effect; which means, in case you do not know it, that the entire year's output is sold in advance

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to the exhibitors, who have to accept the bad pictures in order to get the good. There is no chance for discrimination between different types of towns, or different tastes in the same town; and no chance for a long run on any particular picture which may happen to catch public fancy. The exhibitor, having made a contract for all the pictures, must move one out, even if it is highly successful, in order to make room for the next on his list.

The federal government is attacking the bloc-booking system as a violation of the Sherman and Clayton Anti-Trust Acts; so it may be that automatically a number of theaters will soon be available for independently made pictures.

But even without them there are already in the United States some two hundred and fifty independent theaters. About fifty of them show foreign films, for the simple reason that they cannot get the good American ones. The other two hundred play foreign pictures which are outstanding, or revivals of successful American pictures after they have gone the rounds of the regular circuits. All of these theaters would gladly open their screens to newly made pictures in the English language, if they could get them.

When I was in New York, I dug into facts and figures about these so-called "independent theaters" and acquired some interesting information. Mayerling, made in Europe at a comparatively small cost, grossed the American distributor over a quarter of a million dollars. Moonlight Sonata is doing tremendous business in the independent theaters, and the present estimate is that its United States receipts alone will come close to half a million dollars. If pictures from abroad, some in foreign languages, can do that much business in little independent theaters, it's a safe bet that good pictures, all of them in English, would do a whole lot better.

But unconventional films such as Mayerling, Moonlight Sonata, Carnival in Flanders, and others, had to prove their worth in little theaters before the big circuits would touch them.

If some producer with a combination of Walter Wanger's vision and Sol Lesser's courage were to make a picture which he knew in advance would not meet the standardized requirements of the regular releasing companies, he would, I am sure, not only get his money back, but run a very good chance of making a large profit. Most importantly, by breaking away from the old restraining traditions he would be helping Hollywood out of its perennial childhood.

Because such a producer would not have a bloc-booking contract, he could not be assured in advance of a world-wide audience. Therefore he would naturally try to eliminate waste and make his picture as inexpensively as would be consistent with good work.

He would be careful in the selection of a story, but it would be something that he himself likes and believes in. Instead of hiring a dozen or more writers (as is the prevailing custom in the big studios), he would carefully select one writer and one director who know their jobs so well that they would prepare a picture scenario which could be followed as closely as an architect's plans are followed by a builder. In other words, the cutting and editing would be done on paper *before* the picture is made, instead of *afterward* on film; and by this simple device hours of shooting time and thousands of dollars would be saved.

SUCH an independent producer would own no studio and therefore have no big overhead charges. He would engage studio space only for the time needed to make his picture. All artists and craftsmen would be engaged in the same way. Since there is a vast army of experienced free-lance workers in Hollywood, he would have no difficulty in getting the talent he needs. Even stars. For the high income-tax rates for the upper brackets have led many stars to the conclusion that they can earn more by working less.

Owners of independent theaters will select the pictures which they believe their particular audiences would like, and will put them on for a run, as stage plays are put on. That means that we as audience will have time to see the pictures we want to see without having to chase all over town on what often turns out to be a futile hunt.

Under a system of independently made and independently shown pictures, there will inevitably be different kinds of pictures for different kinds of audiences. Each picture will bear the imprint of one man's ideas, and have an integrity and individuality often lacking on today's screen.

Hollywood is too important a part of our lives to be allowed to remain forever in a state of arrested development. Although I know how risky it is to make a prediction, I feel safe in saying that all the signs are pointing to a new order when producers with the true pioneering spirit will again come into the motion-picture business to give it the upward thrust it needs. And when that time comes, the general public will again flock to the theaters.

THE END

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# $2,000 Crossword Contest

## *Turn Your Skill Into a Liberty Cash Award!*

YOUR chance to win a crossword cash prize is excellent. You can get started by solving the puzzle right here on this page. However, when you have finished it, do not send it in. Wait until you have a complete set of ten solutions, as directed by the rules, which you should be sure to read. They are for your protection as well as instruction. Note that a brief statement of preference is required to accompany your solutions, and study this issue carefully with that in mind. And make up your mind to file a claim to your share of the prize money—to get paid for solutions you have been working for fun!

### *YOU STILL CAN WIN . . .*
### *GET YOUR LATE-ENTRY REPRINT*

If you are starting your entry from this page, you will require the first puzzle to complete your set to date. If your copy of last week's issue is not available, Liberty has prepared reprints of the contest material. You can obtain one by written request to the contest address in Rule 4, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing.

### THE CASH PRIZES

| | |
|---|---|
| **FIRST PRIZE** .................... | **$500** |
| **SECOND PRIZE** .................... | **200** |
| **THIRD PRIZE** .................... | **100** |
| **TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10** ........ | **200** |
| **200 PRIZES, Each $5** ............. | **1,000** |

### THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.

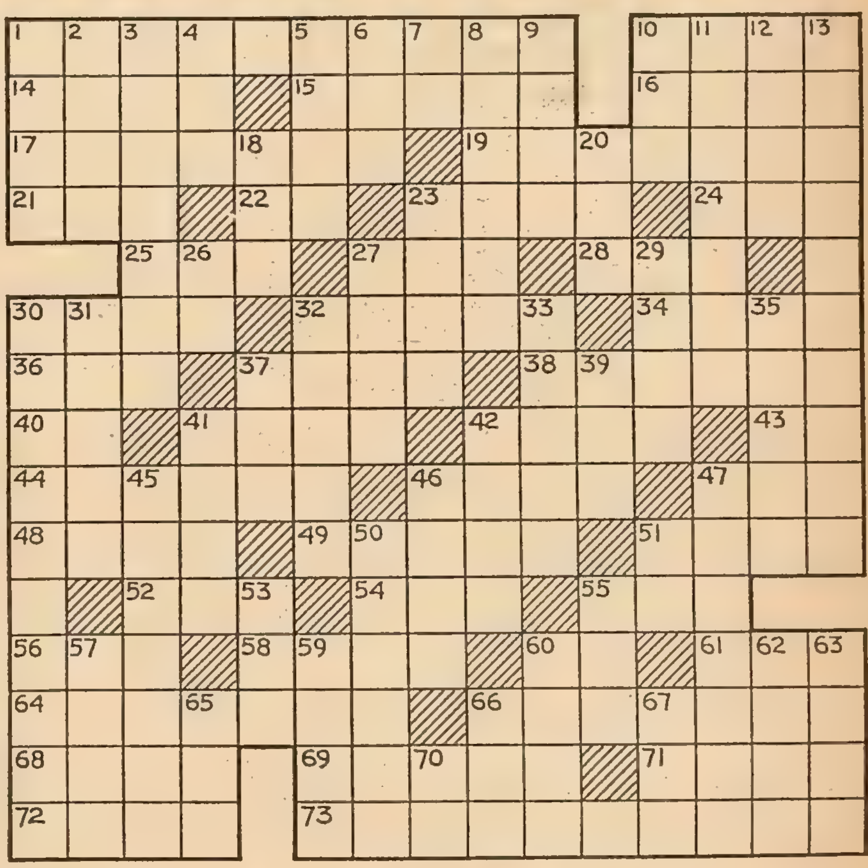
2. When you have solved all ten puzzles, enter them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words on the subject, "The Story, Article, or Feature I Have Enjoyed Most in Liberty During This Contest, and Why."

3. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The next best will receive the $200 Second Prize, and the next best, $100 Third Prize. In the order of their excellence the next twenty will be awarded $10 each and the next 200 will receive $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORDS EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Thursday, March 30, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.



## CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 2
### A Cockeyed Crossword by Ted Shane

**HORIZONTAL**

**1** Nut stuff
**10** The mudder of them all
**14** Fly chaser
**15** French version of the Suwannee River
**16** The fat tenor got it off his chest
**17** The mind of woman (pl.)
**19** It may be simple but it can gas you to death
**21** Nut bump
**22** Divisional preposish
**23** Mell
**24** Make it do
**25** Number of years found rather difficult
**27** Toss a moral blanket over a thing
**28** What you'll find mother attached to mornings
**30** Japan does things with a this
**32** Stuffed Fido
**34** It's the cats!
**36** One of the two most moving things about every woman
**37** Twitch the peeper
**38** This was Greek even to Greeks
**40** Goil's insides
**41** Zippy ping
**42** After it's gone, you can't bare to part
**43** Tipsy Gargoyles (abbr.)
**44** Tanninade
**46** Pygmy pie
**47** Lionhearted fellow
**48** The offshoot of hate
**49** The MacSavers
**51** Roberta's musical pop
**52** Movable necking machine
**54** Entrances
**55** Grandmaw enjoyed this necking
**56** Kind of kosh
**58** Non-vindshield vipers
**60** Tonsil tickler (var.)
**61** Skyscraping Organization (abbr.)
**64** Get the dirt off
**66** Jungle tabby
**68** The greatest fiddler of them all
**69** Fabulous fellow
**71** Ship's bar to avoid
**72** Business man's footrest
**73** Here's where the epilaff's on a lot of funny men

**VERTICAL**

**1** Heated expression
**2** Hahlem's Blarney stone
**3** It's Monday weather
**4** It was beaten up yesterday morning and pushed in the puss
**5** He's full of sardines
**6** Angeles
**7** Two thirds oil
**8** Spring plowing places (golf)
**9** Tonsil tearer
**10** Strong man without son
**11** Gramper sat on his porch so long it grew right up his legs
**12** Pig latin
**13** $H_2$Ottermobile (two words)
**18** What I do when I get awf'ly contented
**20** Gosh all hemlock, but it's slippery!
**23** Stall the car
**26** The cry of youth, in short
**27** Entrance into Booze Who
**29** Momentary liver
**30** This smells a mile off
**31** Vocal quintuplets
**32** Sky scrapers
**33** Borscht Caesars
**35** Kind of nonsense you hear about the animal world
**37** Grab the bacon
**39** The hard heart that lies behind a smooth exterior
**41** Nana's French father
**42** They're found on the oldest domes in Rome
**45** Gents with etchings, apartments, and in need of a woman's touch
**46** What Fats Waller registers when he hits the scales
**47** Chief ingredient found in steak
**50** There's nothing to this
**51** Punched ticket to dreamland (abbr.)
**53** Kind of relief Booziers need
**55** Black Nugget Bank
**57** Sharp snicker
**59** How Adam arrived at the Garden of Eden
**60** Red network around Washington
**62** This is simply filthy, but dad enjoyed it
**63** Comic-strip canine's exudations
**65** A scrambled tree
**66** Pop-Off Voxers (abbr.)
**67** La
**70** Shane's Asinine (Who said that?) (abbr.)

# VOX POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## Textbook that Attacks American Way of Life

RIDGEWOOD, N. J.—I'm convinced that the experience of Mr. Oursler's daughter (November 5 Liberty) and my son, and perhaps millions if they could all be rounded up, prove that it is indeed " possible that, in schools all over America, in large cities and in little villages like our own, children were being taught" . . . many strange things.

In general, things which attack " the American way of life." Not accidentally, or just here and there. By design, *nationally* planned. The " channel " has been established, and in my judgment a diabolically clever and effective one. It is so simple, direct, and far-reaching. This:

There is an educators' " official guidebook." It is Social Studies Curriculum, 1936, about 500 pages, the work of a commission (ostensibly, anyway), and published by the Department of Superintendence, *National Education Association.*

Dominating this commission and its book were Professor Counts, Teachers College and Moscow U. (until too much attention centered on that), and my old friend, teacher, and fellow Hoosier, Dr. Charles A. Beard, Socialist of record these many years. I was told by an N. E. A. official that Beard wrote the opening chapters, and his handiwork is elsewhere evident.

Within a few pages it slurs Mr. Hearst, treats " vested interests," mentions the " sixty families," and asserts, " a new age of collectivism is emerging." Variously, but with keen restraint and " safety wording," it advances class-struggle ideas and keynotes. It sets a " tone."

More directly effective, this educators' " bible " on " social studies " is replete with references, supplementary reading for teachers, books, reports, etc., in which Beard, Counts, and others speak more openly for the cause of " collectivism," and whittle away, undermining " the American way."

Beard significantly notes that in the U. S. A. one in four is in school. And there are more than a million teachers. I think he means, Here is the great opportunity; unformed minds in such vast numbers, and the " tools," if you can use teachers.

Teachers don't have to be Red. (Though some must be: the Teachers Union split between Communist and Socialist leadership.) Just " liberal," say. And the recommendations come from on high, N. E. A. sanction—or ostensibly. The teacher doesn't have to " advocate " —merely read about the guinea pigs. For the child, textbooks are gospel: this is read in school, hence a textbook, hence gospel.

That book itself came home from high school here. And other strange kinds of fodder, pinkish at least. This from a class in " civics "—and how that subject must have grown!

But if you or I stick our noses into this, we are interfering with " academic freedom." The Beard part of this " bible " also stresses another defense: we are a " minority pressure group " and educators are warned against us and to resist us.—*Earl Reeves.*

## The Opulence of God's Love

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I had finished my household tasks and was dressing to go down the hill and open my little shop. I had given no thought to clothes during the weary months of climbing back to life after illness and depression, and now I realized that the well worn frocks that had served me so long and well were no longer smart and attractive. They looked dull and shabby and seemed to have no part in that glorious spring morning. Perhaps God will give me a pretty new dress, I thought.

" Dear God," I prayed, " I do not mean to be frivolous or selfish when You have given me so much. Help me to be more loving and helpful. Then the people whom I meet will not think of my old clothes. They will see me clothed in brightness." That was all, but it *was* a prayer.

It was a busy day in my bookshop. Not a very profitable day in a money sense, but I had forgotten about money.

I saw a beautiful automobile stop before the door, and, at a word from the lady whom he was driving, the liveried chauffeur lifted out a great stack of boxes. Together they came into the shop, and she walked straight to me, both hands outstretched. Then I saw that it was a lady who had been staying at the clubhouse for a few weeks, and who had wandered in the week before to buy a book.

Now she was smiling and saying: " I have come to ask a favor. You see, my dear, I am one of those people who have more clothes than any one woman is entitled to. I *love* clothes, and this summer I have spent more time and money on them than usual. Now my plans have all changed, and I don't know what to do with all these things. I am flying East tonight to go on a long camping trip. Three months in shorts and slacks and bathing suits. Clothes have suddenly become a nuisance. What can I do with them? As I thought of it this morning, you were the only one who came to my mind. Your face came right before me, and you seemed just my size. I could see you in every dress, and they were yours, not mine. Will you take the whole lot, and let me forget what a bother they are? "

As I stared at her incredulously, she lifted the lids of the boxes and held out one after another of the lovely gowns. Everything was there—a smartly tailored suit, several little gowns, sports clothes, and a dancing frock. The opulence of God's love!

This happened three years ago. Now I can buy clothes when I need them; but the pretty things that came to me that spring day are still my treasures. As I dressed in one of them this morning I thought, God gave me this dress. God answered my prayer.—*Anne Remsden.*

## BUT HOW ABOUT HISTORICAL FICTION, MONSIEUR?

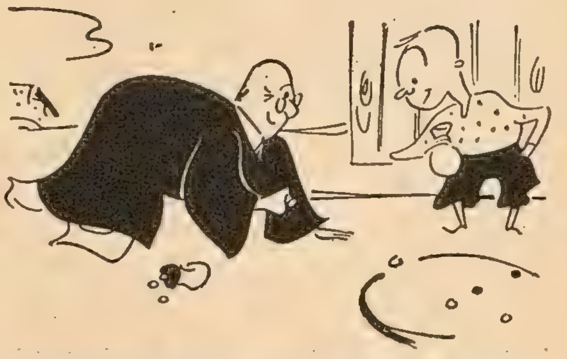
BANDJAR, JAVA, D. E. I.—How is it possible that Liberty will publish those stories by John Erskine about Casanova's life?

As I have possession of the complete Memoirs of Casanova, I have to mention that the women and adventures described by Erskine are wholly emanating from the author's pen.

Why does not he, John Erskine, write an anthology, if write he must, about Casanova, based on facts and described in these Memoirs, instead of writing nonsense and thereby trying to hoodwink the readers of your weekly?—*E. Ch. S. Jonguière.*

## HE THINKS LIBERTY BELL OUGHT TO BE STRUCK

DAYTON, OHIO—The first thing I do after Liberty is delivered to me by my newsboy is to turn to Mr. Macfadden's editorial at once, knowing that I will always get what Liberty means to all of us. After Mr. Macfadden's mention of the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, the idea struck me: Would it be possible in some way to have a broadcast right where the bell is located to be sent out over a network? The bell could be sounded so every one could hear it. I believe it would have a great effect on the American people.—*Clem Herchelrode.*



## JUDGE PROVES HE ISN'T A SISSY

WALTHAM, MASS.—A seven-year-old boy queried, " If he ain't a sissy, why does he wear a long dress? " The question concerned Judge Peter S. Conniff of the Juvenile Court. So, to prove he was not a sissy, the judge issued a challenge—to a game of marbles.—*Robert Pease.*

## TWO MOVIE STARS WHO ARE NOT SUPERSTITIOUS

CHICAGO, ILL.—You've given us the silly superstitions of Greta Garbo, Lily Pons, and Joan Crawford (November 19 Vox Pop). But let me balance these with two movie stars that have sense.

Says Bette Davis: " I love to walk under ladders, put the wrong foot forward when I get up in the morning, and if I see a black cat crossing the street I will catch up with it and give it a saucer of milk."

Katharine Hepburn scoffs at all superstitions. Thirteen is just thirteen to her.

Also, which are the most superstitious class—actors or sailors? I'd say sailors. —*Flora Maizie Tinney.*

## HOW DO YOU EXPECT US TO MAKE GOOD SCORES ?

MANHATTAN, KAN. — Correct your errors! Answer to question 16 of November 12 Liberty, " Which fruit tree grows fastest? " is not apple, but papaya, according to fully reliable word taken from The World Was My Garden, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

How do you expect us to make good scores on questions when you do not even know the answers?—*Helen and Elizabeth, Co-Eds, Kansas State College.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Exterminator, a truly great horse, was never nicknamed " Old Bones," as stated in December 10 Twenty Questions.

Exterminator's nickname was " Old Slim."—*Coleman Kiss.*

## MISSTATEMENT OF LAW OF EVIDENCE ?

MOUNT AYR, IA.—Your ridiculous articles by Percival E. Jackson, apparently a lawyer of wide experience, makes the following statement (December 3 Liberty) on a witness's testimony with reference to a conversation heard:

" Though he cannot recall the exact words of the conversation, he may not give its substance; he must testify to words as though they were really spoken."

This is a thorough misstatement of the law of evidence, as, I believe, any competent trial lawyer would advise you if interrogated, and if this be the law in New York, certainly the courts of that state must stand alone and I will agree the rules of evidence there need a revision.—*Frank F. Wilson.*

## DOING A BIG JOB IN " GREEN-LIGHTING "

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Charles A. Dana, a famous editor of years ago, was asked by a friend why he didn't write short editorials.

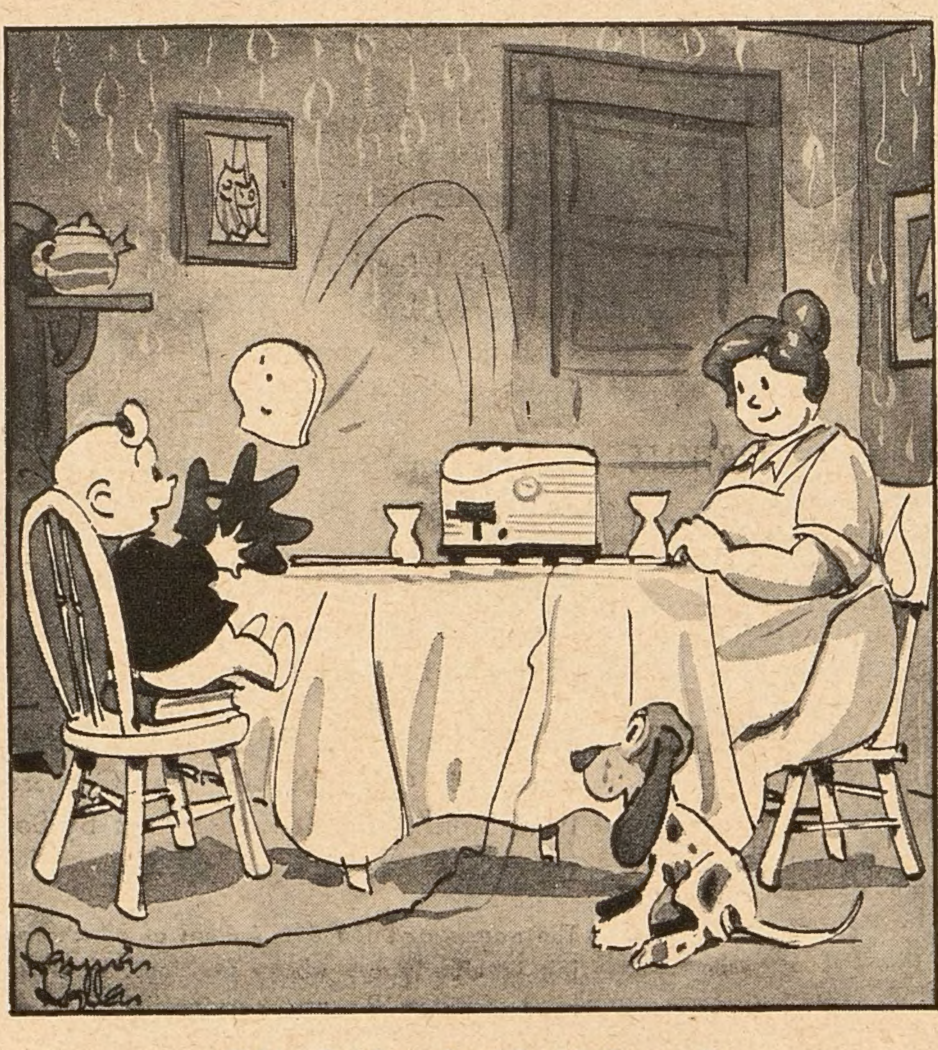
Dana replied, " Because *I haven't the time.*" We who work in words appreciate best the unusual ability required to follow the Lincoln Gettysburg simplicity of speaking.

Mr. Macfadden follows closely this peak talent of powerful messages written in the language of the run-of-the-mill American. It seems that his unusual ability is increasing with his years.

During the past two years particularly, Liberty, due to Mr. Macfadden's powerful and simply worded editorials, backed by Mr. Oursler's wise selection of contributions, has impressed me as one of the great powers in our nation today. These two are doing a big job in " green-lighting " Americans from their detour into foreign " isms " and blundering miscarriages in planning, back to the No. 1 Route of healthy bodies, sound minds, industry, and thrift that have made our nation's greatness and will restore it in full glory if these sane, sound messages are heeded.

More power to Liberty, which is living up to its great name.—*Arthur T. Smith.*

## "HARDTACK"

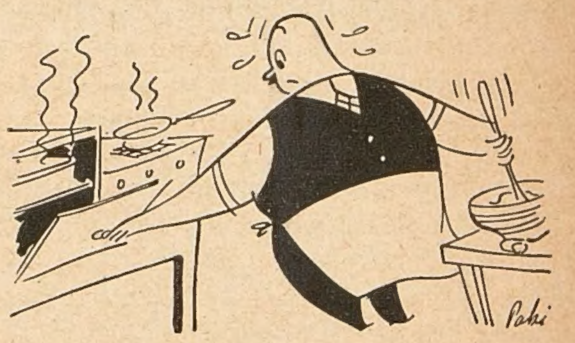


" My fielding is still 1000, ma."

## " TO MAKE THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME "

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—In reading Mr. Sokolsky's article, The Genius of Our Country (November 5 Liberty), I noticed an item which says there was a time in America when men worked twelve hours a day.

But why make such a scatterbrained statement, when everybody knows that any so-called open house, restaurant, or hotel requires its male employees to work fully twelve hours each day and seven days a week?



As punishment for deliberately misstating such facts, Mr. Sokolsky should be put in a hot kitchen for twelve hours, cooking ham and eggs and washing the dishes.

At the end of this little exercise he will be quite willing to join the International Brotherhood of Communist Saboteurs with headquarters in Moscow. —*Max R. Schafer.*

## WELL, NOW YOU'RE POPPED !

ELWOOD, N. J.—
I'm never a complaining cuss,
I very seldom make a fuss.
I don't care if the clock's stopped!
But there's one thing that gets my goat—
To know I'd give my hat and coat.
Just why can't I be Vox-Popped?
—*Elizabeth M. Coffee.*

## ENJOYS OUR VERY CANDID CAMERA

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I enjoy your new feature called Our Very Candid Camera. As a regular reader of Liberty, I am hoping that you will continue this page. It is not only well executed but is highly amusing as well.—*Marion Hunter.*

## SUGGESTED DESIGN FOR NEW DIME

AROMA PARK, ILL.—Now that Thomas Jefferson is immortalized in the recent issue of our best known coin—the five-cent nickel—why not have a new dime with the image of the equally famous oil king, John D. Rockefeller, on one side and an oil gusher on the other?—*I. P. Hodge.*

# THE MAN WHO KILLED VOM RATH TELLS YOU WHY

HERSCHEL GRUENSPAN as a contributor to Liberty Magazine? Sounds fantastic, doesn't it? Yet the Jew who shot and killed a German diplomatic attaché in the Parisian embassy of the Reich, and who thereby pulled down upon his unhappy people the wrath and hatred of the Nazis, this same Herschel Gruenspan has actually written down the motives he had in his mind when he committed this historic murder. In his cell in France he wrote his confession, set down in a letter to a friend. The letter was unostentatiously taken out of his prison and safely delivered. It may be that, when we have printed this brief but electrifying report from the killer on why he did what he did, the French authorities will deny its authenticity. Therefore we tell you in advance that we have received the manuscript from most respectable and eminent sources. It came with the most solemn assurances of its genuineness. We feel complete confidence that this explanation for an assassination that has shaken the world is, in fact, a true document. We publish it with the feeling that it takes a high place in journalistic feats, a coup of first magnitude. Certainly no history of our times can leave out the story of Vom Rath, killed by this tortured youth, nor the persecutions of the Jews that followed with such swift and merciless vengeance. When that chapter of history is set down, this confession of the killer will be a document of prime importance. Liberals with common sense who make up the millions of our readers will read this unique self-told story in Liberty next week. . . . FOR RELAXATION from the grim facts of this assassination, these same liberals with common sense will find an abundance of fun in the same issue. . . . There is, to begin with, a breath-taking new short novel, a detective story by one of our great favorites, Philip Wylie, and called Death Takes a Reno Holiday. . . . Don't read any part of this fast-moving yarn unless you have company in the room. . . . Lively short stories will be on near-by pages, including Night Was Made for Living, by Alec Rackowe; and Schoolmaster's Empire, by Howard Fast. . . . Your old friend Frederick Collins will tell some new and funny inside facts about the feud between Jack Benny and Fred Allen; Edgar Forest Wolfe has a timely baseball article from winter quarters; and added to these are such promising features as A New Way to End Strikes, by Will Irwin; another in Fred Allhoff's series of strange and mysterious crimes from life; May Dixon Thacker's Dead Ends in Dixie; and many other features, not to forget long installments of the current serials. . . . A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT writes us frequently. He seems to know what he is talking about, but signs his name only as "Footloose." This week comes the following: "You got quick action from the White House on your spy story! The co-ordination of our intelligence bureaus, I mean. A question was 'planted' at the last White House press conference about 'charges' that our counter-espionage system was disorganized, and F. D. R. was ready with the answer that made tonight's headlines." . . . SOMETIMES WE WONDER what the public would think of the stories we do *not* print. For example, we have a letter from a woman in Rome City, Indiana, which asks: "Why not come to Rome City and interview, personally, a man over eighty years old who has not had a bath for at least thirty years?" When in Rome does one have to do as that Roman does? . . . ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE appear some extracts from a speech we made before the graduation class of the Police Academy of the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the United States Department of Justice. That was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. In the course of making the presidential tour of the vast police headquarters centered there, under the guidance of J. Edgar Hoover, we learned of many new and wonderful detective stories from real life. Some of them will soon appear in the pages of your favorite magazine. Echoes of those wonderful stories are still in our minds as we write. So are the echoes of those machine guns we fired at a life-sized target down on the rifle range!

☆

**THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.**

**FULTON OURSLER.**

## Liberty—for Liberals with Common Sense

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY VICTOR TCHETCHET

# Why Fight Your Problems Alone?

## THE SECRET OF SONJA HENIE'S CHARM

*Revealed by*

BERNARR MACFADDEN

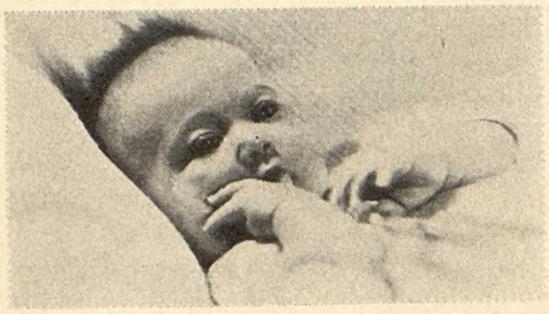
Beauty depends on chance but charm can be acquired. Sonja Henie's irresistible charm has won her millions of friends. Recently she and Bernarr Macfadden had a long and intimate interview. In Physical Culture for February the founder of Physical Culture tells what he learned about the source of Sonja Henie's charm. Every woman should read it because Sonja Henie's charm is rooted in characteristics that can be acquired to some extent by any woman. Do not miss his absorbing feature article. It will interest and enlighten you.

### WHAT IS YOUR S. Q.?

If you are not satisfied with the degree of your success in life do not fail to read this absorbing article by Albert Edward Wiggam in Physical Culture for February. Your capacity to succeed can be measured just as surely as your degree of intelligence. Mr. Wiggam supplies all the necessary tables, questions, and instructions so that you can take your own success measurements. Once you discover your weak points you may be able to add to your success in an amazing degree.

### QUESTIONS from Health Seekers

*Every issue of Physical Culture contains a "Questions from Health Seekers" department where knotty health problems of its readers are answered. In the February issue re-contouring of the breasts, acute gastritis, nasal catarrh, ideal physical measurements, the benefits of the milk diet and the importance of drinking water are discussed. You are invited to submit your health problem.*



### DON'T LET YOUR BABY SUCK HIS THUMB

Most mothers know thumb sucking is not good for baby but few know how to break him of it properly. In Physical Culture for February, Mary Halton, M.D., famous baby specialist, tells not only the significance in babies' lives of thumb sucking but the correct and harmless way to wean him from it. Read her helpful article for your baby's sake.

### *If You Are Fat—REDUCE!*

At 25 Mrs. Benay weighed 140 lbs. At 50 she weighed 251 lbs. At 51 she weighed 140 lbs. She accomplished this amazing reduction easily, comfortably, safely. In Physical Culture for February Dr. Rasmus Alsaker tells in detail how she did it. If you're fat, reduce. Fat is a weakness. Read Dr. Alsaker's article and return to normal weight as comfortably and as safely as Mrs. Benay did.

### *She Had* THREE WEEKS *To Grow Beautiful*

Her sweetheart who had been abroad two years was returning in three weeks. She had grown careless—let herself slip. She had exactly three weeks in which to regain her former trim beauty or else—! Carol Cameron, famous beauty specialist, told her how. The regime she advised appears complete in Physical Culture for February. It is rich in beauty lore that no woman can afford to be without. In your own best interests read it today.

### Other Outstanding Features in the February Issue

The Amazing Possibilities of Facial Culture by Bernarr Macfadden . . . Prudery a Barrier to Sexual Health . . . Which Comes First, Bank Account or Baby? . . . America Goes Ski-wise . . . Keep Yourself in Circulation . . . Come On, Be a Good Skate, women's exercise article by Helen Macfadden . . . Re-discovering the Fountain of Youth . . . Industry Demands Physical Fitness . . . Fathers by Proxy . . . Physical Culture Nutrition Department including directory of health food dealers and many other helpful features, stories and departments.

### *Let's Get Acquainted*

*Reading Physical Culture every month is one of the most helpful habits you could acquire. So that you may become personally acquainted with it at the least amount of effort we will mail it to your home for a period of 5 months at a rate considerably below the news stand price—5 months for only $1.00.*

**Physical Culture**

Physical Culture

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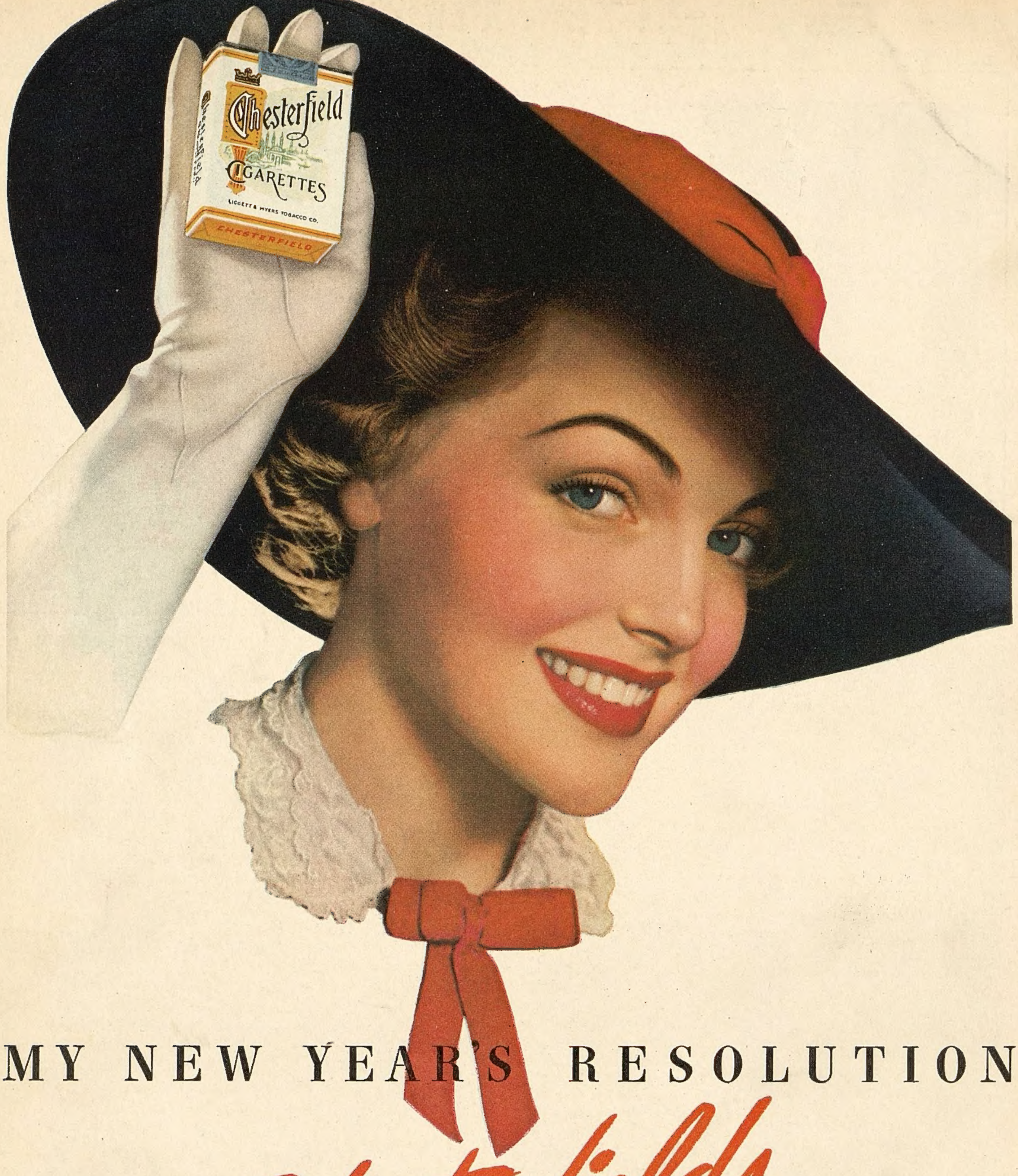
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